PICTORIAL REVIEW

JUNE 1922

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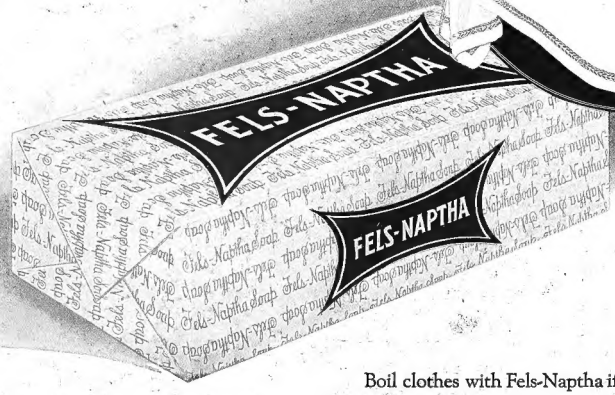
Boil clothes with FELS-NAPTHA?



Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. After all the years that women have been used to boiling clothes, it seems hard to believe that with Fels-Naptha boiling isn't necessary. Yet Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go in water of *any* temperature—and makes clothes sanitary.

The real naptha combined with splendid soap in Fels-Naptha does the work, with only a little rubbing; so the temperature of the water is a matter of personal preference. Thousands of housewives tell us of the remarkable results they get with Fels-Naptha and boiling water. But those who wash clothes the Fels-Naptha way—with cool or lukewarm water—are saved the discomfort to hands, and the bother and expense of boiling. They save clothes, too, because Fels-Naptha with cool or lukewarm water does not weaken the fibre. By giving clothes a naptha cleansing and a soap-and-water cleansing Fels-Naptha makes them clean through and through. Thoroughly clean clothes last longer; and they are healthful.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Begin using Fels-Naptha to-day! Order it from your grocer.

Be sure the soap you use has real naptha in it. If you can't smell real naptha, it isn't Fels-Naptha

Improves every washing-machine

Fels-Naptha makes the washing-machine do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes, quickly flushing away all the dirt.

Campers write enthusiastically that Fels-Naptha washes greasy dishes and dish-cloths even in cold spring-water, and washes them *clean*. Any brook is a laundry with Fels-Naptha Soap.

FREE

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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VOL. XXIII. No. 9 — Edited by Arthur T. Vance — JUNE, 1922

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RENEW PROMPTLY—The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

BECAUSE I AM A WOMAN

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

BECAUSE I am a woman I have been subject to the domination of man, and for centuries I was his unprotesting slave. I was content to be his chattel, and because I did not call my body my own the development of my mind and soul was pitifully limited. I obeyed without question the laws man had made, altho I had no voice in making them.

Because I am a woman I have been held incompetent to control the children I have borne, and as incapable of attending to my own business. It was decreed that I was unworthy of citizenship; and, under the law, I have been classed with idiots, lunatics, and minors.

Because I am a woman my interests and my activities have been restricted within the four physical walls of the home—and this, long after changing conditions of commercial and industrial life had transferred many of the central interests of the home to Federal, State, and municipal bodies in which women, until recently, were denied membership.

By reason of my political and economic impotence I have been exploited by man, who deliberately set up one standard of morals for himself and another for me; I have been sentenced to humiliation, condemnation, degradation, and ostracism for participation in an evil for which man is jointly responsible, and for the indulgence of which he imposes upon himself no stigma whatever.

Yes, to all of these cruel injustices I have been totally blind, suffering them in humility and patience *because I am a woman.*

A Great and Glorious Responsibility

AND yet—because I am a woman, ah, yes, simply and solely because I am a woman—I am endowed with a sacred privilege, charged with a great and glorious responsibility; a privilege and a responsibility of which men or angels are absolutely powerless to deprive me.

Man may delve in the dusty findings of philosophers to prove woman's "intellectual inferiority"; he may assert that woman is capable only of physical creation, with the scornful reminder of her failure to produce great works of art—those "creations" that one must see with the eyes and touch with the hands—works in which man has undoubtedly excelled.

Yes, allow man all of these, and yet not by one jot or one tittle could he *or would he* take away from woman her divinely conferred crown of motherhood.

Volumes have been written on man's cruel injustice toward woman. And yet woman's triumphant struggle for freedom and her present state of moral and intellectual development indicate that man never has, in the slightest degree, crushed or attempted to crush the thing inherent in her nature that is finest and best—that thing that outweighs every argument and every theory. It has been because of her very woman-ness that woman has been able to rise above the false and cruel position in which perverted traditions had placed her. Nothing less than woman's courage, woman's power to endure, woman's spiritual vision could have triumphed in a single century over a situation created through many centuries of loose thinking and false reasoning.

It is true that because of this matchless endowment and the physiological facts incident to it woman is denied some of the thrilling adventures to which man's very maleness entitles him. Free from certain physical handicaps by the very nature of which she has been kept to the bypaths on life's journey, he has been free to sail many an uncharted sea. Centuries of intellectual freedom have developed his faculties; he has known the supreme satisfaction that comes from high achievement.

But because I am a woman there has been reserved for my experience a moment, the transcendent joy, the infinite tenderness of which no man can possibly conceive—the moment in which the great miracle of motherhood is wrought within my soul.

Many women never realize the physical fact of motherhood, and yet the brooding mother-thought, the softening, refining, enkindling influence of the maternal instinct have their roots in the uttermost depths of their spiritual natures. In some women, it is true, these roots apparently lie buried from consciousness. In others they nourish abundantly and flower into expression through "transmuted motherhood."

Florence Nightingale never knew the exquisite joy of physical motherhood, but she bandaged her broken dolls and nursed her shepherd-dog as early manifestations of that great brooding mother-spirit the loving tenderness of which soothed the suffering on every battle-field of the world for half a century—"the greatest mother on earth."

Woman's Quiet Courage

ALONG with the precious gift of motherhood God gave to woman a quiet courage, for of courage she would have need; He gave to her the power to endure and to suffer and to wait. And it was because of this courage and this capacity for suffering and for waiting that woman at last was able to make man see the utter falsity of his position regarding her.

Just as the potential mother is hidden away somewhere in every woman's nature so there is in every man a reverence for that strange and beautiful thing we call womanliness. Because of this reverence we have all of those considerations and indulgences that men long to bestow on women—those countless little expressions of "knightliness" which men have always loved to give and women to receive and enjoy.

The male instinct to reverence in woman those qualities that differentiate her from himself long ago sank into the deepest layer of his subconsciousness. What was, in the beginning, a gesture of protectiveness became a "superiority complex," and to this man clung blindly, stupidly, tenaciously. But back of all his silly talk about woman's inferiority lies, firmly rooted in the deepest layer of his subconscious mind, infinite reverence for that marvelous, mysterious prerogative of woman that gives her a spiritual superiority over every living, breathing thing of God's creation.

It is because of this reverence that man resisted our demands so long. He has had a nagging fear that somehow, some way, woman would tarnish or endanger this, the most precious gift with which the Creator has endowed any of His creatures.

Women now know—and the vast majority of men know—that in attaining a more just relationship between the sexes, they will in no sense be called upon to surrender in any degree their own realization of or man's reverence for the highest attribute of woman's nature.

Because I am a woman a solemn obligation rests upon me to preserve and to cherish above all other things my very womanliness, and to carry the mother-spirit into every social, civic, and political activity into which my new-found freedom may lead me. In order to do this it will be necessary for me to exercise that high courage, that protective care, that kindly patience, that quiet fortitude that every true woman exercises in the supreme moments of her personal life.

It is not that we want to be *like men* and to *do as men do.* Rather we want to be *more like women* and to *do as women should do—because we are women.*

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MAUDE ROYDEN COMES TO AMERICA

England's First and Greatest Woman Preacher Proclaims a New Era of Humanized Christianity

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

WOMEN doctors and women lawyers have been going about for some time as regular people in perfectly good standing in the human race. Even the women judges, who began appearing about ten years ago, are at last accepted as no alarming abnormality in the development of the species. But now arrives a newer woman.

Miss A. Maude Royden, who came from England to address the National Young Women's Christian Association, assembled at Hot Springs, Ark., April 20–27, is a slender, quiet, most ladylike person. So that you might not suspect it at all. But she is a challenge to civilization and to St. Paul.

She has broken the most ancient tabu and the silence of the centuries. She is speaking in the churches. Not as a Sunday-school assistant. Not in a small, obscure country parish. She is an outstanding figure of the times. And she stands in a pulpit, the first great English woman preacher to achieve a religious career that commands world-wide attention.

Throngs crowd her church in London. Of a Sunday when hundreds had been turned away the London *Daily News* next day reported, "The size of the congregation suggested that women may be the means of solving the problem 'How to fill the churches?'" Further vouching for the success of her career is a book just off the New York press, "Some Living Masters of the Pulpit." And Maude Royden is one of those to whom a chapter is devoted.

So it would appear that not only has she done something unprecedented; she has done it so well that soon God may be calling women to the ministry elsewhere, not only to the little churches, but to the large ones. And the world is facing the fact that in the wake of that political equality to which most civilized lands have recently adjusted themselves, something else is about to occur.

An Iowa Man Opens the Way

CAN it be that even religious equality is impending? Maude Royden looks like it. And when she shall have passed into history along with Florence Nightingale and Elizabeth Blackwell and the rest who have led the woman movement into doing those things that its contemporaries always have felt it should not have done—the story of woman's admission to the last profession of all is going to stand out in one salient respect: it was a man, a chivalrous American man, who made way for her to pass.

He came from Cedar Rapids, Ia. He is the brilliant preacher discovered out in our Middle West and brought across the continent and the Atlantic in 1917 to occupy the pulpit of an English church. Almost his first move when he got there was to step along a little so that there should be room, and invite a woman leader of public opinion to a place beside him.

It was as simply done as that. But it was a religious gesture that stirred ecclesiasticism in high circles when Maude Royden thus became the colleague of the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, Lit. D., D.D., in the great City Temple, London.

The Archbishops themselves were not more surprized than was she. Men in the ministry whom she had met had not been like that before. The City Temple, with a seating capacity of three thousand people, is the church founded in 1640, in Cromwell's day. And Maude Royden was born an Episcopalian.

For years she had knocked at the outer gates of Westminster for admission. But the clergy within would not open; it was an extraordinary request, presented by this young woman who voiced the claim of an increasing number of women communicants, for an equal place with men in the offices and government of the church.

How unseemly was such an idea, modern America may be too far away from medieval Europe to comprehend. But it is a fact that there are in England Episcopalian churches where devout women who make the religious embroideries may not be permitted within the sanctuary rail to spread them before the altar. There are churches where women may not present themselves for communion until the sacred bread and wine have first been partaken of by the men of the congregation.

Woman's place at Westminster is distinctly after man, before God. It was a very revolutionary proposal that Maude Royden advanced for religious equality. Why, exclaimed the startled Bishops, who could tell when these disconcerting claimants might raise their eyes even to the priesthood itself?

The Daughter of a Lord Mayor

AND Maude Royden was always such a nice girl! Where did she get these ideas, anyhow? She was properly born, the daughter of Sir Thomas Royden, formerly Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Lady Royden, her mother, was never that way. And the daughter of ancient and honorable lineage had been regularly baptized in the faith of the Established Church.

She was educated at Oxford. Still, some of the best families had daughters who were asking for and getting the higher education.

Well, it was really after Oxford that life began to be revealed to this young woman descended from the British aristocracy. There was some settlement work at Poplar in London's East End.

Have you ever happened to see Poplar? It's the atrocity of Christendom, where something seems to have outraged the souls of the people while the rest of the world was at its prayers.

Maude Royden will never be able to forget what she saw in Poplar. "I remember," she says, "passing the end of a street one day where there was a notice, 'To the Parish Church.' And such a street, so ugly, squalid, mean, pitiful! It looked like hell. Why had this church made so little difference? Why was this street still so like hell?"

Pondering these things, there awoke in her heart a great yearning for the common people. Essentially spiritual by nature, more and more to her the responsibility for the world seemed to rest with religion. In a small village in a remote county of England a clergyman who was a personal friend permitted her to take up her residence in his rectory for work among women and children. She did a great deal of cottage-visiting, so that she came close to the women and the heartbreak of their lives. She learned of their horror of overmuch child-bearing. She saw the sins of the fathers in the sicknesses of the children. *She came to know.* There were reasons why country lanes and city streets are still so like hell.

The parish was, as the rector said, "hard as nails." Two "missioners," specially brought down from London to conduct a mission of repentance, had failed to move the people. The rector considered, Would it violate any canon law to permit Miss Royden to speak to them?—not in the church, of course, forbidden to women; but nobody had prohibited the schoolhouse. So it was in the schoolhouse that was delivered what the rector has characterized as a "discourse more moving in its pure spirituality, more passionate in its fire than any other to which I have ever listened." There followed a baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Freedom for Women

MAUDE ROYDEN had found her vocation. But she might not exercise it. She turned for a while to the Shakespearian lectureship that was offered her in Oxford University's extension course It was a high tribute to a woman to have been thus selected. Within three years she had become recognized as one of the best speakers in England. But not in literature could she find surcease for the sorrow she had seen in life.

Outside the gray towers of Oxford she heard the marching feet of the woman movement going by. What did its slogans say? Why, things that meant a world a little less like hell.

And the university lecturer abandoned a brilliant scholastic career to throw herself heart and soul into the effort for freedom for women. As a member of the executive committee of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and as editor of *The Common Cause* she became one of the great leaders in that national crusade that has since changed the English Constitution and admitted women to the electorate.

Women now are seated in the English Parliament. They still stand waiting outside the highest councils of the state Established Church. The last word from the Bishops assembled at the Lambeth Conference permits women to exercise their religious talents in the order of deaconesses. It will also be all right—at other than the regularly appointed church services—that they lead in prayer. But it is reiterated that the supreme ministry of redemption was wrought by One who was a man, thus entailing the consequent subordination of women. And again there is recommended the historic ideal: "the faithful Christian woman, she who shall be saved by much child-bearing. In these days of a falling birth-rate . . . no obstacles should be interposed to woman's fulfilment of her characteristic function in life."

It was rebukes like this that had successfully stayed religious equality in England. Then, over in America, God gave Joseph Fort Newton an inspiration.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

MAUDE ROYDEN IN HER CLERICALS. OBSERVE THE MUCH DISCUSSED CAP

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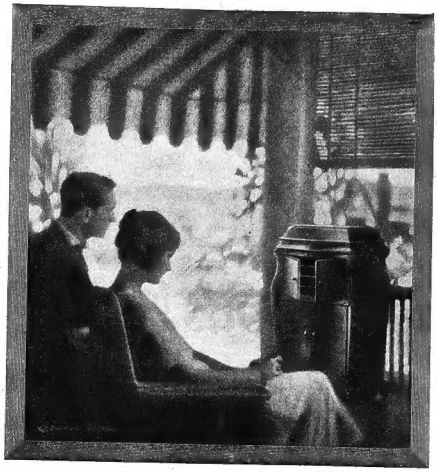
Victrola homes are happiest



The Victrola is the one instrument that presents in the home the best music of every kind and description in the tones of actual reality. The genius, the power, the beauty of every voice and every instrument—the diverse gifts possessed by the foremost artists of this generation. Their Victor Records played on the Victrola—a combination that is essential to perfect results—duplicate in the home the public triumphs of these great artists.

Victrolas in great variety—$25 to $1500.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

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Chicken Croquettes with White Sauce

2 cupfuls cooked chicken
½ teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful celery salt (if desired)
1 teaspoonful lemon juice
¼ teaspoonful scraped onion
1 cupful white sauce

Mix ingredients in the order given. Cool the mixture. Roll in beaten eggs, then in crumbs and fry in hot Crisco.

The white sauce is made as follows:

2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
4 tablespoonfuls flour
1 cupful milk
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt Crisco, add flour, stirring to a smooth paste. Then add milk gradually. Stir over the fire until smooth and thick.

In frying the croquettes use sufficient Crisco to fill the kettle about two-thirds full. (We suggest that you order 3 pounds.) Put the Crisco in a cold kettle and heat it gradually until a crumb of bread dropped into it becomes a golden brown in 40 seconds. Notice that Crisco does not sputter or boil over when the croquettes are dropped into it. That is because it contains no moisture.

Fried Foods!

A. New Digestibility
B. New Fineness of Flavor
C. New Economy

An A B C Method for securing All Three

IN TALKING over cooking matters with women, we find that the thoughtful housekeeper thinks further than the flavor of the food she serves. With woman's mother instinct she deeply concerns herself with its digestibility as well.

A crisp outside crust, surrounding a tender inside, is her ideal in fried foods. For there she has flavor combined with digestibility.

Thousands of good home cooks are daily attaining this cooking ideal—and very simply too.

They deep-fry in wholesome Crisco.

As an example of their method, we suggest that you treat your family to something very particular in chicken croquettes—following the recipe given above on this page.

Now let us give you the reason for the resulting brown, savory crust and the tender inside—with its fresh flavor of real chicken:

Crisco (of pure, vegetable origin) withstands 455 degrees without smoking. Naturally, such extreme cooking heat quickly seals the outside of the food with a crisp brown crust. Then the fat simply can't soak through to the inside.

Notice, too, that Crisco leaves behind no tell-tale frying odors.

New Variety in your Menus

You will find, we believe, that Crisco deep-frying will introduce new variety into your menus. For example: Doughnuts—with an old-fashioned New England flavor. Patties—with a taste to waken drowsy appetites. Different and tempting ways to serve potatoes. Delightful and economical ways to use left-overs.

And, of course, you can effect a very welcome saving by following this simple rule in making light cake and flaky pastry: Wherever a recipe calls for a certain quantity of expensive butter, simply use 1/5 less of economical Crisco.

When you order Crisco ask your grocer if he knows of any other shortening which stays sweet and wholesome indefinitely without ice-box help.

YES, you can use thrifty Crisco again and again. After deep-frying simply strain through a cheesecloth to remove any particles of food. Then Crisco is ready to bake light, tender cakes—delicious and digestible pastry.

An exceptional cook book for 10 cents

Entitled "A Calendar of Dinners," it was written by Marion Harris Neil, formerly cooking editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. It gives 615 exclusive recipes, 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. Complete cooking time-table. Helpful hints for judging and cooking meats, fish, fowl and game. New suggestions about pie-baking and cake-making. Cloth bound. Profusely illustrated. Although this cook book costs more than 50c to publish, it is gladly sent to friends of Crisco for 10c in stamps or coin. Write to Section N 6, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer.

For digestible and flaky pastry.

For crisp digestible fried foods.

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Crisco is also made and sold in Canada

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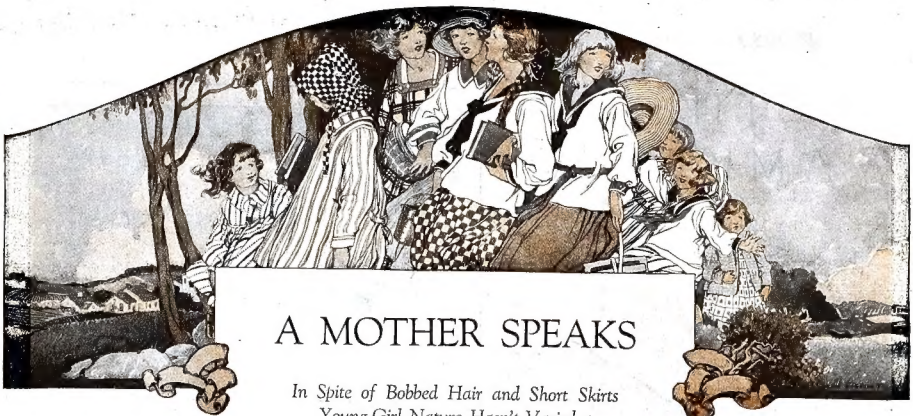

A MOTHER SPEAKS

In Spite of Bobbed Hair and Short Skirts Young-Girl Nature Hasn't Varied a Quarter of an Inch in a Quarter of a Century

DRAWING BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article wishes to conceal her identity on account of the personal nature of these revelations. After taking honest account of some of the customs of her own youth, she has come to the conclusion that the girl of to-day differs from the girl of yesterday only as one generation differs from another. The modern girl is emancipated in some directions, but underneath her sophistication and present-day veneer lie certain qualities that are distinctive of the young girl of every age. Bustles and hoop-skirts have given way to clinging gowns and knickerbockers, but the nature of the young female of our species hasn't changed a particle. This woman writer has great faith in the destiny of the modern maid, and to tell the whole truth so have we!

FIVE years ago the subject of all fervid discussion was "The War." Two years ago it was "Bolshevism." To-day it is "the flapper"—everybody's name for the modern girl. For everybody everywhere is talking or writing about her. I say everybody. But there is one who has, as yet, neglected to express her opinion. Aunts discuss their nieces; friends criticize their friends' daughters; fathers protest against their derelictions; reformers make them the subject of their sermons; plays, short stories, and novels rage about them. Through it all the one person in the world who really understands the modern girl, the mother with a perspective and who has not forgotten her own youth, who is young enough and careful enough to look into the soul of her daughter and see what is there, has remained silent.

Now, I am one of these mothers. I have not gone very far beyond the now not-too-old age of forty. I have two daughters, one of nineteen and one of twenty-two. Through them I have come to know the young girl of the present fairly well—a claim I make not only because I hold the confidence of my own girls, but because I have had ample opportunity to study the boys and girls who have flocked in and out of my home as my daughters' guests.

"We Were Guilty of Many Furtive Acts"

NOW, I do not think that the young folk of to-day are terrible at all. They do many things that shock me, I confess, but underneath the external flippancy which so many people qualify as outrageous I detect a strength of character and a sturdy, upstanding ethical code far ahead of the girls of my day, and, from what I hear tell, of the girls of even the day before mine. The trouble with most of us of the middle years is that we have forgotten our youth. Or if we have not forgotten it, we close the doors against the memory of the things we did which we should not have done. If we do remember, we are not truthful and often claim virtues which we did not possess in the hope that, becoming paragons in the eyes of our young, they will emulate our self-imposed piety. I am sure that if every one of us of forty or forty-five or of sixty-five or of seventy-five were to be absolutely sincere with herself, she would see clearly in her own youth many indiscretions, furtive ones at that, which were quite on a par with the youthful digressions of this flamboyant age.

There are certain things, of course, that we didn't do. We did not wear our skirts up to our knees. We did not drink. We did not motor pell-mell around the country, unchaperoned. We did not jazz. We did not discuss the facts of life openly and with a desire for true knowledge because of what they meant in our future. We were generally more respectful to our parents.

But I will tell you what we did do. Protesting inwardly against the enforced suppressions of our upbringing, we were guilty of many furtive acts to which the young people of to-day would not stoop. We indulged in secret and distorted discussions upon dangerous subjects because we had been taught to believe that the truth was wicked. And I believe that the only reason that we did not drink and wear short skirts and drive around pell-mell without chaperons was because the world of the sheltered girl was remoter and less complicated twenty-five years ago. There were no automobiles. Country clubs were in their beginning. Telephones had not become a part of the home equipment. Motion pictures were unknown. Paris, France, where the fashions are made to suit the modern demand for something new and sensational, was not yet aware of the demand. And money was not spent so freely as it is now. The world moved much more slowly. If it had moved as swiftly as it does to-day, our young feet would have kept willing and active pace with it. This is obvious to me when I parallel my upbringing and environment and activities with those of my daughters and their friends.

"We Were Careful—and Very Crafty"

THE town in which I was born is typical of hundreds of others. Larger than a village, it was not a city—the population in my day was about thirty thousand. But it was not Main Street. Close to a good-sized city, it was prosperous, and for its time up to date. What it called its best people were the families of its doctors, lawyers, bankers, real-estate agents, and the more ambitious farmers. Most of us were grandchildren of early settlers from New England, the South, or the British Isles, with a few old stock Spaniards and French. None of us had money as it is calculated nowadays. We had comfortable homes, with a cook in the kitchen, a second maid up-stairs, and a man of all work who filled the double bill of gardener and coachman for the surrey or carriage drawn sometimes by one horse, and, in a few instances, by two.

The girls in the town went to one of two private schools. The boys went to the public schools, and, as a rule, were sent away to boarding-school when they were twelve or fourteen. Except at dancing-school when we were very little, we were kept apart. Boys were boys, and girls were girls, and "never the twain did meet." No girl ever went to parties where there were boys until she was eighteen. No "well-brought-up" girl was supposed to have a boy "caller" until she was eighteen. And when she did emerge from her chrysalis to "come out" in a "simple white dress" with a baby neck, elbow sleeves, and a bouquet of pink roses, she was thoroughly chaperoned, both within the home and outside of it.

No "nice" girl ever went buggy-riding alone with a boy unless she was engaged to him. Under the circumstances no girl went to the theater alone with a boy or a young man. If she had a caller, father and mother sat hard by, either in the next room with the doors wide open, or right there making things just as uncomfortable as possible, so that Jack or Tom or Frank limited the length of his calls and went home long before ten o'clock. In the more lenient homes an older sister or an aunt might chaperon, or three or four young people were left together in the parlor for the evening. If so, the older people made frequent intrusions. At refreshment-time—along about ten o'clock—chocolate or lemonade and cake were served.

In spite of this we were far from circumspect. We were careful—and very crafty. We did nothing overt because if found out we would have been punished by our parents and "talked about" by our friends. In doing things which would never be found out we were experts.

My own case and that of a few of my intimates are representative of the group of fifty or sixty young people who made up our "younger set." The ruler of our house was a man of temperament. The entire household was run with the idea of keeping that temperament in check, a system of suppression one hundred per cent. efficient when the "grown-ups" were around—a cipher when we were by ourselves. My mother was a mild, patient woman whose life was one long mediation between her flock of seven insubordinates and their sterner parent. My father was fifty-five and my mother close to forty when I was born, so that there were really two generations between us.

"Little pitchers have big ears," "Children should be seen and not heard," and "You will do as I tell you because I tell you to do so" were the principles of my rearing. If I slammed a door, I was made to open and close it quietly, ten, twenty, or even fifty times, according to the mood of the man of temperament. If I ran up- or down-stairs I was made to walk slowly up and down until I showed that I could conduct myself as a "lady." At the table I ate what was put before me, and I was never permitted to speak until spoken to. We were made to attend church regularly. We said both our morning and evening prayers at our father's knee. The walls of our nursery were packed with sawdust so that our noise could never filtrate to the front part of the house where my father did his studying.

Outside of that nursery we were model children. In it we were imps. During the hour after dinner, and before our bedtime, our one idea was to give vent to our own inherited and well-suppressed temperaments. We used to gather in a circle while each one chose a tune, and each one sang a different song in a different key at the tops of our voices. This preliminary over, we had a supper-party of forbidden eatables such as cakes and raisins and nuts, begged from a friendly Chinese cook during the day.

By Frank Confession, "We Were Boy-Crazy"

WE HAD a sense of humor—not a respectful one by any manner of means. Not beyond imitating our elders, we gave one another orders in the same tone and manner and with the same mannerisms as those we had received during dinner. We did all of the things we had been told not to do. We stuffed our mouths so full of cake that they could not hold any more, and then tried to talk. We threw things at one another, ate with our fingers, and sometimes took a try or two with our penknives. Ten minutes before bedtime we were washed and combed and marched to the front room, where, as meek as angels, we said our prayers at our parents' knees.

At ten or twelve our conversation was inquisitive. And naturally so, because our curiosity was inhibited by a false modesty, which bade our parents answer all our questions about life with the remark, "Be quiet. That's not a nice question for a girl of your age to ask." As a young girl I was never allowed to have boy callers. I would never have dared to have mentioned a boy in the hearing of my mother or my father. It was the same with all of the girls that I knew. But that did not keep us from thinking about them. We were boy-crazy. Boys were our only subject of conversation when together and away from the sight and hearing of older people.

Our stolen romances were many. I was in the throes of mad emotion from the time I was fourteen and usually with some boy my parents would never have approved. I used to take long walks into the country with boys, my mother thinking I was spending the afternoon with some girl friend. One girl I knew, no less strictly raised than I, fell in love with a roué artist who happened into town. We all thought him very handsome and, because he was considered gay, most attractive. I never did know how she met him. We all helped her out in her dangerous little romance.

We were always allowed to go to one another's homes in

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A Curious Tale of the Tarleton Gold and Its Hold upon the Clan

THE AMULET

BY MILDRED CRAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES E. ALLEN

PHILMORE CHAMBERS said, and he was one to know, that there "never had been and never would be any gold in the mountains back of Sunshine."

Sunshine straggled for a quarter of a mile across the dusty face of a blistering-hot plain. A picket fence of mountains hedged in the horizon. And if there was no gold in them, neither was there water. Men who had gone into their heart searching for the one, died for lack of both, and there were sun-bleached skeletons marking the graves of dreamers who had perished of disappointment and thirst.

But one dream persisted to our day, and not a man in Sunshine or a chick or a child but hasn't heard of the Tarletons and their gold.

The first Tarleton passed through Sunshine in '50, when it was no more than a string of shanties. He rode a yellow horse and declared to be going farther West. He went no farther than those mountains you see over there, for in Sunshine he ran across a poor fellow, a consumptive, so they say, who had come down to die within earshot of the fiddle in Bailey's saloon. This fellow took a fancy to Tarleton, and on his death-bed plucked a lump of gold from out his bosom and put it into Tarleton's palm. First he'd cough and then he'd raise himself on his elbow and whisper and point and draw maps on the air with his thin forefinger.

So it was that the first Tarleton got wind of the thin trickle of water which threads the gully known to-day as Tarleton's Cut—first smelled gold, and first lost his soul.

He buried the consumptive fellow in a shallow grave, mounted the yellow nag, and went away telling no one where he was set for. He was looking for the dead man's claim. Under his shirt, sewed in a leather packet, he wore the lump of gold like an amulet. It was warm against his skin, alive, electric, delicious. There must have been something devilish about it; it was no larger than a man's thumb-nail, brilliant and pure, with marks on three sides that might have been made with a rude chisel. In our mountains, sir, there is nothing like it—never has been. Look at them—heaps of volcanic ash. No gold there! Scrap them all, from Mitchell to Nubble, and you'd not find enough gold to make a Lincoln penny.

You're down here to ask questions about the Tarleton boys, and you're not the first stranger that has been after the particulars. Joseph Tarleton could tell you—his life was ruined by that little lump of gold. Frank Hanscom's widow could tell you, only she wouldn't. I'll tell you if you'll be patient enough to go back to that first Tarleton on the yellow horse. You can see him crossing the plain in the hot glare of white sky on white sand, like a figure moving within a crystal sphere. He probably wore a beard. The gold-fever was in his eyes. Now and again his hand went up to his breast to caress the amulet. Gone his vision of vineyard and garden in Spanish California—the homestead he was to have had if the hand of destiny had not reached out of the unknown to drag him into those mountains over there.

HE FOUND the consumptive fellow's gully and the trickle of ice-white water that threads it, slipping from stone to stone with a sound like voices heard far off—a sort of purposeless murmur. A stream like that would drive most men mad—it comes from nowhere, and on the rim of the plain drops out of sight, never to reappear. But old man Tarleton built himself a shack and scratched himself a vegetable patch and set out to match his three-squared bit of gold against Fortune and Chance.

This is a story of obsession, sir. Inherited madness—there was a gold tumor on the brain of every male Tarleton for three generations. Folk in this part of the country say that the old man was sociable enough. He used to come down to Sunshine and drop in at Bailey's for a drink now and then. And one night he ran off with one of the girls—jerked her up alongside of him on the yellow horse and took her back to the hills. Pretty place for a woman like that! She could walk just so far up the Cut and just so far down, keeping in the shadow. Beyond, there was nothing but sand, or lopsided, purple mountains, dry as bones, where the old man clawed and scratched for gold. She was a pretty thing, wild and devilish, with black curls. So they say. He never brought her back to Sunshine, and folk who went out, curious a little, to see what he had done with the dance-hall girl in that God-forsaken place, never saw more of her than the tail of her red skirt vanishing through the shanty door. Old man Tarleton kept her hidden away for two years. Then she died, giving birth, unattended, to John Tarleton. Old man Tarleton rode for the doctor after she was dead, carrying the baby, wrapped in a blanket, on his arm, the yellow horse sort of picking his way as if he knew. Horses are sensitive creatures, sir.

John Tarleton was the father of Asa and Joseph. It's their story you want and their story I'm telling you. It goes back to that red, squalling baby in a blanket, son of a "light" woman and a man in whose eyes the gold-fever was already flickering like living flames. A passionate belief in the existence of a fabulous vein somewhere near the gully was born in that baby, just as surely as he inherited a shock of curly black hair from his mother, and his father's stooped shoulders. He grew up with it. He believed, as you and I believe in the sun, the moon, and the stars. His belief was all the religion he ever had, the only schooling. His babyhood was spent watching his father honeycombing the crumbling flanks of the gulch, panning in the cool and indifferent stream, sitting at night with a tallow dip alight and the lump of metal aglitter on the table, a malevolent, inscrutable god of Mammon withholding the secret of its being. His baby fingers caressed it. Once, when his father's back was turned, he kissed its smooth surface as he might have kissed his mother.

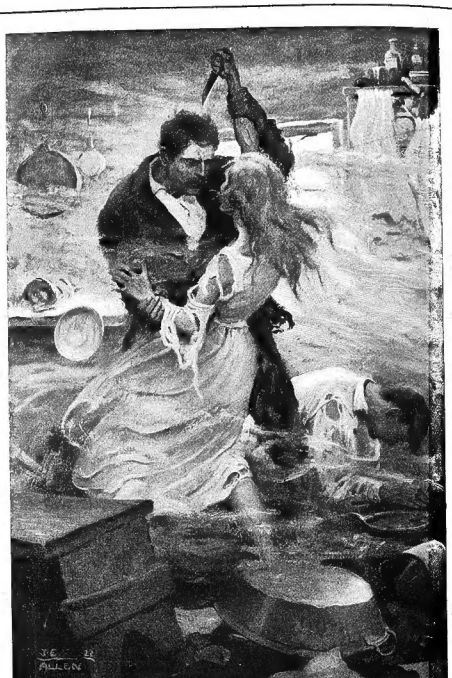
But there was no gold where the consumptive had said there would be. Attracted by the fable, many men went in, and very few of them came out alive. Hearing of this, old man Tarleton always laughed. His own claim was the key to the riddle. Every time his pick struck he expected to see a fortune in minted coins roll down the slope like money spilled out of a treasure-chest. In his mind the legend grew until the flinty walls of the gulch seemed to glitter in the noonday sun. He died when his son was sixteen, leaving him the shanty, the vegetable patch, the barren claim, and the baleful, yellow lump.

John inherited his father's methods of wooing along with his gold-madness. About the time most young fellows are pretending to scorn women he began to prowl about Sunshine looking for a wife. He'd come down once a week, sometimes oftener, brushed up, shaved. He was a tall, handsome boy and had a proud way of walking, staring out of his eyes with a sort of disdain, as if he were a king in disguise.

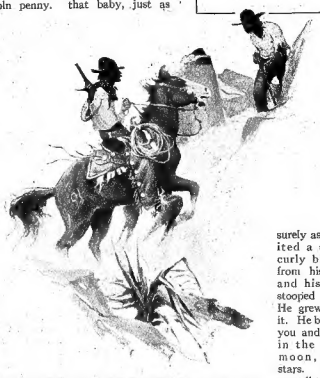
In those days there was only one street in Sunshine, and that wasn't paved. When it rained this boulevard of ours was pitted with footprints and hoof-marks and wheel-ruts; in dry weather horse and man went canopied with chalky dust. Society sat on Bailey's porch and spat into the road. What girls there were minced back and forth along this ugly quarter of a mile, wearing finery that had come across the plain by coach—bustles and kid gloves and little parasols and pill-box hats.

ANNE LINCOLN was the handsomest girl in Sunshine and the proudest. She had the air of not seeming to see the drunken fences; the sun-blistered houses; she floated, her hands always crossed over a lace shawl, a smile on her face, like a lady walking in your Bois at Paris or in the Prado of Madrid. Her father was a lawyer and had built himself that brick house yonder with the green blinds. Anne was "somebody." When she passed the talk on Bailey's porch died like falling rockets—they gave her the homage of ashamed silence. She might and she might not have liked this.

Other girls paraded arm in arm, giving long looks, giggling, while Anne looked neither to right nor left and smiled her disdainful smile as if she saw nothing, or, better, as if she saw palaces and gardens. They said of her, "She might be sittin' in a carriage." There was a rustle and a perfume about her, an elegance, a strength. And there was not a man in Sunshine who would have raised his eyes to her except John Tarleton, down from the hills with his mad dream and his amulet. The loafers at Bailey's looked to see him frozen dead when he lifted his hat to her one day and stood aside to let her pass, but she glanced at



"THEY SAY SHE FOUGHT UNTIL HER CALICO DRESS WAS IN RIBBONS"



"HE PULLED HIS HORSE SIDEWISE TO BLOCK THE TRAIL AND SAID: 'I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU'"

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him straight, lifting her head a little, and the look passed through his heart, sweet and painful, like an arrow dipped in honey. He stood staring after her, and his face flushed to the roots of his hair.

They must have met after that—sly meetings on the rim of the plain, out of sight of curious, sniggering onlookers. Or across the fence by moonlight, when he leaned forward, whispering to her of all that gold in Tarleton's Cut, *his* gold, the key to the wonders of the world. She must have been a fierce woman, elemental for all her perfumed rustle and her ivory skin. Her lips would part as he talked, as if she could taste the wine of life he was offering her. Perhaps he unhooked his amulet from about his neck and let her see the squat little god, let her hold it in the palm of her hand and rub it against her cheek.

The dusty street, white as snow in the southern moonlight, vanished completely, and she saw herself walking through the rippling light and shadow of some leafy promenade. With this man at her side? God knows, sir, if she thought at all of him! It was his dream she believed in, then.

Afterward, they tell me, she was a splendid lover, jealous and fiery, cherishing her man.

The upshot of it was that she married this ragged fellow without so much as a wedding-guest to see it done, and rode away with him, sitting behind him on his horse and holding him tight around the waist with both arms. Like John's mother, she never came back to Sunshine. That was in '75. In those days Sunshine was an outpost of civilization, a backwater, a forgotten blister on the face of the desert. Twenty-five or thirty miles away, Anne Tarleton's new home was waiting for her—a two-room shanty set askew between the walls of the Cut, where day and night there was no sound save the murmur of water. In Sunshine she had had a pretty bedroom with muslin curtains at the windows, a clothes-press, and a high wooden bed with carved posts. She left her scents and powders, her lace shawls and beaded slippers in her father's house. She left him with his heart broken. So they say. I am more inclined to believe that he suffered from chagrin and loneliness. It became the business of his life to discredit John Tarleton.

"My daughter was hypnotized," he used to say. "By a lie! By a lie! She thought she could better herself. And where is she now?"

"WHEN THEY BROUGHT HIM DOWN"

She was probably sitting bareheaded on the steps of the shanty, smiling her scornful smile and dreaming her dreams. Her hair, which she had always worn in a brown-silk net, streamed down her back; her feet were bare. She wore the lump of gold against her own flesh—where the neck of her dress turned back, you saw the rough cord; there should have been seed-pearls or topaz to match her yellow eyes. If any one went out there, as they rarely did, she wouldn't speak. After a year or so she hid herself away, even from her father. People weren't wanted.

"It's mighty queer," they said in Sunshine. "There must be gold. The place must be full of it. A woman like Anne Lincoln wouldn't stick to an illiterate ragamuffin if he didn't have something to offer her."

The legend spread. It became a conviction in the town that Tarleton was hoarding treasure. Men and boys, fired by the mad idea, crept to the rim of the Cut and spied on the shanty. They saw nothing but the cold stream slipping through the purple shadows down there and a man and woman sitting side by side with hands interlocked. One fellow, bolder than the rest, slid down the gully-wall, feet first, in a cloud of dust and a rattling of pebbles. John Tarleton, catching sight of him from the rear of the shanty, went very deliberately indoors, came out again carrying a rifle, and, taking aim with the coolness of a man firing at a marauding dog, shot twice. The bullets fanned the intruder's ears as he scrambled back to the rim and to safety.

The next day Tarleton appeared at Bailey's, carrying the rifle.

"Tarleton's Cut is Tarleton's claim," he said to the men on the porch. "I calculate to shoot at sight any but invited guests. Keep off."

A year later he rode in for Dr. Fairweather. And he was in a desperate hurry. Dr. Fairweather stood in his doorway stroking his chin to hide a smile and said, in a slow way he had, "Baby or no baby, Mr. Tarleton, I'm waiting for an invitation."

"HIS BODY FELL FORWARD AS A PLUMMET DROPS"

That was the only time a Tarleton ever bent knee to any man. The big fellow went down in the dust by the doctor's gate and begged him, for God's sake, to hurry. Anne Lincoln was alone at the shanty twenty-seven miles away.

"Wait a minute," the doctor said, snatching his bag. "And get up. I beg your pardon— It isn't for God's sake that I'm going with you, but for that woman's."

This was in '82, and Joseph was born that night. He, I reckon, is the hero of this story. Only don't let any one in Sunshine hear you calling him a hero! We haven't a romantic point of view down here, and the Tarletons from first to last were romantic.

I believe that Anne Lincoln's love for John was a great love, an elemental love such as happens in one out of a hundred marriages. It fed on loneliness and false hope, poverty and disappointment. John went enfolded in it, like a man wearing invisible armor. I remember him—loping into town with his rifle on his arm, always taciturn, suspicious, sensitive. Romantic!

ANNE'S father sent North for experts and paid for an expedition into the heart of that volcanic range over there. If there was gold— But there wasn't. Copper. Of the more precious metal not a trace, not so much as an indication!

When the engineers came out, with a report that made several men in Sunshine millionaires, old Mr. Lincoln went to Tarleton's Cut and demanded to see Anne.

This time she came out of the shanty and confronted him with her baby in her arms.

"Father," she said, "I can't ask you to sit down, for we haven't any chairs."

He stared at her, forgetting his errand in his horror and amazement. His Anne, barefoot, a slattern! Even while he watched, the baby fumbled with fat hands in the neck of her dress and brought forth the charm that had bewitched her. Joseph cut his teeth on the baleful little lump, they say!

"I want you to come back with me," Mr. Lincoln said. "There isn't any gold in these mountains. I've got proof of it. You're wasting your life out here. You and that lazy scoundrel, your husband! If you'll come back, both of you, where you belong, I'll see that John gets something to do." And then, with a touch of wistfulness, he added persuasively, "Your room is just as you left it, and I have sent to New York for a silk dress for you. Mrs. Hanscom is bringing it."

Anne's eyes seemed to shine for a moment—she loved pretty things—and her father thought he had won her. But then he became conscious that John Tarleton had been standing all the while behind him, striking that light in his wife's eyes. She shook her head.

"It's jealousy," she said. "And fear. Go back and tell them so. All of them! We'll fight for what's ours with our lives."

"You mean this cinder-heap?" Mr. Lincoln demanded, making a wild gesture with both arms. "You're mad. Stark, staring mad! Both of you."

"Perhaps," she said.

He had to leave it at that. He never saw her again. His disappointment and chagrin became hatred, a fixed desire to drive both of them out of the country. This is where Ed Hanscom comes in. He was Mr. Lincoln's right-hand man, a sort of servant, secretary, and police dog, eager to serve a man whom he recognized to be his superior, but an upstart and a bombastic swaggerer at heart. He had wanted Anne Lincoln and had cowered before that smile of hers long before John Tarleton ever set eyes on her. When she eloped Hanscom married a common little vixen, pretty as paint, who adored him and gave him a son five years before Anne Lincoln's first child was born.

But Ed Hanscom never forgave Anne Lincoln for having understood him. And while he pretended to believe in the report of the "experts" from up North, in his secret heart he cherished a faith in that Tarleton gold. It haunted his imagination like Anne's mocking smile. Outwardly he scoffed. Inwardly he wasn't so sure.

You see how a fable like that takes hold of men. To this day there's not a man you know who wouldn't like to strike his wealth out of the earth with pick and shovel. In Hanscom's time Sunshine was a hitching-post for pioneers and prospectors—there was loud talk of wealth wherever there was talk of any sort. Men went halved by hypothetical millions. It stuck in Ed Hanscom's crop, and stayed there, like an undigested meal, that Tarleton's Cut was lined inside and out with gold. He could picture Anne and John storing away the precious "dust" under the shanty floor or in some hiding-place in the rocks. He had a double motive for what he did.

I'M GETTING to that. Slowly, because there are several threads that must be gathered up.

Hanscom finally got himself elected sheriff, not because he was popular, but because a lot of people calculated to get rid of him that way. Sheriffs didn't often outlive their term of office in a town where life is notoriously cheap. Hanscom had kept his suspicion to himself. Whenever any one laughed at "those crazy Tarletons," he guffawed louder than the rest.

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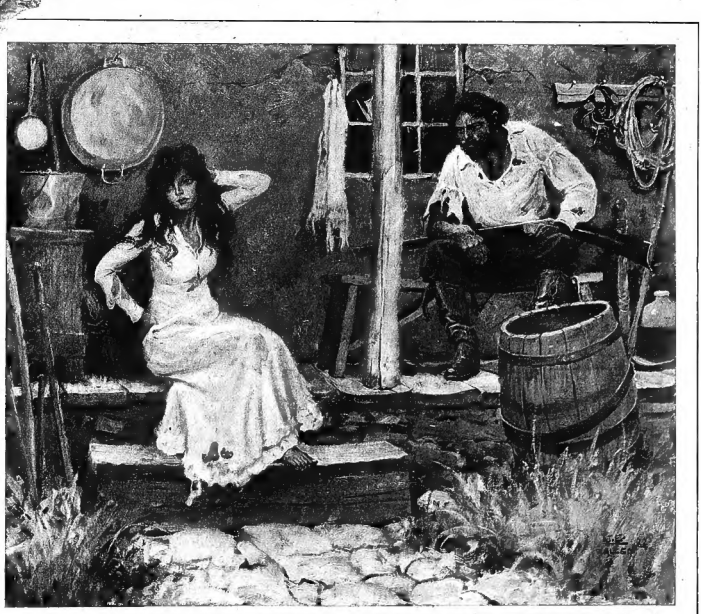

"SITTING BAREHEADED ON THE STEPS OF THE SHANTY, SMILING HER SCORNFUL SMILE AND DREAMING HER DREAMS. HER HAIR STREAMED DOWN HER BACK; HER FEET WERE BARE"

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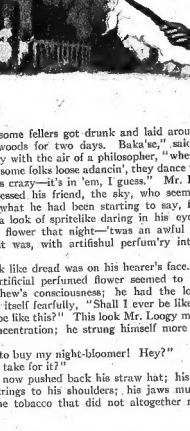
THE STRANGE FLOWER

It Brought Abundant Blessings Though It Bloomed But a Night

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. SHEPHERD



"'EF YE WAS MINE, YE YOUNG LOAFERS, I'D SKIN YE ALIVE!'"

IT TOOK two sticks to get Mr. Loogy along the road to town. These two sticks, propping his rheumatic legs, made him look, straw hat and basket on arm, like a freakish old spider crawling over the hill.

The children got his fantastic quality; swinging on gates, garrulous in cherry-trees, they began their screaming comment, "Grandpoppy Tippy-toe, Grandpoppy Tippy-toe!" Like primitives, they danced out their little ritual of contempt. They capered savage comment on the old beard and the old legs and the old sticks.

Mr. Loogy stopped; he waved one of the crooked sticks in a terrible gesture, calling out in his cracked voice, "Ef ye was mine, ye young loafers, I'd skin ye alive!" Having once demonstrated, he never looked back; the children ceased their shoutings, appeased by the ecstasy of having, in fancy, been "skinned alive." It was an old country drama, staged long before the sensitive Elijah brought trained bears into his act.

Mr. Loogy, hobbling along a little farther, met Gordon Mayhew, the "city fellow" who was starting on one of his fishing hikes. The pleasant-faced youth saluted. He had his rods in a handsome leather case, his creel was a shade too foppish, but there was conscious power in the limber legs, there was temper of steel to the slender back.

"My night-bloomin' cereus is acomin' out to-night," cackled Mr. Loogy.

The youth, plunged in thought, stopped.

"No?" he inquired cordially. He had the air of sober interest that made him liked along the countryside.

"Now you want to come up and see her," said the old man impressively. "Ye ain't never seen one in life, have yer?"

"*Her!*" teased the youth with gray-eyed mischief.

"Shut up!" deprecated Mr. Loogy. "They say 'her' for a boat or a otter-mobile, don't they, or anything that is pooty and new? This here flower is new," he boasted. "There's a good many ain't never seen one."

THE shrewd old eyes twinkled. "I'm goin' to show her off to-night; I'm goin' to hev a party for her." Mr. Loogy loved to be facetious.

Young Mayhew was sympathetic. "I've seen these things; they are unusual," he admitted. "What'll you take for this first flower?" he asked.

Now Mr. Loogy abandoned the support of his crooked sticks and betook himself to the trellis of the snake fence, zigzagging along the wayside. Here he hung like a bit of dried vine. The old man's eyes behind their dim square-paned glasses were keen and pleased; they were the eyes of one who tells himself that he sees very far indeed.

"There's been others has asked," he announced waggishly. Mr. Loogy cackled in light, surface laughter. He festooned himself more jauntily on the fence. "Ef I don't mistake they want 'em for their gals. Wa'l, it's long since I've bought a flower for a gal myself." He spat, the better to mark the hurrying years. "It was nigh onto forty years ago; it's forty years, ain't it, since they had the big fair for the land-boomin' down to Peters Corners?" Mr. Loogy, looking upward, asked the sky this question, and the sky evidently corroborated him, for he went on, "And then it seems that that boom didn't never come to Peters Corners after all! Nobody knows where that boom went, but I know that there was a band played into Snider's woods that night, and they had a merry-go-round and a big wooden pavillyon. They had a pavillyon," said Mr. Loogy, dwelling on the word with unction, "and there was some fellers got drunk and laid around in the woods for two days. Baka'se," said Mr. Loogy with the air of a philosopher, "when you turn some folks loose adancin', they dance themselves crazy—it's in 'em, I guess." Mr. Loogy once more addressed his friend, the sky, who seemed to remind him of what he had been starting to say, for he continued with a look of spritelike daring in his eyes, "I bought a paper flower that night—'twas an awful pooty flower; a rose it was, with artifishul perfum'ry into the center."

A curious look like dread was on his hearer's face. The vision of the artificial perfumed flower seemed to flicker deep into Mayhew's consciousness; he had the look of youth that asks itself fearfully, "Shall I ever be like this? Oh, shall I *ever* be like this?" This look Mr. Loogy mistook for business concentration; he strung himself more easily on the fence.

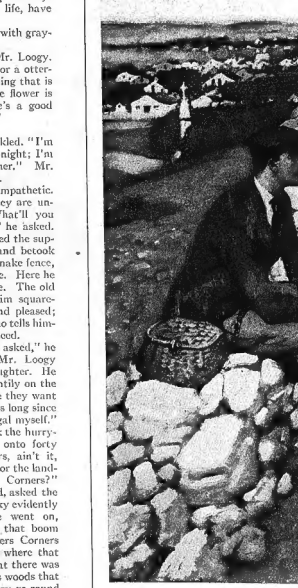
"So ye want to buy my night-bloomer! Hey?"

"What'll you take for it?"

The old man now pushed back his straw hat; his white hair hung in strings to his shoulders; his jaws mumbled happily over the tobacco that did not altogether remain between them. In his dried sunniness of being he was like a gnarled old scrub that buffeted and starved and stabbed, by all the ingenuity of cruel weather, yet has a thousand little devices for hoarding rain and sun.

"Now, now, now," he protested happily, "don't git reckless; don't buy nothin' until you've seen it! She opens to-night—half past seven (well, I say half past seven)"; Mr. Loogy corrected himself, "but it'll be whenever she takes the notion. I cal'late there's a good many will come up the hill to see her. You come on up." He left the support of the fence, caught his sticks, and hobbled over to the young man, feeling of him in a curious way as if to test his pith. "I ain't sayin' nothin'," he whispered facetiously; "I don't keep no greenhouse, but I ain't sayin' I wouldn't sell her after the show." He looked shrewdly into young Mayhew's face. "Five dollars?"

"Hey?" coaxed Mr. Loogy as to a child. "Five dollars? How? What say? Five dollars?"



"HER KEEN COUNTRY INSTINCT TOLD HER THAT SHE MUST NOT LET HERSELF GET NEAR HIM"

IT WAS a day of triumph for Mr. Loogy. The countryside knew that he had been at great pains to raise his night-blooming flower, and against much unbelief and protests as to his sanity ran the strong stream of detailed comment. There was a saga of the efforts he had been to to procure the original plant, then of his pruning and cutting, the Winter sojourn under glass in Loogy's kitchen, the nourishing and fertilizing, and now this extraordinary promise, "A large, fragrant, luminous, showy flower that (in the language of the catalog) blooms at night only, remaining open till sunrise." It galvanized every dinner-table over the countryside; at every farm, between knife-thrusts of food, there were bursts of wondering, jeering talk about Loogy's "night-bloomer." But it was not until Midsummer, when the valley village, shimmering in hot grass, was a welter of green heat, that they were aware of the old man hobbling from door to door announcing gleefully and positively—

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"She's acomin', she's acomin'. I expect her to-night! Now I want ye should all come up to my house and look at her."

At the Judge's house the prosperous man of his own age looked at him enviously. Mr. Loogy's radiance annoyed the bored country autocrat. The Judge had just bought a large chromo called "Tiberius Inspecting His Slaves," which had somehow failed to cheer him. His goldfish had grown monotonous, his automobile cloying. His piano-player, stuck in the middle of "The Anvil Chorus," must wait for the agent to come and restore it to its sniffling velocity. The Judge, slightly annoyed that his contemporary should have made good on his flower-raising pretensions, now wheezed out pompous questions.

"WHAT'LL you take for the whole plant?" he snorted. He sat lumpily on his rose-twined piazza, trying by adroit cross-questionings to discover if the flower were really as rare as old Loogy seemed to think. How many buds were there on the night-bloomer? The Judge had the air of jocose tolerance; the thing, if it were actually as remarkable as old Loogy thought it was, might be used for political purposes, for banquets of the coming campaign year, for instance. It would look well in the newspapers. "Judge Parsons made one of his inimitable speeches standing in the shade of his peerless night-blooming cereus, taken, for the occasion, from the bosky recesses of his private conservatories."

"I'll be along to-night, all right," accepted the Judge patronizingly. "Take one of them cigars, Loogy; take a handful," he ordered.

"Don't rob yourself," cackled the awed Mr. Loogy. He reached a timid old hand into the box of cigars, a look of furious pride and pleasure swept over his face. "Don't rob yourself," he cautioned.

At the widow Fayber's house came the real excitement. For here lived Barella Fayber, "The Living Corpse," as the neighborhood proudly called her. Mrs. Fayber, the mother of the celebrity, stood in the "entry" of the basement, where the family spent most of its life. The woman, who had come from the vegetable garden, carried a dish full of scarlet tomatoes, green peppers, and purple eggplants; her tight-braided hair sent out little jets of gray curl, and her sunken blue eyes brightened with starved vitality. To Mr. Loogy's announcement of her "What say?" was almost girlish. "Wait till I go fetch Barella," she urged, and her excitement gave an extra glint to the old man's pride.

Mr. Loogy graciously halted. There was a rustic garden seat beneath a stunted cherry-tree; this he took; beside it was a gipsy-encampment effect of three poles painted red, white, and blue, from which suspended a scarlet kettle. When Mrs. Fayber returned Mr. Loogy had removed his hat, also his coat; now he sat stocking-feet and shirt-sleeves, wiping his forehead and surveying the gipsy kettle, into which, occasionally, he spat

"That's a pretty piece of style," he praised politely.

"It's Barella's taste," Mrs. Fayber pointed to a heap of stones where ivy straggled and a little leaden figure careened on top, "and that's her rockery," she said in an awed whisper. "Where she gets it I don't know except that often she'll take an idea right out of poetry. Just so sudden!"

"I ain't no hand for poetry," remarked Mr. Loogy with some severity. "It upsets your ideas; I mistrust that it's for the most part writ by them that ain't got good sense."

"Hush!" Mrs. Fayber indicated with warning thumb over shoulder that the conversation must not have this blighting character for The Living Corpse was emerging from the damp, stone entry and creeping slowly up the stairs. At the top of the steps Barella paused in a business-like manner, waiting for her mother to come and assist her. Then, with fine dramatic effects of tottering, she swayed toward the garden seat already occupied by the visitor.

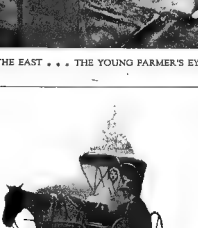
"Look at her," moaned the mother proudly—"ain't she *awful*? She kin hardly step anywheres now; can yer, Barella?"

"I'm weaker than I was this time last year," announced The Corpse with an air of conviction.

"I've doctored her with this one and that one," worried the woman, looking with elated anxiety at her child, "but they all say, 'Medicine ain't no good, Mrs. Fayber; she's got to do something for herself.' Well," summed up Mrs. Fayber triumphantly, "we know now that medicines ain't no good; she's took the two whole drug-stores here and over to Peters Corners. How many bottles was it I counted last Winter, Bar?" She looked dotingly upon the carefully symmetrized crimps of her daughter's golden head. "Never mind, Pettie," the mother went on sentimentally; "don't get athinking of it. Now you set down by Mr. Loogy and he'll tell you all about the 'serious.'"

Mrs. Fayber pronounced the strange flower's name as if it had been the adjective opposed to "humorous"; but all through the district it had now become the fashion to speak of the rare plant as "Loogy's bloomer" or the "night-blooming cereus." Barella had heard all this from her suitor, Tanner Pollen, and she had had a good deal of curiosity about the flower; it was, however, significant to see the way the girl carefully managed to keep the morning's interest from in any way vitalizing her. Barella Fayber, like Judge Parsons, had her instinct for prestige and importance. And she had achieved a very marked importance. To be known all over the countryside as "The Living Corpse" kept for her a marvelous purpose in a life that otherwise might have been imaginatively barren. Night after night she lay in bed dramatizing her own funeral, the dress she would wear, the way her hair should be arranged, a golden braid on each side of her white face: the neighbors coming in whispering and "taking on." Her nature, young and under its apathy weakly awake, demanded that she should in some way, like a plant in a cellar, give forth a peculiar white phosphorus, and so she did.

"THE SUN SLIPPING DOWN, THE MOON SILVERING THE EAST . . . THE YOUNG FARMER'S EYES FLASHED. 'FIVE! I'LL GIVE TEN!'"



"TANNER WAS INSTANTLY AT HER SIDE"

Barella now dreamed herself anew before old Mr. Loogy. He should go back to his section, telling how he had seen The Living Corpse, the palest, weakest girl in the community, and how she was just fading away! Her curious white kindle of youth glimmered like Indian-pipe in the thickets of her own negations. She thought, of her body, slender and listless, under her muslins and felt morbid pleasure. As she sat listlessly down by the old man, Barella wanted to feel his horrified eyes on her; she wanted to hear the familiar shocked breath, the "Sh—sh—sh—" of country sensation. She put up a thin, almost transparent hand. "The sun scalds something terrible, don't it, Mommer?"

"It's your parasol you need." Mrs. Fayber bustled in to get it.

Old Mr. Loogy peered over his square-paned spectacles. His eyes, very frivolous and not too respectful, surveyed the girl.

"You'n like my cereus, ain't you?" he observed jocosely. "You only want to come out nights, hey? like the bats and moths, hey? Well, girl, you ain't got the right idee. That poetry you read is sourin' on your stummick." Mr. Loogy looked a little severe. "You need to be more corn-fed," he announced. After a short scrutinizing silence, "Get married," advised Mr. Loogy with emphasis; "a husband might cheer ye up some; you'm too pip-lookin' now."

JUST the faintest tremor of a very healthy irritation suffused the young cheek, and the old man, keen through his square dim spectacles, chuckled; but the mother hushed him back of her swollen-veined hand. She carefully opened the pale-blue sunshade, and stood there, holding it over her daughter's listless head.

"Don't be speaking of marriage," Mrs. Fayber entreated dramatically. "She's had two spells because of that this year. Tanner Pollen is tormenting she should marry him. He teases her so she can't sleep for his pestering."

"Pollen, hey?" asked Mr. Loogy, "Tanner Pollen?" For a moment he was silent, eyes fixed on The Living Corpse. There was something earthy and like dark leaf-mold in the old eyes; they seemed to be saturated with strange lawyers of experience and knowledge; it was a pagan, vital knowledge that lay like rich, dark compost over the anemic conventions of modern thought.

"Well, I don't know as she could do better," the old man said slowly. His gaze was now something like that of a physician; very thoughtfully and as if she were a spindling plant, he surveyed the drooping Barella. His crooked fingers worked as if in imagination they loosened the stiff mold around her.

"But she's *pestered* with him," insisted the mother. "She says that maybe she's going to ask me to sit with them in the best room beau-nights, so that he'll leave off tormenting her to have him."

The pale eyes of The Living Corpse were now glittering sapphire; her lips settled into a faint curve of egotistic power.

"I ain't never give him no encouragement," said Barella faintly—"it seems that nothing I do discourages him." Her manner was that of the indifferent virgin, but under it lay the inherence of her reality—the desire to attract.

"They say he's thought well of over back," conceded Mrs. Fayber, who was frankly interested by the worldly aspects of the thing. She looked tentatively at the aged caller.

MR. LOOGY'S eyes were shining all through the discussion. Here was a morning of delights! Camaraderie with a young city man, full of his devilment; a business deal on the roadside, the silencing of wicked children, who certainly should be skinned alive; his pocket full of cigars, which he should not smoke, but keep for years in a glass preserve-jar, where they could be indicated as gifts from his close friend, the Judge, and now his advice in matters of love asked by two women!

From his long experience with the vagaries and evasions of flowers, from his knowledge of their utter dependence upon the great laws of nature while they appeared to flout these laws, so Mr. Loogy felt that he knew the sex; he could not find himself altogether unkind to the curious subterfuges, self-deceptions, and final inevitable betrayment of the female, so flower-like in its plaintive, hidden wish, so subtle in its myriad open denials of that wish.

"So Tanner hankers for ye, don't he?" he asked the girl. He spoke gently, but he eyed her with a frowning keenness which, had he known it, was worthy of the enchanter Merlin. Barella was no Vivian to respond; she moved impatiently with a feeble gesture. Her head slanted sidewise; the delicate blouse of her mother's laundering fell away from a long neck, thin, with a kind of wicked whiteness; her hands and feet, elegant and disdainful, puzzled the old man. He looked curiously at the lax expression, almost vacuity, under the stiffly rippled masses of dry golden hair.

He mentally paired this girl, kept like this through egotism, with one he had passed that morning coming out of the hollow: Stella McWhood, for whom he knew young Mayhew wished to buy the cereus; a girl bold-bosomed as

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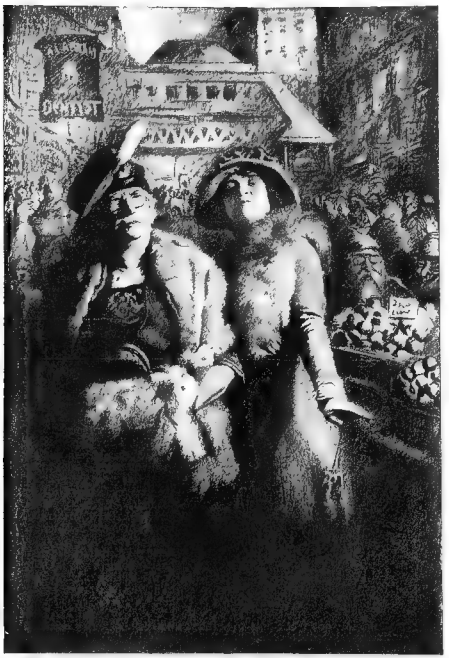
MENDEL MARANTZ MOVES

He's with Us Again, in a Story Crackling with Wit

BY DAVID FREEDMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER



"THE YOUNGER AND TALLER OF THE TWO LOOKED AT THE NOISY, BUSTLING THRONGS WITH THE AIR OF A SIGHTSEER"

"'MENDEL MARANTZ, THE GREAT INVENTOR!'"

MENDEL MARANTZ SAYS:

"What is youth? A stove. What is love? The fire. What is marriage? Smoke!"

"What is figures? Freckles. They don't mean anything!"

"What is a husband? The King. He's never safe!"

"What is a wife? Rheumatism. It leaves you—but it comes back!"

BERNARD, lying pays in the long run—if you run fast enough. But what is a lie? A mule. Just when you want, it doesn't go. And after all, Bernard Shnaps, you're my brother-in-law. So be honest. Why did you climb up, all of a sudden, five floors to pay us a visit? Didn't you know the address when we were poor? Where was Bernard Shnaps, the great real-estate man, when we didn't have the rent to pay? Now he comes to sell me a whole village in California!"

"Not a village," Bernard interposed. "A villa!"

"Whatever it is, you can keep it!" said Mendel decisively as he rose from his seat. Bernard turned appealingly to his sister Zelde, Mendel's wife. Her silent indignation broke into words.

"Maybe you think, Mr. Mendel Marantz, because you got money, you got also sense! And maybe you think we will keep on to live here on the fifth floor in a tenement-house over the fish-market—seven people in three rooms—like cats on a roof!"

"We're used to it," said Mendel. "What is a habit? A wife. Easy to find, but hard to lose."

"Let alone the jokes! You're funny without them," Zelde exclaimed impatiently, getting up to block Mendel, who was edging toward the bedroom.

"How can you sleep in such a place?" insisted Bernard, determined to restrict the discussion to real estate. "A man like you, if he wants to sleep good and enjoy life, needs, in the least, four homes! One for each season. A villa in California. A Winter colony in Florida. A Summer resort in Canada. A bathing-pavilion on Long Beach. And a general-principles palace on Fifth Avenue!"

Mendel scratched the back of his head.

"You forget, maybe, I'm the father of a family—not of an army! What for do I need a whole continent? What for shall I run around like crazy—for what? By the time I come to one home, right away I got to pack up to travel to the next one! To-day we're here, and to-morrow—we got to be in California! Did you ever! A new worry on my head! What is worry? Hair-tonic. It makes you bald!"

Four homes in the four corners of the earth! Preposterous! To have to travel from Pasadena to Pitt Street every time he longed for a piece of herring!

"For this I got rich?" he said, walking angrily about the room. "I should be driven around from home to home and spend my life on the trains, like a conductor? No! Three rooms on the top floor is as high as I can afford to go!"

Zelde drew herself up to her full five feet of stature. Sarah, alarmed, tried to restrain her, but Zelde jerked the apron-strings out of her daughter's grasp.

"Leave me go!" she muttered harshly. "I got to show him once forever! When we were poor I could still speak to him like a man. But since we got rich his head got so fat it'll melt yet! He likes always to be different from the whole world. And who suffers? The family! But now it's got to be either or neither!" She turned to her brother, Bernard. He would understand her!

"I tell him, 'Mendel, look by the Krausses, how is it! Didn't once Zigmund Krauss keep a pickle-stand on Scammel Street? But look to-day! His whole family lives on Riverside Drive, with three chauffeurs and servants and dogs for the children! And the Gassenheims, the bankers! What used to sell steamship tickets on instalments and peddle collar-buttons on the side! What did they became? Leaders in society! They got a whole farm on Fifth Avenue some place, and a house in Long Island, and other homes, and when they need a bath they go to Europe! That's how the style is,' I tell him. 'Didn't all the rich people move straight from the fish-market into society? So we got to go after them!' I tell him. And after I talk nearly my lungs out, he answers me, 'Beans!' He learned a new word, 'Beans!' Whatever I tell him, he says right away, 'Beans!' Go talk to a man who's full with beans!"

Bernard was hard pressed for patience.

"Zelde, my sister, you're changing around the whole conversation! We're talking real-estate business and here you come in with beans! What's got beans to do with it? You want a new house to live in, ain't it? So talk to the house—I mean—to the point!" His tone softened as he turned with a smile to Mendel.

"MENDEL, she's right! You got to move in society. Pitt Street is not for you! Here ain't a question, 'If yes' or 'If no.' Here is a question, 'You got to and you must!' I should pay the doctor what I'll make in this whole business! I'm a man like this—I like relatives! I want to fix you up so good you should remember me for life!"

"I believe you," said Mendel, striking a light on his shoe. "But why should I move? For society? Beans!"

Bernard and Zelde started at the word. Mendel lit his cigaret.

"What is society? An exit. You can't enter. Besides, what am I got with the Gassenheims, the Krausses, and the Rosenbalds? They got their own troubles, and I got you! If we move next door to Zigmund Krauss I have to dress like a waiter and carry a stick like a cripple and walk behind a little dog like a blind man! That you call life? What is life? A short cut to a long rest. Why should I cut it shorter?

"Here on Pitt Street I'm the boss! When I go in the street, eating an apple, I hear everybody whisper, 'You know who it's that? That's Mendel Marantz, the great inventor! He's maybe a millionaire!' When I promise twenty-five dollars in the synagog the whole congregation turns to me like with one neck. They think I'm Rockefeller! What is fame? An opera-glass. It makes you twice as big!

"The same people which used to call me lazy, good-for-nothing, never-do-something Mendel—now they look I should shake their hands and tell them a kind word! Here in Pitt Street I stand on a mountain. There on Fifth Avenue I would be in the cellar! Here I'm a millionaire. There I would be again a nobody!"

"You talk a lot, but it won't help you," Zelde said stiffly. "You think all my life I slaved away in the fish-market for

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"Now, children," cried Aunt Amy, as tho it were *her* family, *her* cab, and *her* party, "mind you enjoy yourselves and tell Mrs. Carstairs that mother doesn't want you to stay too late."

They were to pick up Mrs. Carstairs, who lived higher up the terrace, who was a nice, rosy-faced woman, a widow with a small boy called Herbert. Because Herbert was their father's name, it had a solemn, grown-up air to the children, and they felt the contrast to be very funny indeed when a small, pale-faced mouse of a boy was piloted into the cab. He was so deeply smothered in shawls and comforters that there was little to be seen but a sharply peaked nose. He was, it seemed, a serious-minded child. Soon after getting into the cab he remarked,

"I do hope that we all enjoy ourselves this evening, I'm sure."

Mrs. Carstairs, altho she was stout and jolly, was so nervous about the health of her only child that she made all the children nervous too.

"You aren't feeling cold, Bertie, darling, are you? You haven't got a headache, have you? Lean against mother, darling, if you're tired. Are you tired?"

To all of which Herbert answered very solemnly,

"I am not, Mother."

He was, however, it seemed, a child with a considerable sense of humor, because he suddenly pinched Jeremy in the fatty part of his thigh, and then looked at him very severely as tho challenging him to say anything about it; and it suddenly occurred to Jeremy that you had a great advantage if you looked old and solemn because no one would ever believe anything wicked of you.

HIS thoughts, however, of young Herbert were soon lost in the excitement of the adventure of the cab. Nothing that he had ever known was more wonderful than this—the rolling through the lighted town, the background so dark, like the inside of a box; the tearing through the marketplace, now so silent and mysterious, down through North Street, over the Pot Bridge, and so out into the country. The silence of the highroad, rhythmed by the clamp—clamp of the horse's hoofs; the mysterious gleam of white patches as the road was illumined by the light from the carriage-lamps; the heavy, thick-set hedges, watching as tho they were an army of soldiers drawn up in solemn order to let the carriage pass through; the smell of the night mingled with the smell of the cab; the rattle of the ill-fitting windows; the excited, half-strangled breathing of Mary—all these together produced in Jeremy's breast a feeling of exaltation, pride, and adventure that was never to be forgotten.

They were all packed very closely together and bounced about like marionettes without self-control.

Jeremy said in a voice hoarse with bumping and excitement, "Shall I put my gloves on yet?" He had never had white gloves before.

Mrs. Carstairs said, "You might try them on, dear, and see. Be careful not to split them," which, of course, he immediately did; not a very bad split and between the thumb and finger of the left hand, so that perhaps it would not be seen.

While with some concern he was considering this, they drove through Park Gates and along a wide drive. To Jeremy's excited fancy silver birds seemed to fly past the windows and sheets of stars bend down and flash to the ground and rise swinging up to heaven again. They passed a stretch of water on their right, dark like a blind mirror, but with a crack of light that crossed it, and then faded into splashing gold where the lamps and shining windows of the house reflected in it. They were there; other carriages also; children like ghosts passing up the stone steps, the great house so strangely indifferent.

He saw as he got out of the carriage dark spaces beyond the splash of light where the garden was hidden, cold and reserved and apart. It was like him to notice that, the only child that evening who saw.

Inside the house there was a sudden noise of laughter and voices and people moving, and two large footmen with white-powdered hair waiting to take your coats. Without his coat, waiting for a moment alone, he felt shivery and shy, and very conscious of his white waistcoat. Then he saw young Ernest, son of the dean of Polchester, and Bill Bartlett and the Misses Bartlett, children of one of the canons, and Tommy Winchester, son of the precentor. He winked at Tommy, who was a fat, round boy, with a face like an apple, but pretended not to see when Ernest caught his eye, because he hated Ernest, and, having fought him once nearly two years ago, hoped very much to have the pleasure of fighting him again soon and licking him. He advanced into the big, shining, dazzling room, behind his two sisters, as on to a field of battle.

"The Misses Cole and Master Cole!" shouted a large, stout man with a face like an oyster—and then Jeremy found himself shaking hands with a beautiful lady, all white hair, black silk, and diamonds, and an old gentleman with an eye-glass, and then, before he knew it, he was standing against the wall with Mary and Helen, surveying the scene.

As he watched, a sudden desperate depression fell upon him. It was all like a painted picture that he was outside, he was an outcast and Mary was an outcast and Helen. They had arrived at an interval between the dances, and the gleaming floor was like a great lake stretching from golden shore to golden shore. From the ceiling hung great clusters of light, throwing down splashes like dim islands, and every once and again some one would cross the floor, very carefully, seeming to struggle to reach the islands, to pause there for a moment as tho for safety.

Against the wall, round the ballroom, figures were ranged, some like Chinese idols, silent and motionless; others animated and excited. Voices rose like the noise of wind or rain. Every one, even the Chinese idols, seemed to be at home and at their ease; only Jeremy and his sisters were cared for by no one. Then suddenly a stout, smiling woman appeared as tho out of the floor, and behind her a very frightened boy. She spoke to Helen.

"You're Helen Cole, are you not? Well, dear, here's Harry Preston—wants you to have a dance with him." Then turning to Mary, "Are you dancing the next, dear? No? We must alter that. Here's Willie Richmond—Willie," catching hold of a long and gawky boy, "you're not dancing the next, are you? I'm sure Miss Cole will be delighted"—then departed, like a train that has picked up its passengers and is hurrying on to its next station.

The small boy gazed distressfully at Helen, but she was quite equal to him, smiling with that sweet smile that was kept entirely for strangers or important visitors, and saying,

"What is it? Oh, a polka! That will be lovely. I do like polkas, don't you?"

At that moment the band struck up, and in another instant the floor was covered with figures. The tall, gawky boy dragged off Mary, who had said not a word, but stared at him with distressed eyes through her spectacles.

Helen took absolute charge of her partner, moving away with such grace and elegance that Jeremy was suddenly proud of her, and seemed to see her as she really was for the first time in his life.

Then he realized that he was alone, absolutely alone, stuck against the wall, a silly gawk, for all the world to look at and despise.

He set his chin, squared his shoulders, and tried to look as tho he were there by preference. No one now paid any attention to him. The music swung on, and altho he had never danced in his life his toes kept time inside his shoes. He gazed haughtily around him, stared at the dancers as they passed him and was miserable.

Then the stout lady who had carried off Mary and Helen suddenly appeared again and said,

"What! Not dancing? You're Jeremy Cole, aren't you? Come along. I'll find you a partner."

He was led away and precipitated at the feet of a very stout lady, who stared at him in a frozen way, and a frightened little girl. He had a program in his hand, and was going to ask her for some future polka, when the mountainous lady said in a deep bass voice,

"You'd better take her now. She's been waiting long enough," staring at the genial introducer as she spoke.

JEREMY led away his victim. He was acutely miserable, but the agony of stumbling, bumping, and incoherent whirling did not last long because the band suddenly stopped, and before he knew it he was sitting on the steps of a staircase with his partner and staring at her.

She said not a word; then he saw that she was terrified, and pity held him.

"Do you like dances?" he asked hoarsely.

"I've never been to one before," she answered in a convulsive whisper, looking as tho she were about to cry.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Five Pemberton Terrace, Polchester," she answered breathlessly.

"Was that your mother?"

"No. Auntie."

"How many aunts have you?"

"Five."

"What a lot! I've only one and it's quite enough. How many uncles have you?"

"I haven't got an uncle."

"I have—a splendid one. Do any of your aunts paint?"

"Auntie Maude does."

"What does she paint?"

"I don't know."

He felt this conversation so stupid that he looked at her in disgust. What was it about girls? Why was there something the matter with all of them? If this was what dances were, he didn't want any more of them. And it was just then, at that most distressing moment, that the wonderful, the never-to-be-forgotten event occurred. Some one was coming down from the stairs above them and wanted to pass them.

A voice said softly, "Do you mind? Thank you so much."

JEREMY rose and then looked up. He was staring at the most beautiful lady he had ever conceived of—indeed, far more than he had ever conceived of, because his dreams had not hitherto been of beautiful ladies. He had never thought of them at all. She was very tall and slender, dressed in white; she had black hair and a jewel blazing in the front of it. But more than everything was her smile, the jolliest, merriest, twinkliest smile he had ever seen. He could only smile, too, standing against the banisters to let her pass. Perhaps there was something in his snub nose and the way his mouth curled at the corners that struck her. She stopped.

"Enjoying yourself?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, staring at her with all his soul.

"Well, come on," she said. "There's the music beginning again."

That appeal may have been made to the general stair-covered company, but he felt that it was to him.

"Come on," he said to his partner. At the door of the ballroom he found, to his relief, the massive aunt. "Thank you so much for the delightful dance," he said, bowing as he had seen others do; then he bolted.

Heaven was on his side because just inside the room and standing for a moment alone, gazing happily about her, was the lovely lady. Could he? Did he dare? His heart was beating in his breast. His knees trembled. He felt as he did when he was summoned to old Thomas's study. But the fear lest she should move away or some one should come and speak to her drove him forward. He was at her side.

"I say," he muttered huskily, "is anybody dancing with you just now?"

She swung round and looked down at him.

"Hullo!" she said. "It's you!"

"Yes," he answered, still choking. "I would like to dance with you."

"Well, you shall," she said, and suddenly picked him up and whisked him round. What happened after that he never knew. Once, years before, he had escaped from home, gone to the Polchester fair, and ridden on the merry-go-round, ridden on a wonderful coal-black horse all alone under the stars. Something like that earlier experience was this exquisite happiness, delicious movement in which the golden walls, the blazing lights, the glittering, shining floor had their parts. His feet kept no time—they seemed scarcely to touch the floor—but as the music dipped and swung, so he also, floating like a bird, falling like the dying strain of a song, rising like the flight of a star. Suddenly it ceased; he came to earth, breathless, hot, and most wonderfully happy. She led him away, holding his hand, to a corner where there was a palm and a little tinkling fountain; they seemed to be quite by themselves.

"Was that all right?" she asked, laughing and fanning herself with a great fan of white feathers.

He could not speak; he gulped and nodded.

"What's your name?" she asked.

He told her.

She smiled. "Jeremy. That's a pretty name." He blushed with pleasure. "Do you go to school yet? I expect you're good at football."

How wonderful of her to know that, to ask about the one game that was near his heart! He told her eagerly about it, how he had played half-back twice for the school, and had been kicked in the eye and hadn't cared, and how next year he hoped to be the regular half-back because Trefusis, who had been half for three years, was going to Eton, and he was very young to be half; he'd only be eleven then—and if he stayed on until he was thirteen—

I'm afraid that he boasted a little.

"Have you got any brothers and sisters?" she asked him.

He told her all about Mary and Helen, and his mother and father and Aunt Amy and Uncle Samuel—especially about Uncle Samuel. And while he talked he stared and

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"'WAS THAT ALL RIGHT?' SHE ASKED, LAUGHING AND FANNING HERSELF WITH A GREAT FAN OF WHITE FEATHERS"

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"FAILURES ARE USUALLY BROAD-MINDED"; BETTER LIFE WITH THESE ON A DESERT ISLAND THAN WITH A PRIG

"I'M NOT SURE WHETHER THE WORST OF SINNERS IS NOT THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS, SELF-OPINIONATED PRIG"

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

An Opening Talk on Temperament and Habits

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

DRAWINGS BY STUART HAY

EDITOR'S NOTE—Just the practical advice on our every-day concerns that we all need—and capital reading besides, going down to the springs of human nature.

"How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," by this celebrated English author, gave a fresh impetus to efficiency. In this new series Mr. Bennett will furnish a working philosophy of life, take thought of your education, and throw a bright light on the problems of love and marriage.

TO MAKE the best of life it is absolutely necessary to satisfy, without overindulging, your temperament. This is the most important thing of all. Reason is excellent, reason is admirable, but it is not, and should not be, the sole guide of life; and those wondrous persons who invariably act according to the dictates of reason are usually enormous bores, disagreeable, priggish, and without imagination. Fortunately there are very few of them.

To say that man is a reasoning animal is a poetical extravagance. Man is sometimes a reasoning animal. But he is a temperamental animal all the time. He is born with a certain temperament; it never stops influencing him; it is like the influence of the wind or the tide on a ship, except that its influence is always, always in the same direction. No man can change his temperament, and scarcely any man succeeds in modifying it in the slightest degree. When you are born you are done for, in the matter of temperament. The color of your eyes may alter, generally does; but your temperament won't. It will show itself in your last breath. This may be regrettable, but it is so, and the fact should be faced. Arrange your existence, or let others arrange it for you, without fully consulting your temperament, and there will be trouble. Make an enemy of your temperament and you will make the worst of life. The temperament is bound to win, and you will array the forces of reason against it in vain. In such combats reason is a bow-and-arrow soldier and temperament is a tank. Therefore come to terms with your temperament, and however young you are, and however wise and bald and ponderous your advisers, let no one set you permanently on a path to which it objects.

By temperament I mean the general bent and character of a man's vitality. Some men are born to command, others—and by far the greater number—to obey. Some men love responsibility; the vast majority of us hate it. In the late War there were at least five millions of armed Britons who loathed responsibility like the pest, but that was a temporary phenomenon. Some men are passionate; more are fishes. Some men must have change, of place, of action, of aim; others desire only to do the same thing at the same time every day—the season-ticket-holder's of life. Some men prefer to work alone; others prefer to be surrounded by their fellows who are doing just what they themselves are doing. Some men prefer not to work at all. But beware of saying that a man is temperamentally idle. It may happen that a man is idle for years and then bursts into a prolonged fever of activity: and this may be due to a change in his bodily condition, or to the sudden victory of a temperament that had been thwarted. Some men are ambitious; the majority are not. And a good thing too! For a world full of Napoleons would soon be a world full of corpses and one Napoleon, who would have no subjects except subjects for dissection.

IT IS needless to give further examples of different temperaments. I have suggested some of the most striking contrasts in them. There are hundreds more, and each reader can find his own. Every temperament is a paramount fact, exceeding and surpassing reason. Must a man, then, yield himself completely to his temperament? Certainly he must not. Altho no lasting happiness can be attained if the temperament is utterly thwarted, on the other hand a total surrender to temperament is likely to result in both individual and general unhappiness. Perhaps in a few cases the temperament is wholly good; perhaps in a few it is wholly evil. The most temperaments have in them the seeds of both good and evil.

Temperaments have to be checked, like parliamentary majorities and other tyrants. You can not overthrow them at will, but you can keep them in order, and the business of the reasoning faculty is to keep them in order. A man's temperament may urge him to appropriate other people's property without leave and without paying for it. He is called a thief if he is poor, and she is called a kleptomaniac if she is rich. The consequences of not putting a curb on such a temperament will be evil all round, but happily society takes this temperament in hand, and, while the temperament is never thereby altered, the natural results of it are in a measure averted. The temperament which urges its possessor always to give is less fortunate; society will not interfere with it, and indeed it is encouraged in excess on all sides and works much harm. But as a rule the evil possibilities of a temperament are perceived with some clearness by its possessor and with more clearness by his friends; and reason has a fair chance of avoiding disastrous and absolute defeat in the battle with its powerful adversary.

The answer to the question, "How far must a temperament be checked?" is, "You have got to judge for yourself."

All one may safely say is that a temperament can not be advantageously scotched and it can not advantageously be given full liberty. Between these two extremes common sense must draw a line. Vague and difficult advice, you say! Yes! But life itself is vague and difficult.

Ambition and the Career

IT IS in the choice of a career that the first great reckoning with temperament must occur. Of this crisis in life two things are to be said. It is of tremendous, overwhelming importance; and the difficulty of it can scarcely be exaggerated. Frightful and tragic mistakes are made; yet the marvel is not that the mistakes are so numerous, but that they are so few. Neither the parent nor the youth is properly qualified to give a decision. Parents have a wonderful way of forgetting how they felt when they were young. Parents have also a wonderful way of repeating the errors which their elders committed in regard to themselves. Parents, like other human beings, habitually mistake their own preferences and desires for the voice of omniscient wisdom. Parents seldom study the psychology of their children. Parents are apt to hold the singular belief that they have conferred a benefit on their children by bringing them into the world and that therefore their children owe them all sorts of heavy debts, including blind obedience. It is no uncommon sight to see a parent who has made a horrid mess of his own life assuming quite blandly the rôle of an autocratic Solomon to his son.

"RARE THE YOUTH WHO KNOWS INFALLIBLY WHAT HE WANTS"

On the other hand, if parents know little of youths, youths often know no more of themselves. Their temperaments may not be even half developed at the moment of the choice, for not infrequently, since the method of education may depend on the career chosen, the choice must be made at an extremely early age. Again, the youth may accept a passing caprice for a permanent temperamental bent. The chances are ten to one that he is attracted by externals and inessentials. Almost certainly the youth, like the parent, will be influenced by circumstances which facilitate the apprenticeship to a career, regardless of the fact that in life the early difficulties are trifles compared with the later. The business of youth is to conquer difficulties; the business of age is to avoid them. To shirk responsibilities in youth is to create difficulties for age. It is a form of cowardice. And whereas apprenticeship lasts only a few years, a balked temperament irritates day and night till the grave.

"I am a lawyer," says the parent. "I have a good practise. You will succeed to it. It is ready-made for you. What in the name of common sense is all this silly talk about wanting to be an engineer? I never heard such rubbish."

Reason thinks it has vanquished temperament, but temperament is a vindictive and satanic creature. It never really yields, never forgives. It will have its revenge, assuredly on the youth, possibly on both the youth and the parent.

At the root of many blunders in the choice of a career is the almost universal assumption that the youth is ambitious. I have already said that the majority are not, but the statement needs some explanation. Nearly all decent youths think they are ambitious, and they are encouraged in this notion by parents who are unable to believe that the progeny which *they* have begotten and conceived is not remarkable. And undoubtedly nearly all decent youths would like to be brilliantly successful, to stand out from their fellows, to be rich and powerful, to command luxuries.

BUT there is a difference between this vague longing, which comes and goes, and which every one of us has felt, and the continuous, urgent, acute desire to get on. He who wishes the end wishes the means to the end. The means to the realization of ambition are initiative, enterprise, resource, tireless energy, invincible optimism, and egotism. How many individuals genuinely want to make the sacrifices and to expend the energy required for the realization of ambition? Exceedingly few. Ambition is like seven devils with whips thrashing you forward. It brings happiness only in so far as it satisfies a temperamental instinct. Those who are ambitious and successfully so are not happier than those who satisfy their temperaments in any other way.

And yet parents will persuade youths, and youths will persuade themselves, to launch upon difficult and hazardous careers demanding qualities which the said

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GLIMPSES *of* THE MOON

BY

EDITH WHARTON

COMPLETE IN FOUR INSTALMENTS

PART TWO

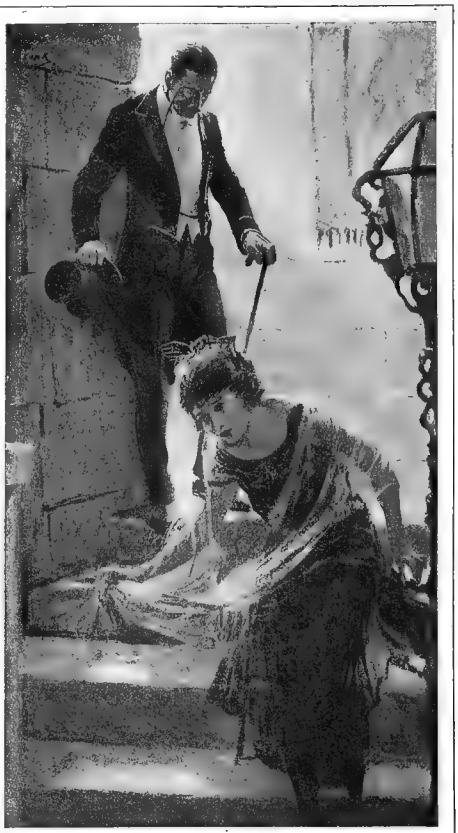
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES H. CRANK

The Story of the Story

SUSY BRANCH married Nick Lansing on great expectations. Susy had been a parasite—Nick a penniless poet. Belonging to fashionable Knickerbocker families, they measured life by the usual standards of their set. Susy longed for the independence she had sacrificed for luxurious living. Nick yearned for a literary career. Fearful of poverty, they had resisted for a year an intense attraction.

Then Susy schemed for an amazing marriage. Whenever either one of them should see a better chance he or she should be immediately released. A year of rapture could be provided by wedding-checks from provident friends, while a long sojourn in Europe would be afforded by invitations from the idle rich.

Arriving at Ellie and Nelson Vanderlyn's Venetian palace a month after their nuptials, Susy is confronted with a distressing situation. Ellie, the indiscreet, has left for Paris unknown with an importunate lover, asking Susy's connivance in deceiving the absent Nelson. Rather than be deprived of her honeymoon, Susy, unbeknown to Nick, agrees to act as Ellie's accomplice. Ellie, however, unexpectedly returns, and reveals to Susy's disgusted husband the price the Lansings have had to pay for favors from the Vanderlyns.



SUSY (MRS. LANSING) AND THE ENGLISH NOBLEMAN STREFFORD.
"SHE TWISTED HER HAND OUT OF HIS, AND DASHED DOWN THE LONG FLIGHT"

WITH a sigh of relief Susy drew the jeweled pins from her hat and threw herself down on the rococo lounge near her dressing-table.

The ordeal she had dreaded was over, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderlyn had safely gone their several ways. Poor Ellie was not noted for prudence, and when life smiled on her she was given to betraying her gratitude too openly; but thanks to Susy's vigilance (and, no doubt, to Strefford's tacit co-operation), the dreaded twenty-four hours were happily over. Nelson Vanderlyn had departed without a shadow on his brow, and the Ellie's, when she came down from bidding Nick good-by, had seemed to Susy less serene than usual, she became her normal self as soon as it was discovered that the red morocco bag with her jewel-box was missing. Before it had been produced from the depths of the gondola they had reached the station, and there was just time to thrust her into her "sleeper," from which she waved an unperturbed farewell to her friends.

"Well, my dear, we've seen it through," Strefford remarked with a deep breath as the St. Moritz express rolled away.

"Oh," Susy sighed in mute complicity; then, as if to cover her self-betrayal, "Poor darling, she does so like what she likes!"

"Yes—even if it's a rotten bounder," Strefford agreed.

"A rotten bounder? Why, I thought——"

"That it was still young Davenant? Lord, no—not for the last six months. Didn't she tell you——?"

Susy felt herself redden. "I didn't ask her——"

"Ask her? You mean you didn't let her!"

"I didn't let her. And I don't let you," Susy added sharply, as he helped her into the gondola.

"Oh, all right; I dare say you're right. It simplifies things," Strefford placidly acquiesced.

She made no answer, and in silence they glided homeward.

Now, in the quiet of her own room, Susy lay and pondered on the distance she had traveled during the last year. Yes, there had been a time when she would have thought it perfectly natural that Ellie should tell her everything; that the name of little Davenant's successor should have been confided to her as a matter of course. Apparently even Ellie had been obscurely aware of the change, for after a first attempt to force her confidences on Susy, she had contented herself with vague impressions of gratitude, allusive smiles and sighs, and the pretty "surprize" of the sapphire bangle slipped onto her friend's hand in the act of their farewell embrace.

THE bangle was extremely handsome. Susy, who had an auctioneer's eye for values, knew to a fraction the worth of those dark convex sapphires alternating with small emeralds and brilliants. She was glad to own them, and enchanted with the effect they produced on her slim wrist; yet even while admiring them, and rejoicing that they were hers, she had already transmuted them into specie, and reckoned just how far they would go toward the paying of domestic necessities. For whatever came to her now interested her only as something more to be offered up to Nick.

The door opened and Nick came in. Dusk had fallen, and she could not see his face; but something in the jerk of the door-handle roused her ever-wakeful apprehension. She hurried toward him with the trinket.

"Look, dearest—wasn't it too charming of Ellie?"

She pressed the electric button of the lamp on her dressing-table, and her husband's face started unfamiliarly out of the twilight. She slipped off the bracelet and held it up to him.

"Oh, I can go you one better," he said with a laugh; and, pulling a morocco case from his pocket, he flung it down among the scent-bottles.

SUSY took the case up automatically, staring at the pearl because she was afraid to look again at Nick.

"Ellie—gave you this?" she asked at length.

"Yes. She gave me this." There was a pause. "Would you mind telling me," Lansing continued in the same dead-level tone, "exactly for what services we've been so handsomely paid?"

"The pearl *is* beautiful," Susy murmured, to gain time, while her head spun with unimaginable terrors.

"So are your sapphires; tho, on closer examination, my services would appear to have been valued rather higher than yours. Would you be kind enough to tell me just what they were?"

Susy threw her head back and looked at him. "What on earth are you talking about, Nick? Why shouldn't Ellie have given us these things? Do you forget that it's like our giving her a pen-wiper or a button-hook? What is it you are trying to suggest?"

It had cost her a considerable effort to hold his eyes while she put the question. Something had happened between him and Ellie; that was evident—one of those hideous unforeseeable blunders that may cause all one's plans to crumble at a stroke; and again Susy shuddered at the

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frailty of her bliss. But her old training stood her in good stead. There had been more than one moment in her past when everything—somebody else's everything—had depended on her keeping a cool head and a clear glance. It would have been a wonder if now, when she felt her own everything at stake, she had not been able to put up as good a defense.

"What is it?" she repeated impatiently, as Lansing remained silent.

"That's what I'm here to ask," he returned, keeping his eyes as steady as she kept hers. "There's no reason on earth, as you say, why Ellie shouldn't give us presents—as expensive presents as she likes; and the pearl *is* a beauty. All I ask is, for what specific services were they given? For, allowing for all the absence of scruple that marks the intercourse of truly civilized people, you'll probably agree that there are limits; at least up to now there have been limits——"

"I don't know what you mean. Ellie was grateful to us for looking after Clarissa."

"BUT she gave us all this in exchange for that, didn't she?" he suggested, with a sweep of the hand around the beautiful shadowy room. "A whole Summer of it, if we choose."

Susy smiled. "Apparently she didn't think that enough."

"What a doting mother! It shows the store she sets upon her child."

"Well, don't you set store upon Clarissa?"

"Clarissa is exquisite; but her mother didn't mention her in offering me this recompense."

Susy lifted her head again. "Whom *did* she mention?"

"Vanderlyn," said Lansing.

"Vanderlyn?"

"Yes—and some letters—something about letters— What is it, my dear, that you and I have been hired to hide from Vanderlyn? Because I should like to know," Nick broke out savagely, "if we've been adequately paid."

Susy was silent; she needed time to reckon up her forces and study her next move; and her brain was in such a whirl of fear that she could at last only retort, "What is it that Ellie said to you?"

Lansing laughed again. "That's just what you'd like to find out—isn't it?—in order to know what line to take in making your explanation."

The sneer had an effect that he could not have foreseen and that Susy herself had not expected.

"Oh, don't—don't let us speak to each other like that!" she cried; and, sinking down by the dressing-table, she hid her face in her hands.

It seemed to her, now, that nothing mattered except that their love for each other, their faith in each other, should be saved from some unbearable hurt. She was willing to tell Nick everything—she wanted to tell him everything—if only she could be sure of reaching a responsive chord in him. But the scene of the cigars came back to her and benumbed her. If only she could make him see that nothing was of any account as long as they continued to love each other!

His touch fell compassionately on her shoulder. "Poor child—don't."

Their eyes met, but his expression checked the smile breaking through her tears. "Don't you see," he continued, "that we've got to have this thing out?"

She continued to stare at him through a prism of tears. "I can't—while you stand up like that," she stammered childishly.

She had cowered down again into a corner of the lounge; but Lansing did not seat himself at her side. He took a chair facing her, like a caller on the farther side of a stately tea-tray. "Will that do?" he asked, with a stiff smile, as if to humor her.

"Nothing will do—as long as you're not you."

"Not me?"

She shook her head wearily. "What's the use? You accept things theoretically—and then when they happen——"

"What things? What *has* happened?"

A sudden impatience mastered her. What did he suppose, after all—? "But you know all about Ellie. We used to talk about her often enough in old times."

"Ellie and young Davenant?"

"Young Davenant, or the others——"

"Or the others. But what business was it of ours?"

"Ah, that's just what I think!" she cried, springing up with an explosion of relief. Lansing stood up also, but there was no answering light in his face.

"We're outside of all that; we've nothing to do with it, have we?" he pursued.

"Nothing whatever."

"Then what on earth is the meaning of Ellie's gratitude? Gratitude for what we've done about some letters—and about Vanderlyn?"

"Oh, not *you*," Susy cried, involuntarily.

"Not I? Then you?" He came close and took her by the wrist. "Have you been mixed up in some dirty business of Ellie's?"

There was a pause. She found it impossible to speak, with that grasp on the wrist where the bangle had been. At length he let her go and moved away. "Answer," he said.

"I've told you it was my business and not yours."

He received this in silence; then he questioned, "You've been sending letters for her, I suppose? To whom?"

"Oh, why do you torment me? Nelson was not supposed to know that she'd been away. She left me the letters to post to him once a week. I found them here the night we arrived. It was the price—for *this*. Oh, Nick, say it's been worth it—say at least that it's been worth it," she implored him.

He stood motionless, unresponding. One hand drummed on the corner of her dressing-table, making the jeweled bangle dance.

"How many letters?"

"I don't know—five—six— What does it matter?"

"And once a week, for six weeks——?"

"Yes."

"And you took it all as a matter of course?"

"No, I hated it. But what could I do?"

"What could you do?"

"When our being together depended on it? Oh, Nick, how could you think I'd give you up?"

"Give me up?" he echoed.

"Well—doesn't our being together depend on—on what we can get out of people? And hasn't there always got to be some give and take? Did you ever in your life get anything for nothing?" she cried with sudden exasperation. "You've lived among these people as long as I have; I suppose it's not the first time——"

"By God, but it is," he exclaimed, flushing. "And there's the difference—the fundamental difference."

"The difference?"

"Between you and me. I've never in my life done people's dirty work for them—least of all for favors in return. I suppose you guessed it, or you wouldn't have hidden this beastly business from me."

THE blood rose to Susy's temples also. Yes, she had known it; instinctively, from the day she had first visited him in his bare lodgings, she had been aware of his stricter standard. But how could she tell him that under his influence her standard had become stricter too, and that it was as much to hide her humiliation from herself as to escape his anger that she had held her tongue?

"You knew I wouldn't have stayed here another day if I'd known," he continued.

"Yes; and then where in the world should we have gone?"

"You mean that—in one way or another—what you call give and take is the price of our remaining together?"

"Well—isn't it?" she faltered.

"Then we'd better part, hadn't we?"

He spoke in a low tone, thoughtfully and deliberately, as if this had been the inevitable conclusion to which their passionate argument had led.

Susy made no answer. For a moment she ceased to be conscious of the causes of what had happened; the thing itself seemed to have smothered her under its ruins.

Nick wandered away from the dressing-table and stood gazing out of the window at the darkening canal flecked with lights. She looked at his back, and wondered what would happen if she were to go up to him and fling her arms about him. But even if her touch could have broken the spell, she was not sure that she would have chosen that way of breaking it. Beneath her speechless anguish there burned the half-conscious sense of having been unfairly treated. When they had entered into their queer compact, Nick had known as well as she on what compromises and concessions the life they were to live together must be based. That he should have forgotten it seemed so unbelievable that she wondered, with a new leap of fear, if he were using the wretched Ellie's indiscretion as a means of escape from a tie already wearied of. Suddenly she raised her head with a laugh.

"After all—you were right when you wanted me to be your mistress."

He turned on her with an astonished stare. "You—my mistress?"

Through all her pain she thrilled with pride at the discovery that such a possibility had become unthinkable to him. "That day at the Fulmers'—have you forgotten? When you said it would be madness for us to marry."

Lansing stood leaning in the embrasure of the window, his eyes fixed on the mosaic volutes of the floor.

"I was right enough when I said it would be madness for us to marry," he rejoined at length.

She sprang trembling. "Well, that's easily settled. Our compact——"

"Oh, that compact—" he interrupted her with an impatient laugh.

"Aren't you asking me to carry it out now?"

"Because I said we'd better part?" He paused. "But the compact—I'd almost forgotten it—was to the effect, wasn't it, that we were to give each other a helping hand if either of us saw a better chance? The thing was absurd, of course; a mere joke; from my point of view, at least. I shall never want any better chance—any other chance——"

"Oh, Nick, oh, Nick—but then—" She was close to him, his face looming down through her tears; but he put her back.

"IT WOULD have been easy enough, wouldn't it, if we'd been as detachable as all that? As it is, it's going to hurt horribly. But talking it over won't help. You were right just now when you asked how else we were going to live. We're born parasites, both, I suppose, or we'd have found out some way long ago. But I find there are things I might put up with for myself, at a pinch—and should, probably—that I can't let you put up with for me. Those cigars at Como: do you suppose I didn't know it was for me? And this too? Well, it won't do—it won't do——"

He stopped, as if his courage failed him; and she moaned out, "But your writing—if your book's a success——"

"My poor Susy—that's all part of the humbug. We both know that my kind of writing will never pay. And what's the alternative—except more baseness? And getting more and more blunted to it? At least, till now, I've minded certain things; I don't want to go on till I find myself taking them for granted."

She reached out a timid hand. "But you needn't ever, dear—if you'd only leave it to me——"

He drew back sharply. "That seems simple to you, I suppose? Well, men are different." He walked toward the dressing-table and glanced at the little enameled clock which had been one of her wedding-presents.

"Time to dress, isn't it? Shall you mind if I leave you to dine with Streffy, and whoever else is coming? I'd rather like a long tramp, and no more talking just at present—except with myself."

He passed her by and walked rapidly out of the room. Susy stood motionless, unable to lift a detaining hand or to find a final word of appeal. On her disordered dressing-table Mrs. Vanderlyn's gifts glittered in the rosy lamplight.

Yes, men were different, as he said.

But there were necessary accommodations; there always had been; Nick, in old times, had been the first to own it. How they had laughed at the Perpendicular People, the people who went by on the other side (since you couldn't be a good Samaritan without stooping over and poking into heaps of you didn't know what). And now Nick had suddenly become perpendicular.

Susy, that evening, at the head of the dinner-table, saw—in the breaks between her scudding thoughts—the nauseatingly familiar faces of the people she called her friends:

SUSY, GILLOW, AND STREFFORD.
"WHEN THEY LANDED AGAIN, GILLOW SUGGESTED A NIGHT-CLUB NEAR AT HAND, WHICH WAS SAID TO BE JOLLY"

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Strefford, Fred Gillow, a giggling fool of a young Breckenridge, of their New York group, who had arrived that day, and Prince Nerone Aldineri, Ursula's Prince, who, in Ursula's absence at a tiresome cure, had, quite simply and naturally, preferred to join her husband at Venice. Susy looked from one to the other of them as if with newly opened eyes, and wondered what life would be like with no other faces to furnish it.

Ah, Nick had become perpendicular! After all, most people went through life making a given set of gestures, like dance-steps learned in advance. If your dancing-manual told you at a given time to be perpendicular, you had to be, automatically—and that was Nick!

"But what on earth, Susy," Gillow's puzzled voice came to her as from immeasurable distances, "*are* you going to do in this beastly, stifling hole for the rest of the Summer?

"Ask Nick, my dear fellow," Strefford answered for her; and, "By the way, where *is* Nick—if one may ask?" young Breckenridge interposed, glancing up to take belated note of his host's absence.

"Dining out," said Susy glibly. "People turned up; blighting bores that I wouldn't have dared inflict on you." How easily the old familiar fibbing came to her!

"The kind to whom you say, 'Now, *mind* you look me up'; and then spend the rest of your life dodging—like our good Hickses," Strefford amplified.

The Hickses—but of course Nick was with the Hickses! It went through Susy like a knife, and the dinner she had so lightly fibbed became a hateful truth. She said to herself feverishly, "I'll call him up there after dinner—and then he *will feel* silly"—but only to remember that the Hickses, in their medieval setting, had of course sternly denied themselves a telephone.

The fact of Nick's temporary inaccessibility—since she was now convinced that he was really at the Hickses'—turned her distress to a mocking irritation. Ah, that was where he carried his principles, his standards, or whatever he called the new set of rules he had suddenly begun to apply to the old game! It was stupid of her not to have guessed it at once.

"Oh, the Hickses—Nick adores them, you know. He's going to marry Coral next," she laughed out, flashing the joke around the table with all her ready flippancy.

"Lord," gasped Gillow, inarticulate; while the Prince displayed the unsurprized smile which Susy accused him of practising every morning with his Mueller exercises.

Suddenly Susy felt Strefford's eyes upon her.

"What's the matter with me? Too much rouge?" she asked, passing her arm in his as they left the table.

"No, too little. Look at yourself," he answered in a low tone.

"Oh, in these cadaverous, old looking-glasses—everybody looks fished up from the canal!"

She jerked away from him to spin down the long floor of the *sala*, hands on hips, whistling a ragtime tune. The Prince and young Breckenridge caught her up, and she spun back with the latter, while Gillow—it was believed to be his sole accomplishment—snapped his fingers in simulation of bones, and shuffled after the couple on stamping feet.

Susy sank down on a sofa near the window, fanning herself with a floating scarf, and the men foraged for cigarets, and rang for the gondoliers, who came in with trays of cooling drinks.

"Well, what next—this ain't all, is it?" Gillow presently queried from the divan where he lolled half asleep with dripping brow. Fred Gillow, like Nature, abhorred a void, and it was inconceivable to him that every hour of man's rational existence should not furnish a motive for getting up and going somewhere else. Young Breckenridge, who took the same view, and the Prince, who desired to, reminded the company that somebody they knew was giving a dance that night at the Lido.

STREFFORD vetoed the Lido, on the ground that he'd just come back from there, and proposed that they should go out on foot for a change.

"Why not? What fun!" Susy was up in an instant. "Let's pay somebody a surprize visit—I don't know who! Streffy, Prince, can't you think of somebody who'd be particularly annoyed by our arrival?"

"Oh, the list's too long. Let's start, and choose our victim on the way," Strefford suggested.

Susy ran to her room for a light cloak, and without changing her high-heeled satin slippers went out with the four men. There was no moon—thank Heaven there was no moon!—but the stars hung over them as close as fruit, and secret fragrances dropped on them from garden-walls. Susy's heart tightened with memories of Como.

They wandered on, laughing and dawdling, and yielding to the drifting whims of aimless people. Presently some one proposed taking a nearer look at the façade of San Giorgio Maggiore, and they hailed a gondola and were rowed out through the bobbing lanterns and twanging guitar-strings. When they landed again, Gillow, always acutely bored by scenery, and particularly resentful of midnight esthetics, suggested a night-club near at hand, which was said to be jolly. The Prince warmly supported this proposal; but on Susy's curt refusal they started their rambling again, circuitously threading the vague, dark lanes and making for the Piazza and Florio's ices. Suddenly, at a *calle*-corner, unfamiliar and yet somehow known to her, Susy paused to stare about her with a laugh.

"But the Hickses—surely that's their palace? And the windows all lit up! They must be giving a party! Oh, do let's go up and surprize them!" The idea struck her as one of the drollest that she had ever originated, and she wondered that her companions should respond so languidly.

"I can't see anything very thrilling in surprizing the Hickses," Gillow protested, defrauded of possible excitements; and Strefford added, "It would surprize *me* more than them if I went."

But Susy insisted feverishly, "You don't know. It may be awfully exciting! I have an idea that Coral's announcing her engagement—her engagement to Nick! Come, give me a hand, Streff—and you the other, Fred—" she began to hum the first bars of Donna Anna's entrance in *Don Giovanni*. "Fity I haven't got a black cloak and a mask."

"Oh, your face will do," said Strefford, laying his hand on her arm.

She drew back, flushing crimson. Breckenridge and the Prince had sprung on ahead, and Gillow, lumbering after them, was already half-way up the stairs.

"My face? My face? What's the matter with my face? Do you know any reason why I shouldn't go to the Hickses tonight?" Susy broke out in sudden wrath.

"None whatever, except that if you do it will bore me to death," Strefford returned with serenity.

"Oh, in that case—!"

"No, come on. I hear those fools banging on the door already."

He caught her by the hand, and they started up the stairway. But on the first landing she paused, twisted her hand out of his, and without a word, without a conscious thought, dashed down the long flight, across the great resounding vestibule and out into the darkness of the *calle*.

Strefford caught up with her, and they stood a moment silent in the night.

"Susy—what the devil's the matter?"

"The matter? Can't you see? That I'm tired—that I've got a headache—that you bore me to death, one and all of you?" She laid a deprecating hand on his arm. "Streffy, old dear, don't mind me; but for God's sake find a gondola and send me home."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

IT WAS never any concern of Streff's if people wanted to do things he did not understand, and she knew that she could count on his obedience. They walked on in silence to the next canal, and he picked up a passing gondola and put her in it.

"Now go and amuse yourself," she called after him as the boat shot under the nearest bridge. Anything, anything, to be alone, away from the folly and futility that would be all she had left if Nick were to drop out of her life.

"But perhaps he has dropped already—dropped for good," she thought as she set her foot on the Vanderlyn threshold.

The short Summer night was already growing transparent; a little breeze stirred the soiled surface of the water and sent it lapping freshly against the palace doorways. Nearly two o'clock! Nick had no doubt come back long ago. Susy hurried up the stairs, reassured by the mere thought of his nearness. She knew that when their eyes and their lips met it would be impossible for anything to keep them apart.

The gondolier dozing on the landing roused himself to receive her, and to proffer two envelops. The upper one was a telegram for Strefford; she threw it down again and paused under the lantern hanging from the painted vault, the other envelop in her hand. The address it bore was in Nick's writing.

"When did the signore leave this for me? Has he gone out again?"

Gone out again? But the signore had not come in since dinner; of that the gondolier was positive, as he had been on duty all the evening. A boy had brought the letter—an unknown boy; he had left it without waiting. It must have been about half an hour after the signore had herself gone out with her guests.

Susy fled on to her own room, and there, beside the very lamp which, two months before, had illuminated Ellie Vanderlyn's fatal letter, she opened Nick's.

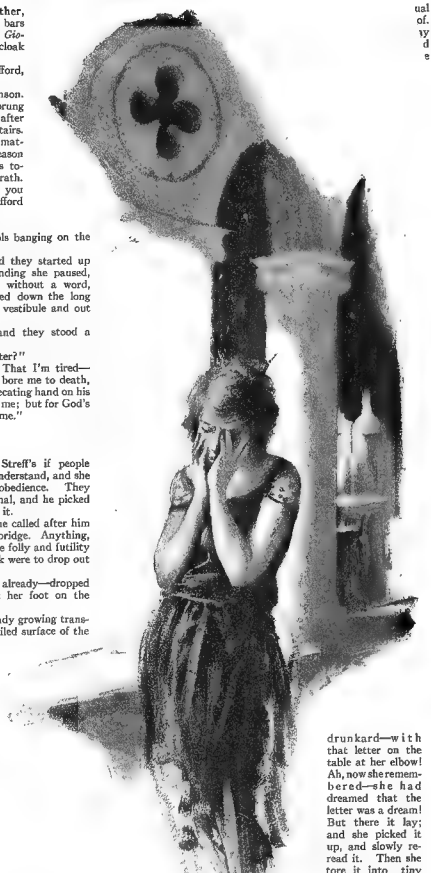
"Don't think me hard on you, dear; but I've got to work this thing out by myself. The sooner the better—don't you agree? So I'm taking the express to Milan presently. You'll get a proper letter in a day or two. I wish I could think, now, of something to say that would show you I'm not a brute—but I can't.—N. L."

There was not much of the night left in which to sleep, even had sleep been achievable. Susy crept out onto the balcony and cowered there, her forehead pressed against the balustrade, the dawn-wind stirring her thin laces.

Through her closed eyelids and the tightly clenched fingers pressed against them, she felt the penetration of the growing light, the relentless advance of another day—a day without purpose and without meaning—a day without Nick.

At length she dropped her hands, and, looking out, saw a rim of fire above the roofs across the Grand Canal. She sprang up with a shiver, ran back into her room, and, dragging the heavy curtains shut across the windows, stumbled over in the darkness to the rococo lounge and fell on it face downward—groping, delving for a deeper night.

She started up, stiff and aching, to see a golden wedge of sun on the floor at her feet. She had slept, then—it must be eight or nine o'clock. She had slept—slept like a drunkard—with that letter on the table at her elbow! Ah, now she remembered—she had dreamed that the letter was a dream! But there it lay; and she picked it up, and slowly re-read it. Then she tore it into tiny shreds, hunted for a match, and, kneeling before the empty hearth, burned the shreds to ashes. Nick would thank her for that some day.



"THE RELENTLESS ADVANCE OF ANOTHER DAY—A DAY WITHOUT PURPOSE AND MEANING—A DAY WITHOUT NICK"

After a bath and a hurried toilet she began to feel younger and more hopeful. After all, he had merely said that he was going away for "a day or two." And the letter was not cruel; there were tender things in it, showing through the curt words. She smiled at herself a little stiffly in the glass, put a dash of red on her colorless lips, and rang for the maid.

"Coffee, Giovanna, please; and will you tell Mr. Strefford that I should like to see him presently?"

IF NICK really kept to his intention of staying away for a few days, she must trump up some explanation of his absence; and the only way she could think of was to take Strefford into her confidence. She knew that he could be trusted in a real difficulty; his impish malice transformed itself into a resourceful ingenuity when his friends required it.

The maid looked at her with a puzzled gaze, and Susy repeated her order. "But don't wake him on purpose," she added, foreseeing the probable effect on Strefford's temper.

"But, Signora, the gentleman is already out."

"Already out?" Strefford, who could hardly be routed from his bed before luncheon-time! "Is it so late?" Susy cried, incredulous.

"After nine. And the gentleman took the eight o'clock train for England. Gervaso said he had received a telegram. He left word that he would write to the signora."

As the door closed upon the maid, Susy stared about her with a little laugh. There was no one left for her to take counsel of, then—no one but poor Fred Gillow. She made a grimace at the idea. But what on earth could have summoned Strefford back to England?

Nick Lansing, in the Milan express, was roused by the same bar of sunshine lying across his knees. He yawned,

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frajked about him at his stolidly sleeping neighbors, and wondered why he had decided to go to Milan, and what on earth he should do when he got there. The difficulty about trenchant decisions was that the next morning they generally left one facing a void.

When the train drew into the station at Milan, he scrambled out, got some coffee, and when he had drunk it decided to continue his journey to Genoa. The state of being carried passively onward postponed action and dulled thought; and after twelve hours of furious thinking that was exactly what he wanted.

He fell into a doze again, waking now and then to haggard intervals of more thinking, and then dropping off to the clank and rattle of the train. Inside his head, in his waking intervals, the same clanking and grinding of wheels and chains went on unremittingly. He had done all his lucid thinking within an hour of leaving Palazzo Vanderlyn the night before; since then his brain had simply continued to revolve indefatigably about the same old problem. His cup of coffee, instead of clearing his thoughts, had merely accelerated their pace.

At Genoa he wandered about in the hot streets, bought a cheap suitcase and some underclothes, and then went down to the port in search of a little hotel he remembered there. An hour later he was sitting in the coffee-room, smoking and glancing vacantly over the papers while he waited for dinner, when he became aware of being timidly but intently examined by a small round-faced gentleman with eye-glasses who sat alone at the adjoining table.

"Hallo—Buttles!" Lansing exclaimed, recognizing with surprize the recalcitrant secretary who had resisted Miss Hicks's endeavor to convert him to Tiepolo.

Mr. Buttles, blushing to the roots of his scant hair, half rose and bowed ceremoniously.

Nick Lansing's first feeling was of annoyance at being disturbed in his solitary broodings; his next, of relief at having to postpone them even to converse with Mr. Buttles.

"No idea you were here. Is the yacht in harbor?" he asked, remembering that the *Ibis* must be just about to spread her wings.

Mr. Buttles, at salute behind his chair, signed a mute negation; for the moment he seemed too embarrassed to speak.

"Ah—you're here as an advance-guard? I remember now—I saw Miss Hicks in Venice the day before yesterday," Lansing continued, dazed at the thought that hardly forty-eight hours had passed since his encounter with Coral in the Scalzi.

Mr. Buttles, instead of speaking, had tentatively approached his table. "May I take this seat for a moment, Mr. Lansing? Thank you. No, I am not here as an advance-guard—tho I believe the *Ibis* is due some time to-morrow." He cleared his throat, wiped his eye-glasses on a silk handkerchief, replaced them on his nose, and went on solemnly, "Perhaps, to clear up any possible misunderstanding, I ought to say that I am no longer in the employ of Mr. Hicks."

Lansing glanced at him sympathetically. It was clear that he suffered horribly in imparting this information, tho his compact face did not lend itself to any dramatic display of emotion.

"Really?" Nick smiled, and then ventured, "I hope it's not owing to conscientious objections to Tiepolo?"

Mr. Buttles's blush became a smoldering agony. "Ah, Miss Hicks mentioned to you—told you—? No, Mr. Lansing. I am principled against the effete art of Tiepolo, and of all his contemporaries, I confess; but if Miss Hicks chooses to surrender herself momentarily to the unwholesome spell of the Italian decadence, it is not for me to protest or to criticize. Her intellectual and esthetic range so far exceed my humble capacity that it would be ridiculous, unbecoming——"

HE BROKE off, and once more wiped a faint moisture from his eye-glasses. It was evident that he was suffering from a distress which he longed and yet dreaded to communicate. But Nick made no further effort to bridge the gulf of his own preoccupations; and Mr. Buttles, after an expectant pause, went on, "If you see me here to-day it is only because, after a somewhat abrupt departure, I find myself unable to take leave of our friends without a last look at the *Ibis*—the scene of so many stimulating hours. But I must beg you," he added earnestly, "should you see Miss Hicks—or any other member of the party—to make no allusion to my presence in Genoa. I wish," said Mr. Buttles with simplicity, "to preserve the strictest incognito."

Lansing glanced at him kindly. "Oh, but—isn't that a little unfriendly?"

"No other course is possible, Mr. Lansing," said the ex-secretary, "and I commit myself to your discretion. The truth is, if I am here it is not to look once more at the *Ibis*, but at Miss Hicks; once only. You will understand me, and appreciate what I am suffering."

He bowed again, and trotted away on his small tightly booted feet; pausing on the threshold to say, "From the first it was hopeless," before he disappeared through the glass doors.

A gleam of commiseration flashed through Nick's mind; there was something quaintly poignant in the sight of the brisk and efficient Mr. Buttles reduced to a limp image of unrequited passion. And what a painful surprize to the Hickses to be thus suddenly deprived of the secretary who possessed "the foreign languages"! Mr. Beck kept the accounts and settled with the hotel-keepers; but it was Mr. Buttles's loftier task to entertain in their own tongues the unknown geniuses who flocked about the Hickses, and Nick could imagine how disconcerting his departure must be on the eve of their Grecian cruise—which Mrs. Hicks would certainly call an Odyssey.

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The next moment the vision of Coral's hopeless suitor had faded, and Nick was once more spinning around on the wheel of his own woes. The night before, when he had sent his note to Susy from a little restaurant close to Palazzo Vanderlyn that they often patronized, he had done so with the firm intention of going away for a day or two in order to collect his wits and think over the situation. But after his letter had been entrusted to the landlord's little son, who was a particular friend of Susy's, Nick had decided to await the lad's return. The messenger had not been bidden to ask for an answer; but Nick, knowing the friendly and inquisitive Italian mind, was almost sure that the boy, in the hope of catching a glimpse of Susy, would linger about while the letter was carried up. And he pictured the maid knocking at his wife's darkened room, and Susy dashing some powder on her tear-stained face before she turned on the light—poor foolish child!

THE boy had returned rather sooner than Nick expected, and he had brought no answer, but merely the statement that the signora was out; that everybody was out.

"Everybody?"

"The signora and the four gentlemen who were dining at the palace. They all went out together on foot soon after dinner. There was no one to whom I could give the note but the gondolier on the landing, for the signora had said she would be very late, and had sent the maid to bed; and the maid had of course gone out with her *inamorato*."

"Ah—" said Nick, slipping his reward into the boy's hand, and walking out of the restaurant.

She had gone out—gone out with their usual band, as she did every night in these sultry Summer weeks, gone out after her talk with Nick as if nothing had happened, as if his whole world and hers had not crashed in ruins at their feet. Ah, poor Susy! After all, she had merely obeyed the instinct of self-preservation, the old hard habit of keeping up, going ahead and hiding her troubles; unless indeed the habit had already engendered indifference, and it had become as easy for her as for most of her friends to pass from drama to dancing, from sorrow to the cinema. What of soul was left, he wondered——?

His train did not start till midnight, and after leaving the restaurant Nick tramped the sultry byways till his tired legs brought him to a standstill under the vine-covered pergola of a gondolier's wine-shop at a landing close to the Piazzetta. There he could absorb cooling drinks until it was time to go to the station.

It was after eleven, and he was beginning to look about for a boat, when a black prow pushed up to the steps, and with much chaff and laughter a party of young people in evening dress jumped out. Nick, from under the darkness of the vine, saw that there was only one lady among them, and it did not need the lamp above the landing to reveal her identity. Susy, bareheaded and laughing, a light scarf slipping from her bare shoulders, a cigaret between her fingers, took Strefford's arm and turned in the direction of Florio's, with Gillow, the Prince, and young Breckenridge in her wake.

Nick had relived this rapid scene hundreds of times during his hours in the train and his aimless tramping through the streets of Genoa. In that squirrel-wheel of a world of his and Susy's you had to keep going or drop out—and Susy, it was evident, had chosen to keep going. Under the lamp-flare on the landing, he had had a good look at her face, and had seen that the mask of paint and powder was carefully enough adjusted to hide any ravages the scene between them might have left. He even fancied that she had dropped a little atropin into her eyes.

There was no time to spare if he meant to catch the midnight train, and no gondola in sight but that which his wife had just left. He sprang into it, and bade the gondolier carry him to the station. The cushions, as he leaned back, gave out a breath of her scent; and in the glare of electric light at the station he saw at his feet a rose that had fallen from her dress. He ground his heel into it as he got out.

There it was, then; that was the last picture he was to have of her. For he knew now that he was not going back; at least not to take up their life together. He supposed he should have to see her once, to talk things over, settle something for their future.

He had been thoroughly sincere in saying that he bore her no ill will; only he could never go back into that slough again. If he did, he knew he would inevitably be drawn under, slipping downward from concession to concession.

The noises of a hot Summer night in the port of Genoa would have kept the most carefree from slumber; but tho Nick lay awake he did not notice them, for the tumult in his brain was more deafening. Dawn brought a negative relief, and out of sheer weariness he dropped into a heavy sleep. When he woke it was nearly noon, and from his window he saw the well-known outline of the *Ibis* standing up dark against the glitter of the harbor. He had no fear of meeting her owners, who had doubtless long since landed and betaken themselves to cooler and more fashionable regions; oddly enough, the fact seemed to accentuate his loneliness, his sense of having no one on earth to turn to. He dressed, and wandered out disconsolately to pick up a cup of coffee in some shady corner.

As he drank his coffee his thoughts gradually cleared. It became obvious to him that he had behaved like a madman or a petulant child—he preferred to think it was like a madman. If he and Susy were to separate, there was no reason why it should not be done decently and quietly, as such transactions were habitually managed among people of their kind. It seemed grotesque to introduce melodrama into their little world of unruffled sybarites, and he felt inclined, now, to smile at the incongruity of his gesture. But suddenly his eyes filled with tears. The future without Susy was unbearable, inconceivable. Why, after all, should they separate? At the question, her soft face seemed close to him, and that slight lift of the upper lip that made her smile so exquisite. Well—he would go back. But not with any pretense of going to talk things over, come to an agreement, wind up their joint life like a business association. No—if he went back he would go without conditions, for good, forever.

Only, what about the future? What about the not far distant day when the wedding-checks would have been spent, and granny's pearls sold, and nothing left except unconcealed and unconditional dependence on rich friends, the rôle of the acknowledged hangers-on? Was there no other possible solution, no new way of ordering their lives? No—there was none; he could not picture Susy out of her setting of luxury and leisure, could not picture either of them living such a life as the Nat Fulmers', for instance. He remembered the shabby, untidy bungalow in New Hampshire, the slatternly servants, uneatable food, and ubiquitous children. How could he ask Susy to share such a life with him? If he did, she would probably have the sense to refuse. Their alliance had been based on a moment's Midsummer madness; now the score must be paid.

HE DECIDED to write. If they were to part he could not trust himself to see her. He called a waiter, asked for pen and paper, and pushed aside a pile of unread newspapers on the corner of the table where his coffee had been served. As he did so, his eye lit on a *Daily Mail* of two days before. As a pretext for postponing his letter, he took up the paper and glanced down the first page. He read, "Tragic Yachting Accident in the Solent. The Earl of Altringham and His Son Viscount d'Amblay Drowned in Midnight Collision. Both Bodies Recovered."

He read on. He grasped the fact that the disaster had happened the night before he had left Venice—and that, as the result of a fog in the Solent, their old friend Strefford was now Earl of Altringham, and possessor of one of the largest private fortunes in England. It was vertiginous to think of their old impecunious Streff as the hero of such an adventure. And what irony in that double turn of the wheel, which, in one day, had plunged him, Nick Lansing, into nethermost misery, while it tossed the other to the stars!

With an intenser precision he saw again Susy's descent from the gondola at the *calle* steps, the sound of her laughter and of Strefford's chaff, the way she had caught his arm and clung to it, sweeping the other men on in her train. Strefford—Susy and Strefford! More than once Nick had noticed the softer inflections of his voice when he spoke to Susy, the brooding look in his lazy eyes when they rested on her. In the security of his wedded bliss Nick had made light of those signs. The only real jealousy he had felt had been of Fred Gillow, because of his unlimited power to satisfy a woman's whims. Yet Nick knew that such material advantages would never again suffice for Susy. With Strefford it was different. She had delighted in his society while he was notoriously ineligible; might not she find him irresistible now?

The forgotten terms of their bridal compact came back to Nick: the absurd agreement on which he and Susy had

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solemnly pledged their faith. But was it so absurd, after all? It had been Susy's suggestion (not his, thank God!); and perhaps, in making it, she had been more serious than he imagined. Perhaps, even if their rupture had not occurred, Strefford's sudden honors might have caused her to ask for her freedom.

Money, luxury, fashion, pleasure: Those were the four corner-stones of her existence. He had always known it—she herself had always acknowledged it, even in their last dreadful talk together; and once he had gloried in her frankness. How could he ever have imagined that, to have her fill of these things, she would not in time stoop lower than she had yet stooped? Perhaps in giving her up to Strefford he might be saving her. At any rate, the taste of the past was now so bitter to him that he was moved to thank whatever gods there were for pushing that mortuary paragraph under his eye.

"Susy, dear," he wrote, "the fates seem to have taken our future in hand, and spared us the trouble of unraveling it. If I have sometimes been selfish enough to forget the conditions on which you agreed to marry me, they have come back to me during these two days of solitude. You've given me the best a man can have, and nothing else will ever be worth much to me. But since I haven't the ability to provide you with what you want, I recognize that I've no right to stand in your way. We must owe no more Venetian palaces to underhand services. I see by the newspapers that Streff can now give you as many of them as you want Let him have the chance—I fancy he'll jump at it, and he's the best man in sight. I wish I were in his shoes.

"I'll write again in a day or two, when I've collected my wits, and can give you an address.—Nick."

He added a line on the subject of their modest funds, put the letter into an envelop, and addressed it to Mrs. Nicholas Lansing. As he did so he reflected that it was the first time he had ever written his wife's married name.

"Well—by God, no other woman shall have it after her," he vowed, as he groped in his pocketbook for a stamp.

He stood up with a stretch of weariness—the heat was stifling!—and put the letter in his pocket.

"I'll post it myself; it's safer," he thought; "and then what in the name of goodness shall I do next, I wonder?" He jammed his hat down on his head and walked out into the sun-blaze.

As he was turning away from the square by the general post-office a white parasol waved from a passing cab, and Coral Hicks leaned forward with outstretched hand.

"I knew I'd find you," she triumphed. "I've been driving up and down in this broiling sun for hours, shopping and watching for you at the same time."

He stared at her blankly, too bewildered even to wonder how she knew he was in Genoa; and she continued, with the kind of shy imperiousness that always made him feel, in her presence, like a member of an orchestra under a masterful *baton*, "Now please get right into this carriage, and don't keep me roasting here another minute." To the cab-driver she called out, "*Al porto.*"

Nick Lansing sank down beside her. As he did so he noticed a heap of bundles at her feet, and felt that he had simply added one more to the number. He supposed that she was taking her spoils to the *Ibis*, and that he would be carried up to the deck-house to be displayed with the others. Well, it would all help to pass the day—and by night he would have reached some kind of a decision about his future.

ON THE third day after Nick's departure the post brought to the Palazzo Vanderlyn three letters for Mrs. Lansing.

The first to arrive was a word from Strefford, scribbled in the train and posted at Turin. In it he briefly said that he had been called home by the dreadful accident of which Susy had probably read in the daily papers. He added that he would write again from England, and then—in a blotted postscript—"I wanted uncommonly badly to see you for good-by, but the hour was impossible. Regards to Nick. Do write me just a word to Altringham."

The other two letters, which came together in the afternoon, were both from Genoa. Susy scanned the addresses and fell upon the one in her husband's hand. She devoured it in a flash, and then sat and brooded over the outspread page as it lay on her knee. It might mean so many things—she could read into it so many harrowing alternatives of indifference and despair, of irony and tenderness! Was he suffering tortures when he wrote it, or seeking only to inflict them upon her? Or did the words represent his actual feelings, no more and no less, and did he really intend her to understand that he considered it his duty to abide by the letter of their preposterous compact? He had left her in wrath and indignation, yet, as a closer scrutiny revealed, there was not a word of reproach in his brief lines. Perhaps that was why, in the last issue, they seemed so cold. She shivered and turned to the other envelop.

The large, stilted characters, tho half familiar to her, called up no definite image. She opened the envelop and discovered a post-card of the *Ibis*, canvas spread, bounding over a rippled sea. On the back was written, "So awfully dear of you to lend us Mr. Lansing for a little cruise. You may count on our taking the very best care of him.—Coral Hicks."

WHEN Violet Melrose had said to Susy Branch, the Winter before, in New York, "But why on earth don't you and Nick go to my little place at Versailles for the honeymoon? I'm off to China, and you could have it to yourselves all Summer," the offer had been tempting enough to make the lovers waver.

It was such an artless, ingenuous little house, so full of the demoralizing simplicity of great wealth, that it seemed to Susy just the kind of place in which to take the first steps in renunciation. But Nick had objected that Paris, at that time of year, would be swarming with acquaintances who would hunt them down at all hours; and Susy's own experience had led her to remark that there was nothing the very rich enjoyed more than taking pot-luck with the very poor. They therefore gave Strefford's villa the preference, with an inward proviso (on Susy's part) that Violet's house might very conveniently serve their purpose at another season

These thoughts were in her mind as she drove up to Mrs. Melrose's door on a rainy afternoon late in August, her boxes piled high on the roof of the cab she had taken at the station. She had traveled straight through from Venice, stopping in Milan just long enough to pick up a reply to the telegram she had dispatched to the perfect housekeeper whose permanent presence enabled Mrs. Melrose to say, "Oh, when I'm sick of everything I just rush off without warning to my little shanty at Versailles, and live there all alone on scrambled eggs."

The perfect housekeeper had replied to Susy's inquiry, "Am sure Mrs. Melrose most happy"; and Susy, without further thought, had jumped into a Versailles train, and now stood in the thin rain before the sphinx-guarded threshold of the pavilion.

The revolving year had brought around the season at which Mrs. Melrose's house might be convenient; no visitors were to be feared at Versailles at the end of August, and tho Susy's reasons for seeking solitude were so remote from those she had once prefigured, they were none the less cogent. To be alone—alone! After those first exposed days when, in the persistent presence of Fred Gillow and his satellites, and in the mocking radiance of late Summer on the lagoons, she had turned and turned about in her agony like a trapped animal in a cramping cage, to be alone had seemed the only respite, the one craving: to be alone somewhere in a setting as unlike as possible to the sensual splendors of Venice, under skies as unlike its azure roof.

If she could have chosen, she would have crawled away into a dingy inn in a rainy northern town, where she had never been and no one knew her. Failing that unobtainable luxury, here she was on the threshold of an empty house, in a deserted place, under lowering skies. She had shaken off Fred Gillow, sulkily departing for his moor (where she had half promised to join him in September); the Prince, young Breckenridge, and the few remaining survivors of the Venetian group, had dispersed in the direction of the Engadine or Biarritz; and now she could at least collect her wits, take stock of herself, and prepare the countenance with which she was to face the next stage in her career. Thank God it was raining at Versailles!

The door opened, she heard voices in the drawing-room, and a slender, languishing figure appeared on the threshold.

"Darling!" Violet Melrose cried in an embrace, drawing her into the dusky, perfumed room.

"But I thought you were in China!" Susy stammered.

"In China—in China?" Mrs. Melrose stared with dreamy eyes, and Susy remembered her drifting, disorganized life, a life more planless, more inexplicable than that of any of the other ephemeral beings blown about upon the winds of pleasure.

"Well, Madam, *I* thought so myself, till I got a wire from Mrs. Melrose last evening," remarked the perfect housekeeper, following with Susy's hand-bag.

Mrs. Melrose clutched her cavernous temples in her attenuated hands. "Of course, of course! I *had* meant to go to China—no, India. But I've discovered a genius—and genius, you know—" Unable to complete her thought, she sank down upon a pillowy divan, stretched out an arm, cried "Fulmer! Fulmer!" and, while Susy Lansing stood in the middle of the room with widening eyes, a man emerged from the more deeply cushioned and scented twilight of some inner apartment, and she saw with surprize Nat Fulmer, the good Nat Fulmer of the New Hampshire bungalow and the ubiquitous progeny, standing before her in lordly ease, his hands in his pockets, a cigaret between his lips, his feet solidly planted in the insidious depths of one of Violet Melrose's white leopard-skins.

"Susy!" he shouted, with open arms; and Mrs. Melrose murmured, "You didn't 'know, then? You hadn't heard of his masterpieces?"

In spite of herself, Susy burst into a laugh. "Is Nat your genius?"

Mrs. Melrose looked at her reproachfully.

Fulmer laughed. "No; I'm Grace's. But Mrs. Melrose has been our providence, and——"

"PROVIDENCE?" his hostess interrupted. "Don't talk as if you were at a prayer-meeting! He had an exhibition in New York—it was the most fabulous success. He's come abroad to make studies for the decoration of my music-room in New York. Ursula Gillow has given him her garden-house at Roslyn to do. And Mrs. Bockheimer's ballroom—oh, Fulmer, where *are* the cartoons?" She sprang up, tossed about some fashion-papers heaped on a lacquer table, and sank back exhausted by the effort. "I'd got as far as Brindisi. I've traveled day and night to be here to meet him," she declared. "But, you darling," and she held out a caressing hand to Susy, "I'm forgetting to ask if you've had tea?"

An hour later, over the tea-table, Susy already felt herself mysteriously reabsorbed into what had so long been her native element. Ellie Vanderlyn had brought a breath of it to Venice; but Susy was then nourished on another air, the air of Nick's presence and personality; now that she was abandoned, left again to her own devices, she felt herself suddenly at the mercy of the influences from which she thought she had escaped.

In the queer social whirligig from which she had so lately fled, it seemed natural enough that a shake of the box should have tossed Nat Fulmer into celebrity, and sent Violet Melrose chasing back from the ends of the earth to bask in his success. Susy knew that her old friend belonged to the class of moral parasites; for in that strange world the rôles were sometimes reversed, and the wealthy preyed upon the pauper. Wherever there was a reputation to batten on, there poor Violet appeared, a harmless vampire in pearls who sought only to feed on the notoriety which all her millions could not create for her. Any one less versed than Susy in the shallow mysteries of her little world would have seen in Violet Melrose a baleful enchantress, in Nat Fulmer her helpless victim. Susy knew better. Violet, poor Violet, was not even that. The insignificant Ellie Vanderlyn, with her brief trivial passions, her artless mixture of amorous and social interests, was a woman with a purpose, a creature who fulfilled herself; but Violet was only a drifting interrogation.

And what of Fulmer? Mustering with new eyes his short sturdily built figure, his nondescript bearded face, and the eyes that dreamed and wandered, and then suddenly sank into you like claws, Susy seemed to have found the key to all his years of dogged toil, his indifference to neglect, indifference to poverty, indifference to the needs of his growing

SUSY AND LANSING.
"HE CAME CLOSE AND TOOK HER BY THE WRIST. 'HAVE YOU BEEN MIXED UP IN SOME DIRTY BUSINESS OF ELLIE'S?'"

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family. Yes, for the first time she saw that he looked commonplace enough to be a genius—*was* a genius, perhaps, even tho it was Violet Melrose who affirmed it! Susy looked steadily at Fulmer, their eyes met, and he smiled at her faintly through his beard.

"Yes, I did discover him—I *did*," Mrs. Melrose was insisting, from the depths of the black-velvet divan in which she lay sunk like a wan Nereid in a midnight sea. "You mustn't believe a word that Ursula Gillow tells you about having pounced on his 'Spring Snow-storm' in a dark corner of the Autumn exhibition—*shied*, if you please! They *shied* him less than a year ago! And naturally Ursula never in her life looked higher than the first line at a picture-show. And now she actually pretends—oh, for pity's sake don't say it doesn't matter, Fulmer! Your saying that just encourages her, and makes people think she *did*. When, in reality, any one who saw me at the exhibition on varnishing-day— Who? Well, Eddy Breckenridge, for instance. He was in Egypt, you say? Perhaps he was! As if one could remember the people about one, when suddenly one comes upon a great work of art, as St. Paul did—didn't he?—and the scales fell from his eyes. Well—that's exactly what happened to me that day—and Ursula, everybody knows, was down at Roslyn, and didn't come up for the opening at all. And Fulmer sits there and laughs, and says it doesn't matter, and he'll paint another picture any day for me to discover!"

Susy had rung the door-bell with a hand trembling with eagerness—eagerness to be alone, to be quiet, to stare her situation in the face, and collect herself before she came out again among her kind. She had stood on the door-step, cowering among her bags, counting the instants till a step sounded and the door-knob turned, letting her in from the searching glare of the outer world. And now she had sat for an hour in Violet's drawing-room, in the house where her honeymoon was to have been spent; and no one had asked her where she had come from, or why she was alone, or what was the key to the tragedy written on her shrinking face.

THAT was the way of the world they lived in. Nobody questioned, nobody wondered any more—because nobody had time to remember. The old risk of prying curiosity, of malicious gossip, was virtually over; one was left with one's drama, one's disaster, on one's hands, because there was nobody to stop and notice the little muffled object one was carrying. As Susy watched the two people before her, each so frankly unaffected by her presence, Violet Melrose so engrossed in her feverish pursuit of notoriety, Fulmer so plunged in the golden sea of his success, she felt like a ghost making inaudible and imperceptible appeals to the grosser senses of the living.

"If I wanted to be alone," she thought, "I'm alone enough, in all conscience." There was a deathly chill in such security. She turned to Fulmer.

"And Grace?"

He beamed back without sign of embarrassment. "Oh, she's here, naturally—we're in Paris, kids and all. In a *pension*, where we can polish up the lingo. But I hardly ever lay eyes on her, because she's as deep in music as I am in paint; it was as big a chance for her as for me, you see, and she's making the most of it, fiddling and listening to the fiddlers. Well, it's a considerable change from New Hampshire." He looked at her dreamily, as if making an intense effort to detach himself from his dream, and situate her in the fading past. "Remember the bungalow? And Nick—ah, how's Nick?" he brought out triumphantly.

"Oh, yes—darling Nick?" Mrs. Melrose chimed in; and Susy, her head erect, her cheeks aflame, declared with resonance, "Most awfully well—splendidly!"

"He's not here, tho?" from Fulmer.

"No. He's off traveling—cruising."

Mrs. Melrose's attention was faintly roused. "With anybody interesting?"

"No; you wouldn't know them. People we met—" She did not have to continue, for her hostess's gaze had again strayed.

"And you've come for your clothes, I suppose, darling? Don't listen to people who say that skirts are to be wider. I've discovered a new woman—a genius—and she absolutely *swathes* you. Her name's my secret; but we'll go to her together."

Susy rose from her engulfing armchair. "Do you mind if I go up to my room? I'm rather tired—coming straight through."

"Of course, dear. I think there are some people coming to dinner. Mrs. Match will tell you. She has such a memory—Fulmer, where on *earth* are those cartoons of the music-room?"

Their voices pursued Susy upstairs, as, in Mrs. Match's perpendicular wake, she mounted to the white-paneled room with its gay linen hangings and the low bed heaped with more cushions.

"If we'd come here," she thought, "everything might have been different." And she shuddered at the sumptuous memories of the Palazzo Vanderlyn, and the great painted bedroom where she had met her doom.

Mrs. Match, hoping she would find everything, and mentioning that dinner was not till nine, shut her softly in among her terrors.

"Find everything?" Susy echoed the phrase. Oh, yes, she would always find everything; every time the door shut on her; and the sound of voices ceased, her memories would be there waiting for her, every one of them, waiting quietly, patiently, obstinately, like poor people in a doctor's office, the people who are always last to be attended to, but whom nothing will discourage or drive away, people to whom time is nothing, fatigue nothing, hunger nothing, other engagements nothing; who just wait. Thank Heaven, after all, that she had not found the house empty, if she were to meet *them* there whenever she returned to her room!

IT WAS just a week since Nick had left her. During that week, crammed with people, questions, packing, explaining, evading, she had believed that in solitude lay her salvation. Now she understood that there was nothing she was so unprepared for, so unfitted for. When, in all her life, had she ever been alone? And how was she to bear it now, with all these ravening memories besetting her?

Dinner not till nine? What on earth was she to do till nine o'clock? She knelt before her boxes, and feverishly began to unpack.

Gradually, imperceptibly, the subtle influences of her old life were stealing into her. As she pulled out her tossed and crumpled dresses she remembered Violet's emphatic warning, "Don't believe the people who tell you that skirts are going to be wider." Were hers perhaps too wide, as it was? She looked at her limp raiment, piling itself up on bed and sofa, and understood that, according to Violet's standards, and that of all her set, those dresses, which Nick had thought so original and exquisite, were already commonplace and dowdy, fit only to be passed on to poor relations or given to one's maid. And Susy would have to go on wearing them till they fell to bits—or else—Well, or else begin the old life again in some new form.

She laughed aloud at the turn of her thoughts. Dresses! How little they had mattered a few short weeks ago! And now perhaps they would again be one of the foremost considerations in her life. How could it be otherwise, if she were to return again to her old dependence on Ellie Vanderlyn, Ursula Gillow, Violet Melrose? And beyond that, only the Bockheimers and their kind awaited her.

A knock on the door—what a relief! It was Mrs. Match again, with a telegram. To whom had she given her address? With a throbbing heart she tore open the envelop and read,

"Shall be in Paris Friday for twenty-four hours where can I see you write Nouveau Luxe."

Ah, yes—she remembered now; she had written to Strefford! And this was his answer; he was coming. She dropped into a chair, and tried to think. What on earth had she said in her letter? It had been mainly, of course, one of condolence; but now she remembered having added, in a precipitate postscript, "I can't give your message to Nick, for he's gone off with the Hickses—I don't know where, or for how long. It's all right, of course; it was in our bargain."

She had not meant to put in that last phrase; but as she sealed her letter to Strefford her eye fell on Nick's missive, which lay beside it. Nothing in the letter had enlightened her as much as the allusion to Strefford. It seemed to imply that Nick's own plans were made, that his own future was secure, and that he could therefore freely and handsomely take thought for hers, and give her a pointer in the right direction. Sudden rage had possessed her at the thought: where she had at first read jealousy she now saw only a cold providence, and in a blur of tears she scrawled the postscript to Strefford. She remembered that she had not even asked him to keep her secret. Well—after all, what did it matter if people should already learn that Nick had left her? Their parting could not long remain a mystery.

"It was in the bargain—in the bargain," rang through her brain as she reread Strefford's telegram. She understood that he was making this hasty trip to Paris solely to see her, and her eyes welled over. The more bitterly she thought of Nick the more this proof of Strefford's friendship moved her.

She glanced at the clock and drew a breath of relief. It was time to dress for dinner. She would go down presently, chat with Violet and Fulmer, and with Violet's other guests, who were likely to be odd and amusing, and too much out of her world to embarrass her by awkward questions. She would sit at a softly lit table, breathe delicate scents, eat exquisite food (trust Mrs. Match!), and be gradually drawn again under the spell of her old associations. Anything, anything but to be alone.

She dressed with even more than her habitual care, reddened her lips attentively, brushed a little pink over her drawn cheeks, and went down—to meet Mrs. Match coming up with a tray.

"Oh, Madam, I thought you were too tired—I was bringing it up to you myself—just a little morsel of chicken."

Susy, glancing past her, saw, through the open door, that the drawing-room was dark.

"Oh, no, I'm not tired, thank you. I thought Mrs. Melrose expected friends at dinner?"

"Friends at dinner—to-night!" Mrs. Match heaved a despairing sigh. Sometimes, the sigh seemed to say, her mistress put too great a strain upon her. "Why, Mrs. Melrose and Mr. Fulmer were engaged to dine in Paris. They left an hour ago. Mrs. Melrose told me she'd told you," the housekeeper wailed.

Susy kept her little fixed smile. "I must have misunderstood. In that case—well, yes, if it's no trouble, I believe I *will* have my tray up-stairs."

Slowly she turned, and followed the housekeeper up into the dread solitude she had just left.

THE next day a lot of people turned up unannounced for luncheon. They were not of the far-fetched and the exotic, in whom Mrs. Melrose now specialized, but merely commonplace fashionable people belonging to Susy's cosmopolitan group, who were familiar with the amusing romance of her penniless marriage, and to whom she had to explain (tho none of them really listened to the explanation) that Nick was not with her just now, but had gone off cruising—cruising in the Ægean with friends—getting up material for his book (this detail had occurred to her in the night).

It was the kind of encounter she had most dreaded; but it proved, after all, easy enough to go through, compared with those endless hours of turning to and fro, the night before, in the cage of her empty room. Anything, anything, but to be alone.

Gradually, from the force of habit, she found herself actually in tune with the talk of the luncheon-table, interested in the references to absent friends, the light allusions to last year's loves and quarrels, scandals and absurdities. The women, in their pale Summer dresses, were so graceful, indolent, and sure of themselves, the men so easy and good-humored. Perhaps, after all, Susy reflected, it was the world she was meant for, since the other, the brief paradise of her dreams, had already shut its golden doors upon her. And then, suddenly, as they sat on the terrace after luncheon, looking across at the yellow tree-tops of the park, one of the women said something—made just an allusion—that Susy would have let pass unnoticed in the old days, but that now filled her with a sudden deep disgust. She stood up and wandered away, away from them all, through the fading garden.

Susy and Strefford sat on the terrace of the Tuileries above the Seine. She had asked him to meet her there, at midday, in order to avoid the crowded halls and drawing-rooms of the Nouveau Luxe, where even at that

CORAL HICKS AND LANSING.
"'NOW PLEASE GET RIGHT INTO THIS CARRIAGE, AND DON'T KEEP ME ROASTING HERE'"

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supposedly "dead" season, people one knew were always drifting to and fro; and they sat on a bench in the pale sunlight, the discolored leaves heaped at their feet, and no one to share their solitude but a lame working man and a haggard woman, who were lunching together mournfully at the other end of the majestic vista.

Strefford, in his new mourning, looked unnaturally prosperous and well valeted; but his ugly, untidy features remained as undisciplined, his smile as whimsical, as of old. He had been on cool tho friendly terms with the majestic uncle and the poor sickly cousin whose disappearance had so abruptly altered his condition; and he was a man to understate his feelings rather than to pretend more than he felt. Nevertheless, under his habitual bantering tone Susy discerned a change. The disaster had shocked him; and already, in his brief sojourn among his people, and among the great possessions that had come to him so tragically, old instincts had awakened, forgotten associations had moved him. She looked at him almost wistfully, in her imaginative perception of the distance that these things had put between them.

"It was horrible—seeing them both there together, laid out in that hideous Pugin chapel at Altringham— The poor boy especially— I suppose that's really what's cutting me up now," he murmured, almost apologetically.

"Oh, it's more than that—more than you know," she insisted; but he jerked back, "Now, my dear, don't let's be sentimental, please," and fumbled for a cigaret in the pocket that was already beginning to bulge with his miscellaneous properties.

"AND how about you?—for that's what I came for," he continued, turning toward her with one of his sudden movements. "I couldn't make head or tail of your letter."

"Couldn't you? I suppose you'd forgotten my bargain with Nick *He* hadn't—and he's asked me to fulfil it."

"What—that nonsense about your setting each other free if either of you had the chance to make a good match?"

She signed "Yes."

"And he's asked you——?"

"Well, practically. He's gone off with the Hickses. Before going he wrote me that we'd better both consider ourselves free. And Coral Hicks sent me a post-card to say that she would take the best care of him."

Strefford mused, his eyes upon his cigaret. "But what the deuce led up to all this? It can't have happened like that, out of a clear sky."

Susy flushed, hesitated, looked away. She had meant to tell him; but now she found it difficult to confess to any one to what depths Nick's wife had stooped. She fancied that he guessed the nature of her hesitation.

"Don't tell me anything you don't want to, you know, my dear."

"No; I *do* want to; only it's difficult. You see—we had so very little money——"

"Yes?"

"And Nick—who was thinking of his book, and of big things, fine things—didn't realize—left it all to me—to manage——"

She stumbled over the word, remembering how Nick had always winced at it. But Strefford seemed undisturbed, and she hurried on, unfolding in short, awkward sentences the avowal of their money difficulties, and of Nick's inability to understand that, to keep on with the kind of life they were leading, one had to put up with things—accept favors——

"Borrow, you mean?"

"Well—yes; and all the rest." No—decidedly she could not reveal to Strefford the episode of Ellie's letters. "He suddenly felt, I suppose, that he couldn't stand it," she pursued; "and, instead of asking me to try—to try to live differently, go off somewhere with him and live like work-people, in two rooms; without a servant, as I was ready to do; well, instead, he wrote me that it had all been a mistake, that we couldn't keep it up, and had better recognize the fact; and he went off on the Hickses' yacht. He went to Genoa to meet them. I suppose he intends to marry Coral."

Strefford received this in silence. "Well—it was your bargain, wasn't it?" he said at length.

"Yes, but——"

"Exactly; I always told you so. You weren't ready to have him go yet—that's all."

She flushed to the forehead. "Oh, Streff—is it really all?"

"A question of time? I'd like to see you try, for a while, in those two rooms without a servant; and then let me hear from you. Why, my dear, it's only a question of time in a palace, with a steam-yacht lying off the door-step, and a flock of motors in the garage: look around you and see. And did you ever imagine that you and Nick, of all people, were going to escape the common doom, and survive, like Mr. and Mrs. Tithonus, while all about you the eternal passions were crumbling to pieces, and your divorce-state revenues piling up?"

She sat with bent head, feeling the weight of the long years to come press like a leaden load on her weak shoulders.

"But I'm so young—life's so long. What does last, then?"

"Ah, you're too young to believe me, if I were to tell you; tho you're intelligent enough to understand."

"What does, then?"

"Why, the hold of the things we all think we could do without. Habits—they outstand the Pyramids. Comforts, luxuries, the atmosphere of ease—the power to get away from boring things and constraints and uglinesses. You chose all that, instinctively, before you were even grown up, and so did Nick. And the only difference between you is that he's had the sense to see, sooner than you, that they *are* the things that last, the prime necessities."

"I don't believe it!"

"Of course you don't; at your age one doesn't reason one's materialism. And, besides, you're mortally hurt that Nick has found out sooner than you, and hasn't disguised his discovery under any cant phrases."

"But surely there are people——"

"Yes—saints and geniuses and heroes; all the fanatics, in short. To which of their categories do you fancy that we soft people belong? And the heroes and the geniuses—haven't they their enormous frailties and their giant appetites? So why shouldn't we be the victims of our little ones?"

She sat for a while without speaking. "But, Streff, how can you say such things, when I know you care; care for me, for instance?"

"Care?" He put his hand on hers. "But, my dear, it's just the fugitiveness of our caring that makes it so exquisite, so incomparable! It's because we *know* we can't hold fast to it, or to anything——"

"Yes—yes—but hush, please! Oh, don't say it!" She stood up, feeling the tears in her throat, and he rose also.

"Come along, then; where do we lunch?" he questioned, slipping his hand through her arm.

"Oh, I don't know. Nowhere. I think I'm going back to Versailles."

"Because I've disgusted you so deeply? Just my luck—when I came over to ask you to marry me."

She laughed, but he remained grave. "Upon my soul, I did."

"Dear Streff! As if—now——"

"Oh, not now—I know. I'm aware that even in your accelerated divorce courts——"

"It's not that. I told you it was no use, Streff—I told you long ago, in Venice."

He shrugged ironically. "It's not Streff who's asking you now. Streff was not a marrying man; he was trifling with you. The present offer comes from an elderly peer of independent means. Think it over, my dear; as many days out as you like, and five footmen kept. There's not the least hurry, of course; but I rather think Nick himself would advise it."

She flushed to the temples, remembering that Nick had; and the remembrance made Strefford's sneering philosophy seem less unbearable. Why should she not lunch with him, after all? In the first days of his mourning he had come to Paris expressly to see her, and to offer her one of the oldest names and one of the greatest fortunes in England. She thought of Ursula Gillow, Ellie Vanderlyn, Violet Melrose, of their condescending kindnesses, their last year's dresses, their Christmas checks, and all the careless bounties that were so easy to bestow and so hard to accept. "I should rather enjoy paying them back," something in her maliciously murmured.

She did not mean to marry Strefford—she had not even got as far as contemplating the possibility of a divorce—but it was undeniable that his sudden prospect of wealth and freedom was like fresh air in her lungs. She laughed again, but now without bitterness.

"Very good, then; we'll lunch together. But it's Streff I want to lunch with to-day."

"Ah, well," her companion agreed, "I rather think that for a quiet *tête-à-tête* he's better company."

During their repast in a little restaurant over the Seine, where she insisted on the cheapest dishes because she was lunching with "Streff," he became again his old whimsical, companionable self. Once or twice she tried to turn the talk to his altered future, and the obligations and interests that lay before him, but he shrugged away from the subject, questioning her instead about the motley company at Violet Melrose's, and fitting a droll or malicious anecdote to each of the people she named.

It was not till they had finished their coffee, and she was glancing at her watch, with a vague notion of taking the next train, that he said abruptly, "But what are you going to do? You can't stay forever at Violet's."

"Oh, no!" she cried with a shiver.

"Well, then—you've got some plan, I suppose?"

"Have I?" she wondered, jerked back into grim reality from the soothing interlude of their hour together.

"You can't drift indefinitely, can you? Unless you mean to go back to the old sort of life once for all."

She reddened and her eyes filled. "I can't do that, Streff—I know I can't!"

"Then what—?"

She hesitated, and brought out, with lowered head, "Nick said he would write again—in a few days. I must wait—"

"Oh, naturally. Don't do anything in a hurry." Strefford also glanced at his watch. "*Garçon, l'addition!* I'm taking the train back to-night, and I've a lot of things left to do. But look here, my dear—when you come to a decision, one way or the other, let me know, will you? Oh, I don't mean in the matter I've most at heart; we'll consider that closed for the present. But at least I can be of use in other ways—hang it, you know, I can even lend you money! There's a new sensation for our jaded palates!"

"Oh, Streff—Streff," she could only falter; and he pressed on gaily, "Try it, now do try it—I assure you there'll be no conditions attached. And promise to let me know when you've decided anything."

She looked into his humorously puckered eyes and answered their friendly smile with hers.

"I promise!" she said as their hands met.

THAT hour with Strefford had altered her whole perspective. Instead of possible dependence, an enforced return to the old life of connivances and concessions, she saw before her—when she chose to take it—freedom, power, and dignity. Dignity! It was odd what weight that word had come to have for her. She had dimly felt its significance, felt the need of its presence in her inmost soul, even in the young, thoughtless days when she had seemed to sacrifice so little to the austere divinities. And since she had been Nick Lansing's wife she had consciously acknowledged it, had suffered and agonized when she fell beneath its standard. Yes, to marry Strefford would give her that sense of self-respect which, in such a world as theirs, only wealth and position could insure. If she had not the mental or moral training to attain independence in any other way, was she to blame for seeking it on such terms?

Of course there was always the chance that Nick would come back, would find life without her as intolerable as she was finding it without him. If that happened—ah, if that happened! Then she would cease to strain her eyes into the future, would seize upon the present moment and plunge into it to the very bottom of oblivion. Nothing on earth would matter then—money or freedom or pride, or her precious moral dignity, if only she were in Nick's arms again!

But there was Nick's icy letter, there was Coral Hicks's insolent post-card, to show how little chance there was of such a solution. Susy understood that, even before the discovery of her transaction with Ellie Vanderlyn, Nick had secretly wearied, if not of his wife, at least of the life that their marriage compelled him to lead. His passion was not strong enough—had never been strong enough—to outweigh his prejudices, scruples, principles, or whatever one chose to call them. Susy's moral dignity might go up like tinder in the blaze of her love; but his was made of a less combustible substance. She had felt, in their last talk together, that she had forever destroyed the inner harmony between them.

Well—there it was; and the fault was doubtless neither hers nor his, but that of the world they had grown up in, of their own moral contempt for it and physical dependence on it, of his half-talents and her half-principles, of the something in them both that was not stout enough to resist nor yet pliant enough to yield. She stared at the fact on the journey back to Versailles, and all that sleepless night

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Has the World Conquered the Church?

By Corra Harris

EVERY reader of Pictorial Review knows what a stimulating writer Mrs. Corra Harris is. With her clear insight into the hearts of men and women, she tells the truth in a very incisive and amusing manner.

In our July number Mrs. Harris will show clearly that the church of to-day has made an alliance with the world. Its demands for finances, buildings, choirs, preachers, and even its charities, have become so enormous that the supplying of them seems to have become more important than the salvation of the individuals who do the supplying. *A stirring article.*

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PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HOUSE-PLANNING

Fourth Article—A Satisfactory Dining-Room Arrangement

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

FOR the benefit of those who have not seen the previous articles of this series it may be well to explain what has gone before. Therefore I will have to ask the indulgence of those who have been following the previous issues while I engage in a little repetition.

This particular method of helping people to plan their own homes was developed through a long series of correspondence with thousands of PICTORIAL REVIEW readers, many of whom have undertaken to send me their own ideas of the sort of house they desired, but their facilities for clearly indicating the desired arrangement were in some cases rather crude, and the plans submitted were not always exactly clear.

This suggested the desirability of laying out a collection of rooms in various sizes to suit the many conditions which are to be met, so that each of them might be logical and practical in itself, and the arranging so that a selection of the various types could be made and cut out with a pair of scissors and placed in all sorts of relative positions until a satisfactory floor arrangement is evolved.

Accordingly a sort of chart sheet has been prepared which shows all of the principal rooms of the main story, from which the ground-floor arrangement of practically any type of house may be laid out. This applies to a tiny bungalow of three rooms, a two-story dwelling of six, seven, or eight rooms, as well as to a two-family semidetached or duplex design. Then, if the building is to contain a second story, after the first-story plan has been tentatively determined, a piece of tracing-paper can be pinned down over it and the upper-floor plan drawn in to conform to the outline of the main story.

Also on this chart are shown all of the standard furniture pieces, drawn to the same scale as the room-plans, and these can be cut out and moved about in various positions in the rooms in which they are to go, so that the door- and window-openings can be so arranged as to utilize the wall-space to good advantage. Also in this way you may learn in time to save the trouble and expense of rebuilding parts of the actual house if you have planned some of the rooms too small.

It is hoped that the use of this chart may serve to eliminate many of the blunders commonly seen in "home-made" plans, and to otherwise help along the process of arriving at a satisfactory room arrangement. Send for a copy and try your ingenuity as an architect.

In the second article of the series the kitchen and breakfast-room were shown and discussed in detail, and the third article treated of the living-room. In this issue a typical dining-room is given, which may be further explained as follows.

TYPICAL DINING-ROOM INTERIOR, SHOWING BUILT-IN CHINA-CABINETS IN ADDITION TO THE USUAL FURNITURE

AS WAS the case with the living-room illustrated in the last issue this dining-room is purposely drawn to no particular scale, for the reason that its details are only typical, and on the chart sheet similar rooms are shown in four sizes, varying from 9 feet 2 inches by 12 feet up to 15 feet 2 inches by 21 feet, the widths of these four sizes being such as to use, without waste, lumber in lengths of 10 feet, 12 feet, 14 feet, and 16 feet respectively.

Most of those who build small houses are desirous of closely counting the cost, and this means, of course, that the room-sizes should be kept as small as will be found comfortable. And with reference to the dining-room this brings up a practical question—What is the minimum width of a dining-room which will accommodate an average dining-table with chairs placed in the usual positions around it, and allow a comfortable passageway between the chairs and the wall?

Note that I have referred to the width as the most important item, for when guests are entertained and the number to be accommodated becomes greater than usual, the table still remains the same width, but is lengthened by the addition of one or more table-leaves. This means that if we will arrange our plan so that the buffet, china-cabinet, and serving-table are all placed in some position in the room not directly opposite the sides of the table, we can use a minimum width without discomfort.

EXPERIMENT has shown that of the widths which will exactly accommodate commercial lumber-lengths 11 feet 2 inches is the least which will provide for this required passageway. The length can then be made anything desired, but the proportion of the room will be more pleasing if the increase of the length over the breadth is in the neighborhood of thirty per cent.

Usually a dining-room has one large rug for the floor-covering, and the size of this, if it can be determined in time, will form a guide. For instance, a 9 by 12 rug with a two-foot space all around would just about work out with a room 13 feet 2 inches by 16 feet in the clear.

The illustration above shows built-in china-cabinets at one end of the room, with the buffet placed between them in the recess thus formed, and beneath the group of high windows. In such a case the depth of these cabinets will have to be added to the length of the room

Regarding the other features indicated I may say these are in no way essential, but are only suggestions. For instance, the panel wainscot may be, of course, eliminated, but I would advise in any case retaining the small cornice.

The small door at the end of the room is assumed to lead either to a pantry or directly to the kitchen as may be desired.

The plate-rail, formerly so popular, seems to have about run its course, altho the chair-rail still survives. Where no panel wainscot is used the chair-rail is a very desirable substitute, as it affords a practical protection to the wall decoration and also will form the top member of what will appear as a very high base, even tho the space between the chair-rail and the usual six-inch baseboard at the floor be filled in with wall-paper, painted plaster, or other decoration of a different sort from that used above. Where the chair-rail is used it is generally arranged as a continuation of the window-stool and -apron, so as to form a continuous horizontal line without interruption except at the doors.

The material for the dining-room floor is frequently a puzzling question, since the greater part of it is usually either entirely covered by the rug or obscured by the furniture. On this account I think this is one part of the main story where a little economy can be practised without being particularly noticeable. Because of this condition ordinary pine flooring, stained dark enough to partially hide its grain, will generally answer every purpose in this room.

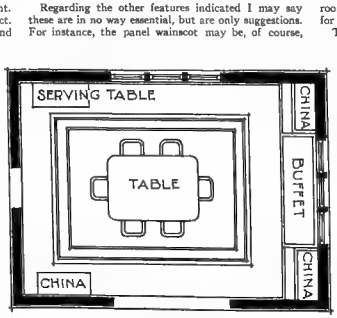
As this number goes to press I have just made a sort of inventory of the results of our offer in the first number of this series to send these chart sheets on request, and I find that more than five thousand copies have been mailed.

And I believe they are furnishing a real help, for the general average of the plans which are being submitted for criticism seems to have improved. Most of the outlines I formerly received from amateurs who sought to give an idea of their wants were overburdened, with electric-light outlets and other minor details which should really be taken up after the arrangement of the rooms has been definitely settled, with the result that it was difficult to give any intelligent criticism of the scheme without first redrawing the plan to scale.

This the chart sheet will help the novice to do for himself, as all of the rooms and furniture pieces are shown to a definite scale, the proper amount of head-room is allowed for the stairs, and the necessary spaces for the other items are of course provided.

Those starting in to plan their first house may well consider these suggestions, so as to be sure that they are following the logical course. Do not attempt to show the exterior treatment until the plan arrangement has been accurately determined, as it is more than likely that the making of the floor-plans afterward will upset all of your calculations as to the elevations.

Begin with the main-floor plan and devote your efforts first to the fundamental points of room arrangement and to the determining of the exact sizes of the larger units so as to arrive at something definite as to the over-all dimensions and the general outlines of the house. Then place a piece of tracing-paper over this and, in turn, work out the floor-plans of the second floor and basement.



FLOOR-PLAN OF DINING-ROOM, THE DIMENSIONS OF WHICH CAN BE VARIED TO SUIT

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you want to help to plan your own home send for one of our free chart sheets, containing a large assortment of ideal rooms, in many sizes, which you can put together in various combinations until you have arrived at a satisfactory arrangement. After you have done this send us your plan if you care to, and receive a free criticism of your efforts.

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To free your skin from blemishes—*the right way*

YOUR skin was so smooth and clear yesterday—today it is spoiled by unsightly little blemishes! How did they come there? And how discouraging it is—just when you were most anxious to appear at your best!

A skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria or parasites which are carried into the pores of your skin by dust in the air.

Don't let your skin lose the clearness that is its charm. To free your skin from blemishes, begin tonight to use this treatment:

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

How you can tell that your skin is responding

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing.

After one or two treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath with a new sense of softness and smoothness.

Special treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—find the treatment your skin needs, and begin using it tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks if used for general cleansing of the skin and also for any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
- A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
- A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 306 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 306 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Use plenty of lather Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

A Simple, Easy Way to Make Your Hair Beautiful—Keep It Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

What A Child's Hair Needs

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. A boy's hair being short, shampooing takes but a few minutes. For either a boy or a girl, simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

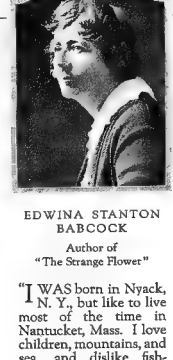
You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

MAKES YOUR HAIR BEAUTIFUL

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

THE STRANGE FLOWER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9



EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK
Author of "The Strange Flower"

a peony, free-stepping, high-headed like a young tree—Well, many a man might decide that it would be dangerous fun to try to drive that passionate head, those darkling eyes, past the curious obstacles and fluttering terrors on the road-way of life. Yet it was to Stella McWhood that Mayhew, the "city fellow," wished to give the night-blooming flower. Now the old man, used to snaring rabbits, subtle at hooking trout, tried a certain leering species of decoy.

"Better take Tanner before Stella McWhood decides she wants him," he suggested. "I see she's got Mayhew, the 'city fellow,' crazy about her. There they was dancing that night at the sociable." He reached for his basket, apparently not seeing the slow, obstinate flush that crept over the cheek of The Living Corpse. But Mr. Loogy had always put a dynamite under hydrangea - bushes that had become a little down in the mouth; now he exploded dynamite of imagination and got results.

"I dunno as I care; it's nothing to me," said Barella Fayber, but one hand went to her hair, and the lift of the sapphire eyes to her mother was sudden, abrupt. Mr. Loogy's face was a mass of canny radiations.

"Well, ain't it a strange thing?" he cackled as he made his preparations to depart. "Here I come with my night-bloomin' cereus; me, an old man as is all wore out, and all the young fellers and girls want what I got!"

Finally getting to his feet, he stood trembling and chuckling. "It takes an old feller," said Mr. Loogy triumphantly, "to get ahead of things."

Staggering between the two crooked canes, he called up his feeble powers of locomotion. "Well, good-by, all," he gasped cordially. "Seven o'clock to-night! You'm liable to get there late unless ye come early; I wouldn't be surprized if she took the notion to open a little before the time." The old man, glancing at Barella, paused.

"Get married," he said kindly; "get married to Tanner Pollen (if ye can git him). Pollen's rich; I've seen him shovin' his money through the bank window; and he's kind. They tell how he took care of a sick Mexican like it was his sister. That feller's strong and good," the old man said seriously to Mrs. Fayber; through thoughtful spectacles he smiled upon the listless girl, and fingers still working as if loosening imaginary mold, Mr. Loogy applied one more small charge of dynamite. "He ain't no fool, Tanner ain't," he observed slyly; "you'd have to mind him, hey? He'll make a strong woman of ye—that's what aworyin' ye, ain't it?" queried Mr. Loogy. "Hey? Hey? That's what aworryin' yet?" Then with an elfish cackle he added once more, "Take care Stella don't get him away from ye. I wish she'd have him."

TOGETHER the two women watched him depart. They stood stiffly like newly planted shrubs where he had heaped the rich mass of his advice about them. Mrs. Fayber put the country seal of tolerance on his remarks. "Ain't he comical?" she said unctuously; "ain't he comical?" but she saw that her daughter was displeased, so she played skilfully on the one responsive string. "Go into the best room and lay down, Lovey; this sun makes you terrible dizzy. You lay down and I'll bring you your camphor and cologne."

At four o'clock that afternoon young Mayhew, returning from fishing, met Stella McWhood on the road. She was on her way from the corner store, bearing a great basket of groceries. The man noticed how even this sort of burden, which the country-women invariably carry pretentiously, one arm stuck stiffly out, this girl bore easily with rapid dignity and grace. He stopped and spoke to her as she gave her stiff greeting and tried to pass him.

"Stella," he pleaded, "Stella, why won't you be friends with me? That one night at the barn - dance you were so gay and kind! But now you'd think we hardly knew each other."

The girl paused, she gravely put down her basket, and her finely modeled face with its ripe curves seemed slowly to enrich with the slow rise of her natural fire. "You're here for no good," She said it softly with a sort of parrot effect, and Mayhew, while admiring her effort to meet him squarely, could not help loathing the country appreciations of virtue poisoning an otherwise clean mind.

Sitting down on the stone wall which ran along the roadside, he lit a cigaret, looking freedly at the girl. "Do you think it is only women who wish to be good?" he asked very gently.

The girl stood there helplessly, abashed; she was stung, cut to the heart by the candor of this thing coming from the youth, a certain gentle deliberation and a wisdom that terrified with it attracted her. Her arms quivered as she stood before the man like a frightened animal. "You—you—come—from the city," she said slowly; she could not look at him, but he caught in her eye, under the straight black brows, murky imaginations of city loathfulness.

"The city has lots of good people in it," Mayhew said. He got up. "I don't like to be sitting down while you stand."

"I'll sit over here," the girl declared nervously. She knew she could not leave him; he held her like a magnet, but her keen country instinct told her that she must not let herself get near him. Sitting bolt upright on the rock she had chosen, she looked at him defiantly yet with a softening in the liquid gaze.

"ARE you going to see the night-blooming cereus?" asked the man smilingly.

She nodded. "Everybody's goin'; the school-teacher and Mr. Harding, the tax-collector, and some says the doctor, himself, is again'. Nobody don't believe that it will really come out. Some says it's a fool-flower; they're all teasin' Mr. Loogy."

"I'm going to buy that first blossom of the plant for you," announced Mayhew, looking admiringly at her. "I saw Loogy this morning. You'll only have one night to love it in; it dies the next day." The young fellow, hands clasped around knees, sat drinking in the unconscious beauty of the girl, gipsy-like, against a background of leafage; he turned over in his mind, as clearly as he could, for the enchantment of his senses, what she really represented. She was not ungraceful nor coarse, the she was untutored; her personality, expressing only the country traditions, with all the country-side slackness of speech; but she was a woman, by God, a glorious woman! Mayhew thought of them there in the city, of his changing background. Women, whom he constantly met socially, who seemed covered with an extraordinary patina of sophistication; women vitrated spiritually, mentally, yet attitudinizing correctly, playing with a dubious method they called "tact"; an extraordinary gambliers' game for stakes that they seldom really coveted.

The young fellow rose; he went over to the girl, soberly still on her rocky perch.

"Perhaps it isn't fair," Mayhew said slowly. "I'm rather sure it isn't perfectly fair to a child like you; but, Stella, I'm going to do it; *I'm going to ask you now.*"

The girl flashed a deep, comprehending but awed and terrified look at him. "Don't," she whispered, "oh, *don't*," she braced herself, leaning away from him

"Yes," he insisted in low, quiet tones, "I may not have another chance like this, and—and it's got to be! Stella, I want to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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A cream that really holds the powder

It will not reappear in a shine

Powder will stay on for hours with the right vanishing cream as a base

HOW many times, especially in summer, you have wished your nose would not get shiny and that the powder would stay on.

You need never permit this shine. The way to make powder stay on is to provide a base for it to cling to. Powder put directly on the skin will not stay. It catches on little rough places and then flecks off, leaving your face as shiny as if it had never been powdered. These little rough places may not be apparent to you, but just the same they prevent the powder from going on smoothly.

The ideal powder base is absorbed instantly, giving your skin a soft, velvety surface to which the powder will hold. Try Pond's *Vanishing* Cream for this. Smooth on a little. Now powder. You will find the powder goes on smoothly and evenly, giving your skin a lovely transparent tone. You need not worry about your face getting shiny—the cream cannot reappear in a shine because it contains not a drop of oil. And the powder will stay on for hours.

More than that, Pond's *Vanishing* Cream is the best possible protection against exposure to sun and wind. Always smooth it on before you go out. It is made of ingredients famous for their soothing effect. You will notice, the moment you apply it to your cheeks, what a freshened feeling it gives you. It is truly a vanishing cream, and it will always make your skin look its best at a moment's notice.

A very different cream just as necessary

No one cream can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin. You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils that you must have for cleansing and stimulating the skin.

For cleansing, a different cream—Pond's *Cold* Cream—must be used. This cream contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, and to lubricate the skin. All its uses are described in detail in the column to the right.

Use both these creams every day. Each has its own purposes and both together meet all the needs of the skin in face creams. They make steadily for a lovelier complexion. Both are too delicate to clog the pores. They cannot promote the growth of hair. You will find them in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

For cleansing you need an entirely different cream

FOR thoroughly cleansing your skin you need a good cream with an oil base. Dust and fine particles of dirt bore too deep for ordinary washing to remove.

Unless there is enough oil in a cream to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, the skin is not entirely cleansed. It becomes dull looking. Blackheads may form.

This is the reason for Pond's *Cold* Cream. This cream is very soft and delicate. It is most pleasing to use, not only because it is light to the touch but because there is not a bit more oil than you need for a thorough cleansing. It was only after long experiment that we found just the right amount of oil to thoroughly cleanse the skin and not overload the pores as creams with too much oil do.

Every night and whenever you come in from a dusty railroad or automobile trip, smooth this delicate oil cream into your face. Then wipe it off again with a soft cloth. You will be astonished at the amount of grime on the cloth even after you have had just an ordinary day.

Wrinkles. This cream is the enemy of wrinkles. Pat it gently on the little fine lines, if any have formed, around your mouth and eyes. Follow the direction of the lines in smoothing it on. It lubricates the skin and prevents the little lines from growing deeper and becoming wrinkles.

Send for samples of these two creams. Steady use of them will convince you that they will take perfect care of your skin.

POND'S

Cold Cream *for cleansing*

Vanishing Cream *to hold the powder*

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
120 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

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Alec and Al

THE BITER BIT

The Nibbler Boys

STICKING THE CAT

DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES VERSES BY PERCY WAXMAN

1 *He kicked the dog: just think of it!*
Without the slightest reason, too.
But soon we'll see the bully quit
When Alec bounces into view.

2 "Just you take that," brave Alec said,
"You can't kick dogs while I'm around."
And as he spoke he tackled Red
And tried to knock him to the ground.

3 "Gee! Red *is* heavy for a boy,"
Said Alec. "It feels like a tree.
What's this I see? A pin? Oh, joy!
One second more and I'll be free."

4 "Ouch! Ouch!" yelled Red. "What's
that you've got?"
As Alec quickly jabbed the pin
Right to a very tender spot
You're not supposed to put pins in.

5 "You can't fight two of us," Al said:
"So if you'll stop we'll let you see
The Dinklefuzz, that's got a head
Shaped like a purple wallaby."

6 "Quick, Al! You grab him by the feet,
And, oh! please don't hurt mama's pet;
When next he sees dogs on the street
He won't ill-treat them, I will bet."

7 Right down the hill the fat boy flopped
Just like a great big rubber ball:
He bounced and bumped, but never stopped
One second in his mighty fall.

8 As Red sat dripping wet and sore
He turned to Alec and to Al,
And promised that he'd never more
Be cruel to any animal.

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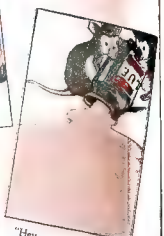
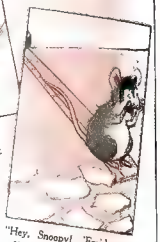
NEW YORK CITY

"Oh! There's the bottle.
Whew! I wish
Glue wouldn't smell like
ancient fish."

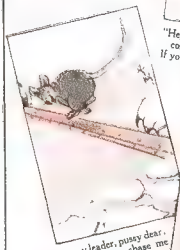


"Hey, steady there—don't
touch that stuff
Or you'll get 'stuck up,' sure
enough."

"When dear old pussy comes
this way
We'll see the end of a perfect
day."

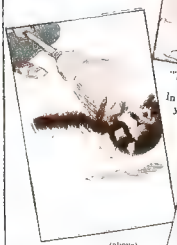


"Hey, Snoopy! Fraid cat,
come and see
If you can bite a piece off me."



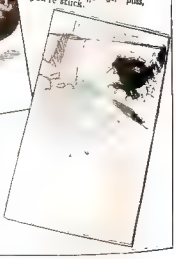
"Follow my leader, pussy dear.
I dare you now to chase me
here."

"Too bad, old dear, you're in
the muck.
In vulgar language, puss,
you're stuck."



(above)
"Git out of here, ye dirty
thing:
Fer twinty cints yer neck Oi'd
wring."

(right)
And while the Nibblers
laughed outright
Poor sticky pussy passed
from sight.



Next month you're in for heaps of fun.
You'll see a beauty contest run.
The Nibblers sail through trouble's foam
And show you just why cooks leave home.

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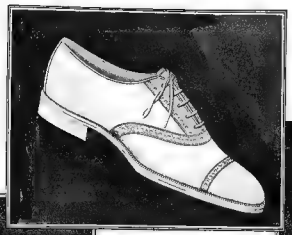
They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe



One of the newest Keds. With either brown or white trimming. Welt construction, composition sole. For young girls and women.

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, for home, for sport. Comes also in a low model. For children and grown-ups, too.

One of the children's Keds—made on a Nature last. A similar pump with a low heel, with a strap or without, is made for women and young girls.

The boys' favorite in the Keds line. Heavy reinforcements and ankle patch. Smooth, corrugated or suction sole.

"The greatest blessing that has been offered to mothers in a very long time"

So speaks a well-known orthopedic physician of the comfortable canvas rubber-soled shoe

AND millions of mothers will agree with him. The perfecting of Keds as a whole line of canvas rubber-soled shoes has made it possible for the mother to secure this blessing—this healthful foot freedom for her entire family.

Sandals and pumps for little tots, sturdy athletic trims for romping boys, and pumps, oxfords and high shoes in attractive styles for young girls and older girls and mothers themselves.

A welcome relief from stiff hot shoes! Tired feet can now return to their natural form and breathe, and foot muscles can be strengthened. Keds are anatomically correct. And then Keds have a snap in their lines and finish which makes them popular even on the verandas of exclusive clubs.

Why mothers insist on Keds

Mothers have learned to ask for Keds by name and to insist on getting them. They find them very different from ordinary canvas rubber-soled shoes.

They know that the quality of the rubber from our own Sumatra plantations means long wear—even on the most active children. The fine, strong canvas looks better and wears longer. And all the details of finish—the stitching and reinforcements—the careful workmanship throughout—every detail is worked out to give better appearance and longer wear.

Look at the various models, the pumps, the high shoes and low, the oxfords and the sandals. If your dealer doesn't carry the kind you wish, he will get it for you.

But remember, Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company, the largest and oldest rubber organization in the world. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

You will be interested in our booklet, "Outdoor Games for Children." Write for a free copy to Dept. P-2, 1790 Broadway, New York.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

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Toilet Nicety Brings Skin Refinement

DO you realize that the selection of anything which you use as regularly as your toilet soap merits more than passing consideration?

The sharp irritants of the wrong soap can be almost as disastrous as neglect. They roughen the skin, remove its natural oil and permit inflammation in the form of blotches, redness and other defects.

Resinol soap meets the demands of the most exacting women. It is exquisitely pure, with a rich velvety lather that rinses easily, leaving the pores cleansed and refreshed. It has no heavy perfume,—only a mild fragrance—a reminder of the summer woods.

It protects good complexions and improves bad ones because it helps to allay skin trouble and give nature a chance to build afresh.

At all drug and toilet goods counters. Trial free on request, Dept. 5-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

THE STRANGE FLOWER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

be honest with life. I don't want to marry a social position, a bank-account; I want to marry a woman. I—I think I am worthy of you." The young fellow stood there thoughtfully; then he spoke to her curiously as he would to a child.

"Look around you at these great green trees, the big fields where the daisies move; listen to that bird; hear the brook, and see the wild geraniums far back in the wood; smell the growing, Stella; feel the submission, the turning of the earth's great tender truth to the sun; the waking of everything, and then answer me—" He paused, and then asked with a sort of religious grandeur, "Will you marry me?"

She sat dumbly staring at him, terrified at his exhortation and his bold question. But young Mayhew did not notice this; he had made up his own mind. He reached down, took her hot hand, and put his mouth close to the warm hair by her ear. "Stella," he asked, and she got the cool purpose in his voice, "Stella, will you marry me?"

Panic darkened the young, implicit eyes. "I can't tell," she said piteously. "I can't believe it—you—you asking me to marry you, like that; why, it's—I think you must be fooling."

Mayhew stood up. A curious glow was in his face; the touch of her warm shoulder had swept him with a thrilling assurance that made him happy in his own conviction. "I'm not going to tease you nor hurry you," he said practically. "I won't hurt you, dear, and—and you mustn't be afraid of me; that would spoil your clearness—Stella," he stood looking down at her thoughtfully, "you don't know how wonderful you are. You're like a clear brown brook running under the low hemlocks." The young fellow stood looking at her. He was very alert, and something authoritative and definite had come into his manner; he gazed kindly, like an older brother, upon the girl, who was alert, tremulous, trying to understand the many voices that cried within her.

"I THINK it's wrong," she repeated at last. Her sweet breath came to him, and he saw the simple, strong bosom rise and fall sharply. "My mother used to tell me, 'Don't have no traffic with them that's out of your class; let them go their way and you go your.'"

"There are no classes," observed young Mayhew, with just a faint touch of pomp.

The young fellow looked solemnly possessively on her; already he saw her as wife, and the purity and decency of his purpose were in his dark-blue eyes. Mayhew inveighed against this idea of class; he arrayed his theories against these deep-sounding notes of a woman's instinct.

He threw back his head magisterially. "I make my own class; so will you. All I believe in," he laughed triumphantly, "is that the most glorious girl in the world is going to be my wife."

She looked at it he blasphemed, but he smiled upon her with a calm superiority. "My cigaret's smoked; let me carry your basket. To-night, Stella, I'll bring you that great white flower; it will be our engagement-flower, and we'll walk home together from Loogy's."

She stared at him with dark wonder. He was so *sure;* that was the way people always acted who'd had everything. "I couldn't," she said simply. She looked with curious desolation down the long, dusty country road, and her being drooped. "They—they'd *talk,*" she said in a low voice.

"Let them talk," Mayhew was unmoved, "and when they see me give you the cereus they'll talk some more, and they'll talk about how you are to be my bride. Why, Stella, dear, it will be fun," he told her joyously; "it's nice to be talked about when one is happy!"

He was so kind, so sure; almost, she told herself, like a minister. She let him take the basket from her and move beside her, keeping strictly far from his side. The sun slanted through the ranging trees, and the golden waver of wind-lifted leaves played patterns upon them.

THE character of the gathering at Mr. Loogy's was unusual, but varied from the solemnity of a funeral to the banter of a picnic. It was also curiously like a wedding. In the evening light the brown-cloaked flower hung veiled and tremulous on its trellis like a drooping, reluctant bride. The groups of country people, having come from curiosity, now availed themselves of sociability. They went about in threes and twos talking vigorously of many things: the burglary at the drug-store, a train murder at some station "down the line"; and there were local matters to discuss; there were sly whispers of Mayhew's attention to the McWhood girl, for one thing.

"She'll go the way her cousin went."

"I wouldn't have no girl of mine keepin' company with a city feller."

Attention was called to the ghostlike glimmering of The Living Corpse, who remained in the dark, cavelike buggy in which her mother had driven her to the exhibition. Many women halted by the wheel to stare at Barella and ask her questions. The girl, drooping in twilight pallor, wore a white-lace scarf over her crimped hair, and her face was the local idea of the quality called "angelic."

Even the old Judge, irritable and impatient, noticed her. Offended that the night-blooming cereus had not opened exactly on the dot of seven, the Judge had pronounced sentence. "I wouldn't have it in the house," he announced to one or two fellows. "It's uncertain; you couldn't never count onto it." Following the red spark of his cigar toward the carriage, he surveyed The Corpse.

"WANT to fatten her up some," he croaked to Mrs. Fayber. "Ain't she sort of 'mauger' for her years? Them kind takes to a gallop once they begin to go."

"She's as pale as alabaster," said one woman excitedly. This comment was luxuriously handed about. "Barella's as pale as alabaster." The sickly girl in her tenuous whiteness bade fair to be a rival to the strange flower so reluctant to open. Barella's transparent droop was compared with the Indian straightness, the vivid darkness of Stella McWhood's ripe hair and eyes and skin.

"Barella's so reefined," said one woman; she looked disapprovingly at the McWhood girl, standing aloof in a sort of royal loneliness.

"Barella's so pure-lookin'."

"Alabaster," "pearl-white," "purity," the countrywomen lovingly accorded these things to the listless creature in the buggy; then they poured their advice into Mrs. Fayber's credulous ear.

"Don't let her marry that there Tanner Pollen," they insisted. Furtively they let their gaze stray to young Mayhew. In the twilight he stood, well set up, slender, and trim, talking easily to the cigar-sucking Judge. "Mayhew and Barella!" Oh, the sanctified "reefinement" of an association like that! In some way the essential spirit of romance dwells in the uncultivated feminine mind. From the first sight of pink ribbon a little girl begins to feel romance; now these farm women beheld life through miles of hypothetical pink ribbon. "Barella and Mayhew!" They gloated over the imaginary alliance; it was their expression of refinement, of elegance, their notion of what would be a "lovely pair."

OLD Loogy, pottering about, bringing chairs, chasing away dogs, had finally borne forth the marvelous plant into the little plot in the rear of his house, and the coppery bud, at first pendent and like a sealed vase, now, under the old man's excited proclamation, began its mysterious nascence. The sun had slipped down like a coin in the purple coffers of the mountains; a moth fluttered duskily past the roses; the frogs in hollows slid their tiny trombones back and forth. Then, while the soft white Summer moon silvered the east and mysterious scents stole up from the woods, the night-blooming cereus opened.

For a while, with curious country inarticulateness, the groups viewed it. Most of the visitors manifested only indifference or contempt. But at last Tanner Pollen drew near to the raying disk. The clumsy, big fellow was clearly fascinated and not ashamed to show his awe. For a moment his great form almost hid the white flower as he put out one hand and in low tones interrogated Mr. Loogy.

"It's sort of touch-me-not," the man muttered; the proud exhibitor tittered:

"That there Mayhew's offered me five dollars for her," he boasted. Tanner looked angrily up. The young farmer's eyes flashed. "Five! I'll give you ten!"

"I didn't know you'd sell it," he added, "but if Mayhew goes up, I'll go up; I want this for Barella. She hankers for it." Mr. Loogy nearly danced with excitement and derision. "For that girl?" he jeered in a disgusted chuckle. "The Corpse? Now, now," he looked up and shook a paternal finger at the young farmer, "now for yer foolishness I'd a' lief sell it to the city feller for less. He wants it for Stella McWhood; she's crazy about him. You'd ought to get Stella away from him!"

Once more Mr. Loogy tried his subtle species of snare; then, with the enthusiasm of a cultivator, he made some sturdy remarks on the wisdom of natural selection and the survival of the fittest; but he spoke to deaf ears. Barella Fayber, sitting high in the cave of the black buggy, had put up one hand to the scarf over her thin chest. The rug had fallen from the buggy; she peered helplessly over at it where it lay on the ground. Tanner noticed this and was instantly at her side; as he placed the rug over her knees he looked tenderly at her.

"Seems that he idolizes her," Barella's mother hastened to interpret Tanner kindly to some cronies. "She hankers for the cereus and he's goin' to buy it for her; Barella heard that young Mayhew was goin' to get it for the McWhood girl and so she come up herself to make sure."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

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Vigorous Manhood for Your Husband Rounded Growth for Your Children The Beauty of Health for You

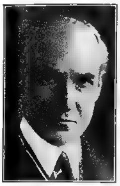
WHY has one woman the beauty of health and abounding vitality, when another, with an almost equal natural physique *seems* lacking in charm?

Why has one man masculine energy, driving will, the power to act and succeed, when another man lacks the buoyant strength to influence and to hold others?

These old questions have now in part been answered by science: The epoch making discovery of vitamins!

Now you too may hope to glow with the beauty of health, the charm of a clear complexion, a firm and rounded figure. Now your husband can hold—or regain—the vigor and energy of youth; —and your children can grow into attractive men and women.

Science Has Shown the Way



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

Eugene Christian, acknowledged as the world's leading authority on Food Science, says,

"I regard my study of vitamins as the most important part of my life's work."

Modern science has made *special* progress in the unnoticed little things—radium, a gram of which can fill a house with light giving rays; the spark of the wireless which carries half around the globe—and now the vitamins. And it is so simple, so easy, to take advantage of this new knowledge in your own home.

Do not let another week go by—no! not one week—without learning the secret of *a better life* through vitamin rich foods. You have only to know how to *select* and *combine* the *right* everyday foods.

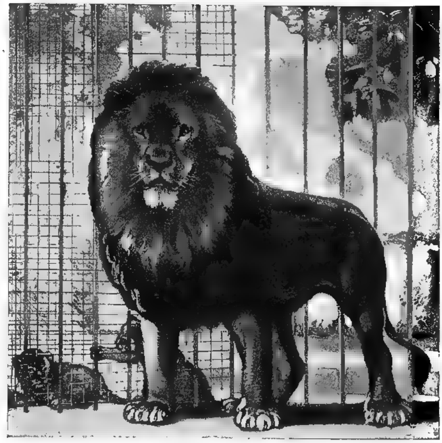
Read Eugene Christian's latest work—his ten chapters entitled **"Health and Personality**—nerve and gland power through vitamins" (published at a nominal price by the Vitamin Research Association). These give you the latest scientific knowledge—in practical form summarized and simplified for the housewife. In ten clear lessons Christian gives 100 menus for right cooking and right eating. He tells how to select, combine and balance the food for your family so as to secure vitamin potency.

The lessons explain in simple language how the beauty of youth and health may be brought to women, masculine energy to men, and perfect growth to the child, by the right combinations of food, rich in vitamins. Make use of this knowledge in your home! *You will begin to see the results in three to five days.*

Follow Eugene Christian's directions—it means keeping the doctor and the dentist away; it means *return to youth* for you and others.

You will save the cost of these lessons *every week* on your table while serving better, more appetizing meals than ever before—if you are not satisfied the books may be sent back and your money will be returned.

Warning: Don't be misled by quacks; take no "vitamin" *drugs*, stop all that! Vitamins are a *food* constituent, alive in certain foods. Don't kill them in the kitchen—learn to prepare them so they come to your table alive. **Result: Better, More Delicious Meals—A new joy at the table. And at** *less cost!* **Read the coupon.**



The Lions in the London Zoo during the war lost strength and vitality. Instead of being sinewy and lithe with firm bodies, they became pouchy and lost energy each month. In the jungle the beasts first ate the liver, entrails and sweetbreads of their kill *because* their instincts told them that *these* parts of the meat contained the life giving vitamins. These are not fed in the Zoo. Then the British began to feed these lions concentrated vitamin foods, to supplement their meat, which contains very few vitamins.

As soon as the captive lions got the vitamin rich food they began to thrive. They became active; their litheness returned, and finally for the first time in many years they brought forth young in captivity. A single vitamin rich food brought this restoration of youth. The same vitamin rich food was given by the British Government to the soldiers to enable them to resist disease and to give them health and fighting vigor.

How vitaminous foods can be selected to secure these results is all explained in the chapters on nerve and gland power by Eugene Christian, F. S. D., as offered below.

THE Vitamin Discovery is more important than the discovery of bacteria, because through vitamin knowledge we can fortify every cell of the body, so that the invading bacteria lose their power. In the whole field of chemistry and medicine, vitamin knowledge today is at the center of modern thought.

Thousands of people are already benefiting themselves. Alonzo Taylor of the Hoover Commission cured children in Roumania of eye troubles tending to blindness by giving them food containing Vitamin A. The British Government protects and energizes its soldiers with Vegex, rich in Vitamin B. Bellevue Hospital in New York City is using this same concentrate in its most difficult cases. Dr. Percy Howe of the Harvard School of Dental Research has shown that the cells which build teeth and bones cannot carry on their lime-depositing work without Vitamin C.

Your Food *Makes* Your Body

The myriads of cells in your body can not go outside the food you supply for their building materials.

Science demonstrates vitamins by the physiological powers that they wield over the life process. When abundant in food, energy and health result; when absent, death comes in twenty days. And when deficient in foods, as nearly always today in our artificial living, it results in lack of energy and loss of youthful vigor, and all that tendency to disorders of the system and even d

At the Center of Life

Vitamins function at the very center of the life process—in the central nervous system, organs of reproduction and the glands that produce the body and *personality-regulating* messengers, called hormons.

Vitamins are present in green growing cells of leaves and in the sprouting portions of roots. The mother plant places them in and around the germ and in seeds of plants. They are in milk and in the yolk of eggs—wherever Nature intends to grow new life or start reproduction she places vitamins in abundance. From yeast it is possible to extract the soluble proteins, enzymes, precious organic salts and the highly potent Vitamin B into Vegex, a highly concentrated delicious food with amazing powers.

Remarkably Quick Results

Nothing in biological science is more astounding than the *instantaneous* effect upon the body, especially the glands and nervous system, of eating a minute quantity of *any* right food containing Vitamin B.

Among experiments described in Eugene Christian's books is one of pigeons fed on milled rice and polished grains who starve, and, unless relieved by proper food die in twenty days of nervous disorders. When food containing the right vitamins is administered, recovery is complete *within a few hours.*

Start to feed your family the right combinations of foods as described in Christian lessons and you will see the results in 3 to 5 days surely! If not, money back on your request.

"My dear Dr. Christian:

"I have no words, Dr. Christian, to tell you my gratitude for what your Lessons have done for me. I can't believe that I am the same woman who less than four months ago was praying that the dear Lord would make her stay in this world no longer. I am truly made over—made anew in every way."

Margaret M. Shaw

"My dear Mr. Christian:

"I enclose herewith my report of the first week's menus.

"I believe you are doing a most wonderful work for humanity and that your name will go down in history among the most notable men of your time and generation."

These two letters and thousands more show what Eugene Christian has accomplished in the previous lessons. Surely *some one* in your family *needs* the new food directions and everyone in your family will profit thereby.

Just the Coupon

with your name and address—(send no money)—and Christian's 10 chapters on Health and Personality and 100 menus will be sent at once.

Not One Cent to Risk

The Vitamin Research Association does not ask any one who receives these little books (sent at a nominal price) to keep them unless the books will be *read* and food directions *used*. Hence the books may be returned at our expense if not entirely satisfactory. So you will then be "out" merely the postage stamp to send coupon.

We regard it as a matter of the utmost importance for every man and woman to read and study the food subject and to understand the menus as prepared by Eugene Christian.

No Money To Be Sent With Coupon

and no money to risk!

To VITAMIN RESEARCH ASSOCIATION,
Office, 1819 Broadway, Dept. A 279, New York City.

Please send me Eugene Christian's ten chapters **"Health and Personality**—nerve and gland power through vitamins" with food directions and 100 vitamin rich menus, payable on receipt $1.97 and postage—with the understanding that any money I have paid will be refunded any time on request if I return this as unsatisfactory in my particular case. *No money to risk in sending this coupon.*

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

There will be included free with the above, a report of Dr. Percy S. Howe of Harvard Dental School on the relation of Vitamins to tooth formation and also a Vitamin Cook book with 58 recipes.

Please send also without charge special food directions for—
too fat ☐ too lean ☐ nervous ☐ easily tired ☐ sleepless ☐
bad teeth ☐ sour stomach ☐ sallow complexion ☐
nervous and irritable children ☐ undersized children ☐

Other remarks ______________________

What the 10 Chapters Show You

Eugene Christian's ten chapters of directions on Vitamins (with menus of everyday foods) will show every housewife how to maintain herself and her family in fullest health and vigor by serving the right choice, the right combinations of foods, rightly prepared. They teach—

What foods contain vitamins—

What vegetables—What meats—

What kind of vitamins are contained in each—Vitamin A, B, C, or D.

What foods keep their vitamins and what foods lose their vitamins; in cooking—in canning—in preserving—

How to cook, can, and preserve foods with least injury to the vitamins.

How to select special foods children need, mental workers need, what physical workers should eat. And—

How to cut down grocery bills, while serving more delicious meals than now.

The Need of Vitamins

Vitamins are positive constructive forces, therefore—lack of them causes disease.

Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Gas, etc. Robert McCarrison of the Royal College of Physicians, London, says: "Vitamin faulty food causes stomach and intestinal disorders, vague ill health, nervousness and other symptoms that can be prevented or overcome, simply by supplying vitamins." In Northern India he found no appendicitis among the natives who ate foods rich in vitamins.

Constipation Without Vitamin B the ganglia and striped muscles of the colon lose their power to move the bowel content. Constipation disappears with a properly selected vitamin rich diet.

Tired feeling and nervous exhaustion When food is deficient in Vitamin B, the body mines this from the nerves and glands. Nervous irritability, insomnia and lowered vitality result, which can be overcome by a few days' use of foods containing Vitamin B in large quantities.

Skin troubles Vitamin B aids the formation of white blood corpuscles, "the policemen of the body," which prevent infection and boils.

Tooth decay and soft bones Teeth and bones are built from within by layers of living cells which depend upon vitamins for their power to deposit lime and bony structure. When foods are vitamin poor your teeth grow soft and easily decay. Delayed teething in children, bow legs, flat feet, rickets, (see Dr. Frank E. Peckham, Journal of the American Medical Association for 1921, page 1317) are due to shortage of vitamins. For pyorrhea in this connection read the report of Dr. Percy Howe of Harvard University (sent free on request to dentists and physicians by the Vitamin Research Association).

Laboratories
Westfield, Mass.

Vitamin Research Association

New York Office
1819 Broadway

The shortage of vitamins in our artificial diets today endangers the health of all of us.

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FOOT RULES *for* HEALTH *and* GOOD LOOKS

BY ALICE LANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

THE very old but true saying, "It's the little things that count," ought to be the slogan of every woman who wants to look her best, and any woman who doesn't want to look her very best at all times is exceedingly foolish. Be sure of this—a handsome dress and a new Spring hat alone do not make a beautiful woman. I grant you good clothes help a lot, but they are only one of the big things.

If you want to rise above the drab, ordinary, washed-out woman you must have a clear, fresh skin, with hair becomingly coiffed and the flying hairs held in with a net. A trim, properly corseted figure is most important, and above all things you must have attractive feet, well cared for, properly shod, and alluring stockings held up with garters tight enough to keep them from even a suspicion of a wrinkle about the ankle.

Should you perchance think I am overemphasizing the importance of feet as an asset to a beautiful woman, ask any Frenchman what he admires most in a woman. Nine out of every ten will immediately answer, "Her feet." And this answer comes from men whose countrywomen have the reputation of being the best-dressed women in the world.

"ABOVE ALL THINGS YOU MUST HAVE ATTRACTIVE FEET, PROPERLY SHOD, AND ALLURING STOCKINGS"

Let's talk about feet a little more while we are on the subject. Most women neglect them grossly. They care for their faces and their hands, they are most particular about their hair, but the poor old feet which carry them about from morning until night—oh, they don't show, and some other time they will take care of them. Maybe! One of the most successful surgeon chiropodists in New York confided in me the other day that people came to her for foot-treatment because they were too lazy to do the simple little things at home that nature demands of them.

"If you home women could only soak your feet in a solution of common washing-soda (about two tablespoonfuls to a foot-tub) once a week and keep the pores open and healthy half of your foot-troubles would disappear," she told me. "I just had a woman in here with her feet in a terrible condition from walking. I asked her if she ever oiled the soles of her feet, and she thought I was crazy. She had never heard of such a thing. But you women oil a piece of machinery that you want to use, don't you? Well, if you can tell me any piece of machinery that is as useful as and does more work than a pair of feet I'd like to hear about it. Keep a jar of foot-ointment on your bureau and rub well into the skin every night—always rub in a little when you start out for a long walk. If you can't get a regular foot-ointment, in an emergency use olive-oil. This is a very good substitute.

"Don't gouge into the cuticle with scissors and knives; use a liquid-remover, then scrub well with water and a medicated soap. I would never have a patient for ingrowing nails if you would all cut them straight across the toes and not round them at the corners as you do with the fingers. Powder your feet just as you do your body after a bath, and take a few minutes every day to exercise them after taking off your shoes and stockings. Bend your toes up and then down, stiffen your knees, and stretch your instep. Finally change your shoes and stockings quite as often as you change your dress. Wear high shoes in the morning and low shoes afternoons and evenings and you will have no swollen ankles."

And now you see we've drifted onto the subject of shoes to cover those feet that you are now going to care for so well. There is no one whose advice could possibly carry greater weight than Dr. Joel Goldthwait of Boston, whose name became little short of famous during the Great War when he served the army as an orthopedic surgeon in France.

"One of the commonest faults with dressing the American foot is that women are apt to get their shoes too short and too wide," Dr. Goldthwait explained. "In many of my cases just giving the patients a longer and narrower shoe will make the foot-troubles disappear almost immediately. You realize, don't you, that the shoe is fitted while the foot is at rest, but when walking the foot acts like an automobile-spring and spreads out to its full length? Therefore allowance should be made for this spread, and the shoe should be at least one inch longer than the foot. Have a snug heel, but plenty of room at the other end of the shoe—room enough in which to wiggle your toes. Wear high shoes part of the time—always for walking and while doing housework. This is quite important. High shoes will often cure a backache, for many physical ills have been traced to unsupported ankles. Nervous troubles have frequently been helped by properly fitted shoes.

"SLIM women can wear high heels without discomfort or injury to their health, but heavy women should never wear a heel over one inch high. But all this preachment is hardly necessary in these days, because I find that women are wearing much more healthful and sensible shoes in the past year than formerly, and you can find plenty of comfortable, healthful, restful shoes that are very smart in line and fashionable in cut, because the manufacturers have found out that you women will have your way, even when it comes to shoes. Just recently, however, shoes have been produced which are hygienic inside, but really smart outside. The introduction of this type of shoes means the emancipation of women from foot troubles."

Now that you have heard these professional secrets, I hope you will remember to keep not only the feet themselves in good condition, but the shoes as well. Every woman should have several pairs of shoes, both high and low. Always put shoe-trees in them when not wearing them, clean and polish them when you take them off, and change your shoe-laces very often. Don't wait until you want to put your shoes on again in two or three days and find them rusty and muddy. Have the heels straightened as soon as they run down, and on your outdoor shoes and pumps wear rubber heels to save the jar on your spine and to preserve the shape of the heel. Remember these little things all count!

Right here seems a very good place to speak of a little thing which many women seem to overlook, a thing particularly conspicuous in Summer when you wear white-silk stockings and other thin, light weaves. It is just this—if you happen to have even a vestige of hair on your legs, use a hair-remover, for nothing is more offensive than to see such a growth, which is bound to show through these sheer stockings. There are several of these harmless preparations—all of them perfectly safe to use on the legs. Of course, in time the hair will reappear, but use it again according to instructions, and it will leave the skin soft, white, and absolutely free from any growth.

AND what are you doing about the care of your face during these hot months? Let us hope that you have all been won over to the new method of using the mud or clay treatment for your skin, which is now reduced to such a simple process that it can be used at home. A year or more ago we were forced to go to a beauty-parlor for these treatments, which cost anywhere from five to twenty dollars each, but now we can take them at home for only a few cents. The clay matter looks like thin mud, but it has a very pleasant, refreshing odor. You paint the face with this and leave it on to dry. This should take about ten minutes. You then wash it off with warm water and rinse with cold. After that apply a healing, soothing lotion. If you do this twice a week during these hot Summer months you will have no blackheads, no pimples, your muscles will tone up, and your complexion will be like peaches and cream. Of course none of us knows just what is in these wonderful creams, but the basis of all of them is clay and the rest seems to be some sort of magic. The clay, of course, is very healing. Don't you remember when you were stung with a bee as a youngster you slapped on some wet clay and it healed almost immediately? Well, more about this new complexion aid another month; but don't wait to start in with the treatments. Do it now as one of the little things.

This is the time of year when all women should give much attention to their arms, for short sleeves are the *dernier cri* this Summer—not only for evening wear, but they are quite correct on the street, when motoring, and are even worn in a modified form in the business world. There is no beauty in a freckled arm covered with a roughened and toughened skin. Once you get in that condition an immediate cure is difficult. When bathing in the ocean, rub a vanishing-cream in the arms before you go in. When motoring do likewise, and then cover with a powder *matching the color of your skin*. Whatever you do, don't dust a lot of dead, white powder on an arm that is sunburned to a deep-tan shade!

When it comes to freckles, they certainly are one of nature's meanest little jokes. If you have a skin that freckles you had better suffer a little from the heat and wear long gloves (silk ones or fabric ones are considered very smart in hot weather), for you will find it less trouble to prevent freckles than it is to cure them. The only cure is to bleach them out, and this is not an easy nor a quick method. There are special freckle-creams, and there are, of course, the old home cures and bleaches that will help, if not absolutely eradicate, the spots. Of these perhaps the safest is the pure lemon-juice rubbed on and left on to dry. Buttermilk is also effective, likewise very ripe tomatoes and the juice of fresh cucumbers.

But let me caution you emphatically against using strong bleaches containing acids that will burn. The other day I saw a girl with her chin all burned from using a solution of corrosive sublimate to bleach out her freckles! You know the old story: some friend of hers had a friend who had cured her freckles overnight with this solution. Of course this girl had used it too strong, and she is apt to carry the scar for life. I tell you this to impress you with the necessity of buying a reputable freckle-cream which your druggist will gladly recommend to you—else stick to the home cures that can not harm even if they do not absolutely cure the stubborn cases.

A great many women seem to feel that Summer-time is the season to wear out their old corsets. Nothing could be more foolish. It is the time to put on the freshest ones you have—and to have two or even three pairs of them in use. Could anything be further from the exquisite line of daintiness that a woman strives for than to wear only one pair of comfortable old corsets all Summer long? Yet it has been done—and I blush to say that I've seen it done by women of refinement and affluence.

SOME girls will bring forth that time-old argument that they can not afford two pairs of corsets at one time. That is foolish—two pairs of corsets will each wear as long as one pair. There is no extravagance in that. It is a pure necessity. Put your older pair of corsets on in the morning while doing your work or going to business, then when evening comes and you freshen yourself up with your clean organdy frock or fresh shirt-waist and sport-skirt, put on your best pair of corsets, for surely you know that no dress looks well over a badly corseted figure. The pair you wear for work should be washed at least once a month. This is easily done at home. Wet the corset thoroughly, and with a stiff nail-brush scrub it well with any white soap or soap-flakes. Put on plenty of elbow-grease and scrub until every particle of soil has disappeared. Rinse many times until the water is free from all soap-suds, then tint them pink with one of the many preparations you can buy in any drug- or department-store for a few cents. When almost dry, press out with the iron, and your corsets will be fresh and clean like new!

Finally, what are you doing to keep yourself fit and trim physically and mentally? Do you exercise enough, do you eat properly, and do you drink enough water? Do you get out in the air and sunshine, keeping yourself mentally alive, meeting people who give you ambition to face the hard knocks in life? Perhaps you think these are foolish questions to ask in connection with good looks. Well, they are not. They will help!

"SHE USED IT TOO STRONG, AND SHE IS APT TO CARRY THE SCAR FOR LIFE"

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How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose picture you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half-hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never *could* get rid of them!

I will tell you why I decided to use the remarkable new Complexion Clay—just once—and see what it would do for my skin. I had met a woman I had not seen for a long time, an old neighbor of mine. I remembered distinctly that she was always older than I, yet strangers would have insisted that *I* was the older. Her skin was as soft and smooth and firm as a child's—not a blemish marred its pink-and-white loveliness. I was terribly self-conscious as I stood there talking to her; I knew how dull and lifeless and unsightly my own skin was. I was glad when we said good-bye and I hurried away.

But that little incident made me determine to do everything in my power to clear my blotchy skin. I realized that a good complexion was more important than good features; that with a clear, fresh complexion any woman can appear attractive. If others could have beautiful complexions I could, too. I began a perfect orgy of experimenting with creams and lotions and messy ointments.

I Use Wrong Methods And They Spoil My Skin

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

What Made Me Change My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when the dead skin-scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience With Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and fervor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the stifled pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I would never have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a $3.50 jar of Complexion Clay to any one who uses the special coupon at the bottom of the page. If I would write my story for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only $1.95 for a $3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of $10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman $1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn, and Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

ONLY $1.95

If You Act at Once

By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct to the manufacturers, you get Complexion Clay freshly-compounded, the very day your order arrives. And you pay only $1.95, plus few cents postage, although products of a similar nature, and without many of the advantages of Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from $2.50 to $3.50.

The coupon is numbered with a special department, and the Domino House will know that you have read my story and are to receive a full-size $3.50 jar for only $1.95 according to their offer to me.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon to-day. Domino House, Dept 156, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 156
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of Complexion Clay, sufficient for 3 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only $1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you wish you may send money with coupon

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It's here

A Revolutionizing invention—the SUPERFEX Burner *that cooks as fast as gas and is absolutely reliable.*

Pictured above is the new double-walled, double-draft, rapid cooking Giant SUPERFEX Burner found only on the latest model New Perfection Oil Cook Stove.

At the right is shown the 4-burner model (No. 304 with New Perfection Oven) of this new speedy oil stove equipped with ONE Giant SUPERFEX Burner and three Standard SUPERFEX Burners having the same double-walled, double-draft, construction as the Giant.

Other models are—the 3-burner, No. 303; and the 2-burner, No. 302. Each model of the new 300 Series has one Giant SUPERFEX Burner.

NEW PERFECTION

HOUSEHOLD MP PRODUCTS

Canadian inquiries regarding these new ranges should be addressed to The Perfection Stove Company, Limited, Sarnia, Ontario, *manufacturers in Canada of the famous Blue Chimney New Perfection* Oil Cook Stoves.

with

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at Last!

The Kind of Range You've Always Wanted

THE world's largest makers of oil stoves and ranges have crowned their achievements with the production of an oil stove that cooks as fast as gas and is absolutely reliable.

Its speed and success are all in the New SUPERFEX Burner which grills a minute steak, roasts a leg of mutton, bakes a chicken pie or preserves a kettle of fruit in proper time—fast or slow—for each operation, be it an intense searing flame or a gentle simmering heat.

Over four million housewives already appreciate the reliability, safety, economy and comfort of the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove. This new burner adds quickness and absolute heat control to the sturdy virtues of these New Perfection models.

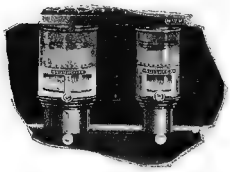
To accommodate the SUPERFEX Burners and the Giant SUPERFEX, we have constructed a stove that for beauty, strength, smartness, convenience, completeness and all-around satisfaction, sets a new standard. Now on exhibition for the first time—America over. Visit your dealer.

These new (Series 300) models of the New Perfection line, equipped with the revolutionizing SUPERFEX Burners, are additional to the long established, regular New Perfection Line. The Series 30 New Perfection models, famous and favored the world over, continue to be the most popular oil stoves made at their price.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Also Makers of ALADDIN Utensils and PERFECTION Oil Heaters
7440 PLATT AVENUE CLEVELAND, OHIO

What you get in this new stove—See it NOW at your dealers.

1. Cooking speed of the giant gas burner—in the Giant SUPERFEX burner.
   Cooking speed of the standard gas burner—in the standard size SUPERFEX burner.
2. Abundant heat that is absolutely clean and odorless.
3. Greater economy and reliability of Cooking with kerosene oil.
4. Operating convenience and new time-saving features.
5. Handsome, sturdy, long-lived stove with higher and bigger Aladdin Quality Porcelain Enameled Cooking Top, and new base shelf for utensils.
6. The New Perfection quality, standard the world over.
7. Two sizes of SUPERFEX Burners—one Giant and three Standard SUPERFEX Burners.
8. A new (more beautiful) Gray Enamel finish on all chimneys.



The Giant SUPERFEX Burner is 7 inches in diameter, the largest oil cook stove burner and the most powerful ever marketed.
Look for the name SUPERFEX on the Gray Burners.

Oil Cook Stoves & Ranges
SUPERFEX *Burners*

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THE STRANGE FLOWER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

"Barella's beau is going to buy the bloomer for her," so the word went around.

Stella McWhood heard the whispers; she looked curiously at the languid invalid in the buggy, then helplessly toward Mayhew, still talking to the Judge. Suddenly the tall, princess-like figure drew itself up. Stella, like one who was finished with an event, marched away from the scene.

Amid the occasional titters of the women and the serene pipe-puffed comments of the men, the groups would, from time to time, curiously inspect the night-blooming flower. The great white disk was for them witchcraft, miraculous; moreover, it had a slightly immoral tinge, an almost unhallowed significance. Also they had a wondering contempt for old Mr. Loogy as one who frittered away his time evolving so useless and so amazing a wonder. "It don't live more than one night," was told in garrulous disapproval. There was ill-concealed contempt for a flower that was so much trouble and caused so much anxiety; to wither after a single night's blooming; of what use was such a flower?

"It's like a bride, ain't it?" asked Loogy. He hobbled this side and that of the flower, his crooked sticks seeming in the moonlight to raise him above it like a spider on four bent supports. "Ain't it like a bride?" the old fellow inquired meaningly of Mayhew. He saw the irritated look on the young face, the baffled expression that had beheld Stella McWhood, head held high, walking rapidly down the moonlit road alone.

But Mayhew only smiled; he followed the old man, speaking in an undertone.

"I'm going now," he explained; there was a sharp note of worry in his voice. "I must hurry, but I'll be back after they go, *for the flower*, I suppose," he questioned, "that you wouldn't be willing to cut it right away?"

Mr. Loogy studied him. "Don't ye come back," the old man said gruffly; "ye ain't *got no real use for this flower*—"

He dropped his voice, "She ain't goin' to have yer."

THE smile died on the young fellow's face. His figure stiffened, but he did not express the hauteur he felt. "'Tis the so flower you'm goin' to get," said Mr. Loogy, trying to joke it off; then he softened. "There, young man, don't take that to heart. I'm an old feller, all wore out; I'm liable to say most anything."

Mayhew stood silent, staring at him.

"There's girls all over," consoled Mr. Loogy, "coming up like dandylions, looking around, taking notice. Stella ain't goin' to have you, boy," reiterated Mr. Loogy. The old graybeard went up in the air as he chewed violently at his friend, the sky. "Them things don't go the way you pick out," complained Mr. Loogy to the sky—"do they? No. They don't; they go for the most part the way it picks out."

Mayhew stood there coldly impatient, yet curious, wanting to know more. "If she wasn't a good girl," observed the old man, "why, then—" he paused, "but you'd come to see different anyway." He cackled with good-natured disrespect. "There's sumpin' more to it," he leered, "then just goin' and choosin' pritty gals to set on the table like they was dishes of cherries."

AT THE impatient step toward him, the ejaculation, the old fellow put out one earth-wizened hand. "Boy," he said solemnly, "boy, I ain't no speechmaker, but I've grafted trees, I've raised orchids, I've sprouted, and I've transplanted. I've cured every kind of blight, and I *know* you can't make *it* come true if it won't come true. Why," said Mr. Loogy, with a comprehensive gesture, "the trees know it, the potatoes knows it, and they ain't one of them blue lilies along the medders but is trying to tell you so all the time. Hey? You can't make it come true if it won't come true." Then his voice suddenly softened, and it was no longer a squalid old man who talked. For the moment it was Intelligence; the same fine Intelligence that speaks through a biologist or a chemist, spoke now wistfully to Mayhew— "And then we ain't very well instructed," said Mr. Loogy gravely, "and there's fences put up." His own troubled and questioning face tried to read that of the younger man's. "Yes, sir, sometimes when it does come true, there's fences put up. Well—" he looked dumbly, and with a pathetic desire to understand, over the barren mystery of his own past existence.

Mayhew thought suddenly of the artificial flower with "perfum'ry" in its heart.

"Stella, she's a good girl," Loogy mused; "she won't never have you any kind of way, and so if I was you I'd get out; there ain't nothin' into it," concluded Mr. Loogy; "there ain't rilly nothin' into it."

Mayhew stood silent. So still was the youth, so indubitably arrested by the enchanter's vision, the authority in what was said, that Mr. Loogy was moved. He coked kindly and sympathetically at the young fellow. "I ain't sayin' it ain't queer," he admitted largely; "I ain't sayin' it ain't *queer*." In the silver darkness the two men stood looking down the road where Stella McWhood had disappeared. To Mayhew it might have been the road of unfulfilment; to Mr. Loogy it must have looked like a long road of mysterious purpose, for he added very gently, as one conveying a priceless secret to another, "Yer see as it was, I ain't never married, myself!"

The groups by the night-blooming cereus were slowly dissolving. Men and women strayed together down the hills or west across fields to scattered farmhouses. Barella Fayber and her mother rolled solemnly home in the cavern-like buggy, and the Judge's automobile snorted along the highway.

Mr. Loogy, returning to a tall dark figure waiting by the mysterious plant, pointed with thumb over shoulder in the direction young Mayhew had taken.

"Well, now he's gone to find out for himself," he said. "Wouldn't believe what I told him—he's *foolish*. Why, he offered me five dollars for this flower to give it to Stella McWhood."

Tanner Pollen silently proffered his own money, and the old man, in a kind of tender hush as one who performs an operation on a beloved unconscious child, severed the stem of the flower.

He held it out to the young farmer. "You're goin' to give it to her to-night!" he asked waggishly. "You'll have to, without it fades on yer, but she'll be shed when you get down there."

It may have been the moonlight that made the curious lambency in Tanner's dark eyes.

"Her mother will take it to her," he said gravely.

"That girl's terrible 'mauger," said old Loogy practically, "but there ain't nothin' the matter with her. She wants more sunlike to wake her up." He looked proudly at his flower, adding, "That's a night-queen you'm takin' to another night-queen. Ain't it? Hey?" He looked curiously at Tanner. "But this here plant has got a lot of buds——"

HIS hand closed respectfully on the bank-note the other gave him. "Well, ye young horse thief," he demanded facetiously, "do ye pick it off the tree?" Mr. Loogy cackled immoderately. It had been a great day for him. He held the folded bill between tobaccoey lips. As he shoved his sticks under his armpits and drew out an old red-leather pocketbook in which he deposited his money, his mind still ran on that other offer that had been made to him for his cereus.

"So that young Mayhew, the city feller, tried to buy it off me for five dollars. He's after Stella, but the girl—well, it ain't likely she'll fall in with him. She's a good girl," added Mr. Loogy with emphasis. The old man, wise as Merlin, knowing the ugly roots and poisonous shoots of country gossip, now pulled up and cleared away what tangle he could. He put the stamp of his seer's judgment, the austerity of his age, on the country girl's character, for through some strange perceptions of his flower-culture he knew what agony must be hers this night of youth and the moon and a man's straightforward offer and self-impelled frustration. "She's a nice girl," he repeated; "it ain't right she should be lonesome. I'd like," said Mr. Loogy suddenly and recklessly, "to see her married to a feller like you; yes, sir, I wouldn't ask nothin' better."

The old man looked wistfully, inquiringly into Tanner's solemn gaze, but the other shook his head.

BY THE stone wall of the country road, in the luminous reaches of country moonlight, they stood staring their punishment, their sense of finality and of the doubt and insecurity that underlay the silver road of youth and love. Then old Loogy, cackling, gave the younger man a push.

"Ah, go on!" he said. "You goin' to stand here all night? That flower will wilt on you if you don't hurry."

He looked after the powerful form towering its blot over the moonlit fields toward the farmhouse where the pale lucency Barella's pane still glimmered.

"It's a strange flower," said Mr. Loogy. He turned and looked down that walled road of unfulfilment to where, hidden in trees, was Stella's home. He pictured the girl staring out upon a lonely world, fighting her virgin fight of truth to the voices within her. "It's a strange flower," he sighed. Mr. Loogy gathered up the treasured plant and with effort staggered with it toward the door. He looked lovingly down upon it.

"My, ain't you got a lot of buds?" he muttered; "ain't you got a lot of buds?"

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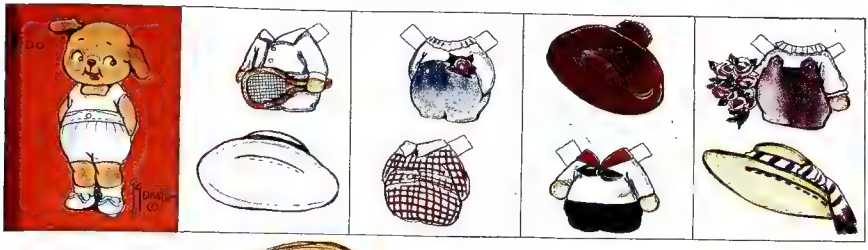
Dolly Dingle, Johnny, and the Story of Fido

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON



FIDO PLAYS TENNIS

went to his and got a bag of HONEY

Then he went to a store and bought a and then he bought some and a BALL

But then when he was all ready to play he had nobody to play with

So he asked to play with him

She got her and away they went Neither of them could hit a Until all of a sudden hit one bang! and it struck right in her

Kitty says she won't play with again was wrong!

LISTEN WHY.

MORAL

Be a sport and take your knocks with a smile!

G.G. DRAYTON ©

DOLLY'S TENNIS COSTUME

DOLLY DINGLE

DOLLY'S HAT CUT ON DOTTED LINE

CUT BASE OF FIGURES AND INSERT STANDS

JOHNNY ON THE JUMP

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BILLIE BURKE, lovelier than ever, has taken a vacation from her screen work, and is gracing the stage this season in a Booth Tarkington comedy, "The Intimate Strangers."

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, favorite of screen fans for her daintiness and ability to make them laugh, is shown above.

JULIA SANDERSON is the pretty heroine of that sprightly musical play "Tangerine," which has been one of the season's biggest successes.

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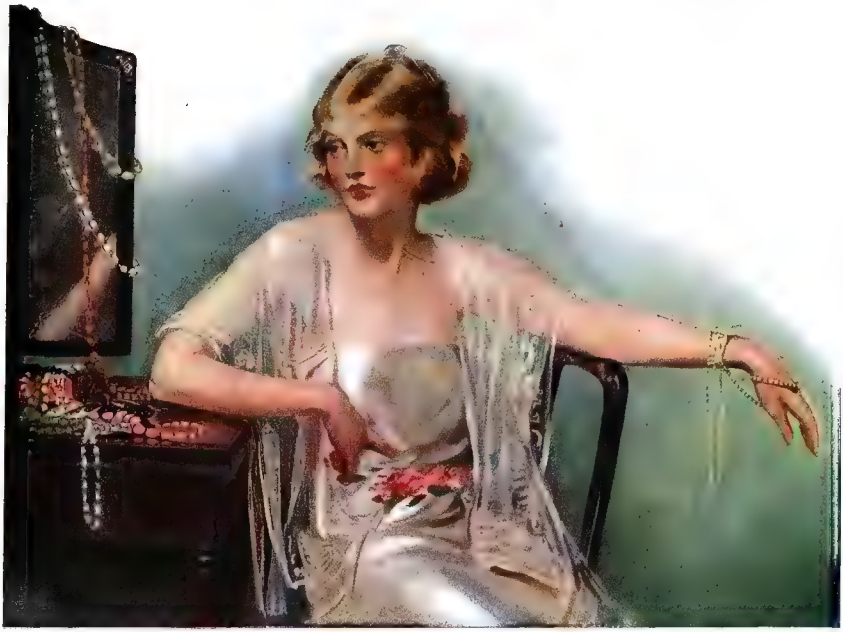

Better than jewels
—that schoolgirl complexion

The girl with a clear, smooth skin, radiant with freshness and natural color, should leave jewels to those less fortunate. The charm of a perfect natural complexion attracts far more than elaborate dress and ornaments.

If your complexion lacks the beauty which women envy and men admire, don't depend on clothes and jewelry to draw attention from its defects.

Every woman can transform her bad complexion into a good one, for alluring freshness and clear color isn't a gift of Nature, but a matter of care.

How to have a perfect skin

No girl need be afflicted with a bad complexion, for improvement is simple and easy. Daily cleansing, gentle but thorough, is the secret. You must use soap, for nothing else will remove the dirt, oil and perspiration which collects in the pores and causes most skin trouble.

Choose Palmolive, because its action is soothing. Harsh soap should never be used for washing the face.

Massage the smooth, creamy lather gently into the skin until it removes all clogging deposits. Don't forget your neck and throat. They are as conspicuous as the face for any lack in beauty.

Careful rinsing leaves the skin stimulated, freshened and free from the accumulation which enlarges the pores, causes blackheads and carries infection.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive Soap is blended from the same bland, soothing oils which adorned the sumptuous marble baths of Egyptians, Greeks and Romans.

But although very expensive, the gigantic volume in which Palmolive is produced keeps the price very low. Users profit by Palmolive popularity. The Palmolive factories, working day and night, and the importation of the rare oils in vast quantities, allow you to enjoy this finest facial soap for the modest price of 10 cents—no more than ordinary soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, TORONTO, ONT.
Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Take a lesson from Cleopatra

With a world of ancient beauty at her command, she depended on cleansing with Palm and Olive oils to protect, improve and preserve the freshness and smoothness of her skin.

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for only

10c

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Nature's Way to Beauty

Authorized Interviews with Miss Julia Sanderson, Monsieur Victor Vivaudou, Mrs. M. G. Scott and the makers of Mineralava Beauty Clay.

BY A. JAMIESON KARR

AMID all the tuneful musical triumphs which, season by season, sing and dance themselves into the hearts of Broadway, there is always one of a charm quite its own—a musical comedy starring Julia Sanderson. Julia Sanderson spells success. Her charm, her daintiness, her grace have been at the heart of a score of hits. *Tangerine*, sensation of the present New York season, is but another proof of the fascination of Miss Sanderson. She draws to her the admiration of the stage world with two unfailing magnets—personality and beauty. She enjoys the power of personality, and she exerts the lure of beauty. Miss Sanderson unquestionably has the gift of beauty—more, she knows the secret of *keeping* beauty.

Has Beauty a Secret?

There *are* beauty secrets.

But not *all* the secrets of beauty are secrets. Just as men and women have discovered many of the mysteries of life, explorers into the boundless, elusive realms of beauty have made *their* discoveries. Today every woman knows that skin beauty is not put on from the outside. It is built up from the inside.

Today you know that you *can have* a clear, radiant skin—a skin as soft as the skin of childhood—as firm and full as in the first flush of maidenhood. The secret of *what* must be done to achieve skin beauty, the nourishing of its foundation, is known.

This is not the secret.

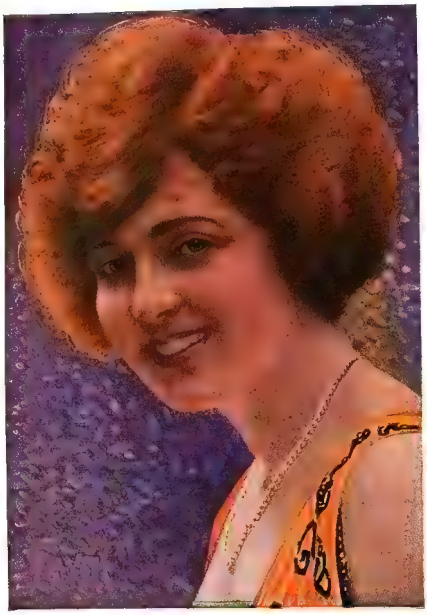
The One Secret Discovered

The real secret of skin beauty lies in *how to reach* the hidden tissues—how to make them vivid, glowing, pulsing with life—vibrant with vitality. How to put beneath the skin the life, the circulation, the flexibility that will invigorate, color, and soften the skin itself. This is the secret of skin beauty.

And it has been *discovered*.

For over twenty years the leaders of society and the beauties of stage and screen have found in exclusive beauty parlors the treatment for face and neck which, as quietly and as magically as Nature herself, creates the skin, the complexion, the contour of health and youth.

And this secret is now offered every woman. It is the long tested and already famous Mineralava Beauty Clay.



MISS JULIA SANDERSON NOW STARRING IN BROADWAY'S BIG SUCCESS TANGERINE
"I find that the Mineralava Treatment is indeed Nature's Way to Beauty. My complexion is blooming and my contour firm. Wrinkles have been resisted to a remarkable degree by a firm skin, which is soft and free from blemishes, despite constant use of grease paint.
"I use the Beauty Clay twice a week, and the delightful Face Finish all the time. Both are wonderful! I think both old and young should use Mineralava regularly." Julia Sanderson
New York, March 15, 1922.

For Long the Secret Treatment of the Ultra-Exclusive Few

Twenty-three years ago Mrs. M. G. Scott, famous beauty specialist, introduced Mineralava in her shop. Five, ten, and in some cases as much as twenty dollars was paid for single treatments; for Mineralava, the greatest discovery of the beauty world, was found to *hold the secret of Nature's* way to beauty.

Through Mineralava Beauty Clay and Mineralava Face Finish—the woman of society found that a beautiful skin could be made a reality for every woman—a skin more than a picture of beauty—a skin of beauty itself!

Today Offered All Women

A year ago through the organization and activities of Monsieur Victor Vivaudou (magic name in the world of cosmetics, face lotions, and perfumery) Mineralava Beauty Clay was introduced in the open market for use at home by any woman—at a cost of less than 20c. the treatment.

This famous Parisian Perfumer, maitre of aromatics, after years of exhaustive tests and after bringing to bear upon the subject an intimate, lifelong knowledge of epidermal science, realized that Mineralava was the long-craved beauty secret of all women—a cure of the complexion, natural, convenient, harmless, and inevitably successful.

Once Monsieur V. Vivaudou recognized that Mineralava was the one perfect treatment for the complexion, he bent every resource of his vast organization to its quick and economical distribution. The result is that Mineralava Beauty Clay, per bottle containing eighteen treatments, costs but $2.00; and Mineralava Face Finish, just as important to the treatment as the Beauty Clay, as used after and between applications, costs but $1.50.

Eighteen applications (for which a brush is included in the outfit) cost but $3.50.

The Miraculous Story of Mineralava

Let Monsieur V. Vivaudou, in his own words, tell you the miraculous story of Mineralava:

"The Mineralava Treatment", says Monsieur V. Vivaudou, "is not in any sense a cosmetic, for the color it immediately imparts is natural. It does not *cover* imperfections—*it removes* them. Mineralava Beauty Clay, when used regularly with Mineralava Face Finish, will actually build underlying muscles and tissues into a healthful and youthful firmness, which altogether dispels wrinkles and flabbiness.

"I personally guarantee these results to readers of *Pictorial Review* if they will continue the full 18 treatments that one Mineralava set contains.

"Before I decided to fully endorse Mineralava, I required that the name of each purchaser of Mineralava be kept over a period of three months. I wanted to gauge the usual percentage of returns under the manufacturer's guarantee of refund. I found that 67% of those who originally purchased the full Mineralava treatment did come back —*for their second bottles!* There were *no* returns."

Experience of Other Women

And when you make your test of Mineralava you can remember that tens of thousands of women throughout the principal cities of America have, throughout the last year, found their answer to the Secret of beauty in this treatment. The production of the bottled Mineralava Beauty Clay and Mineralava Face Finish has barely kept pace with the demand. Sixty-seven percent of these overwhelming sales have been traced direct to women who have tried the full treatment before, showing how inevitably these women have become regular users.

Warning

There is in this success a warning the manufacturers urge every woman to heed. Mineralava is successful because it is effective, as proved for twenty-three years in the most exclusive beauty shops; it is successful because it has proved safe for the most delicate skin; it is successful because it has the endorsement of the experts of more than 15,000 of the largest Department and Drug Stores of the country. And, because Mineralava *is* successful, it will be *imitated*.

Anyone may imitate Mineralava. No one can duplicate it. The genuine is your only protection.

Whatever exaggerated claims she may read, every thoughtful woman knows that Beauty does not grow over night. Nature does not jump. She cannot be forced. Mineralava achieves its results in the natural way of Nature.

After the first application of Mineralava you will *feel* that it can give you the beauty it promises. You will recognize your immediate improved appearance as a wonderful first step in a sure growth to beauty. With each subsequent application you can watch this improvement. Mineralava is indeed Nature's Way to Beauty. The progress of the Mineralava Treatment is safe; it is sure; it is steady; it is *lasting*.

The Gospel of Natural Beauty

Of interest to every woman are the beauty-secret discoveries of Mrs. Scott and the path along which they led to the great discovery of Mineralava.

It was not the ravages of Time which Mrs. Scott found to be stealing away the beauty of the modern woman. The famous beauty expert found that age has far less to do with beauty than is generally supposed. It was the wear and tear of modern life—the worrisome haste, the late hours, the strain—which was tiring and devitalizing the hidden foundations of the skin, tracing the wrinkles, dulling the bloom, breaking down the clean-chiselled lines of youth and the no less beautiful, full lines of maturity.

With this knowledge as a starting point Mrs. Scott discovered and perfected Mineralava, the modern way to assist Nature in preserving and restoring the natural beauty which is every woman's birthright—the natural beauty which every woman *can have*.

The gospel of natural beauty Mrs. Scott makes free to

NOTE:—Tear out this Reminder Coupon and present it at *your* Drug or Department Store. The following is a message to them:—

Dear Friend: You are hereby authorized to sell the bearer of this coupon a complete set of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish, with the distinct understanding that it will give your patron absolutely satisfactory results or you will refund the purchase price without question.

SCOTT'S PREPARATIONS, Inc.

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all women in these words: "Do not try to cover a complexion you are not proud of. Make-up never looks natural on a poor skin. It will not build up your muscles and tissues. Powders, creams, cosmetics all have their uses, but no one claims they help Nature function.

"Blood circulation is the one difference Nature knows between Beauty (fresh, glowing, youthful beauty) and the face that has sagged into pouches and wrinkles, sallowness and blemishes.

"Don't run the risk of damaging your youthful beauty through inexpert or unscientific massage. Covering delicate skin and tissue with hot water and steam may very well cause serious injury. Mineralava Beauty Clay contains all cleansing properties—it really cleanses—and, then, has precisely the opposite effect to massage. Mineralava *builds up* the muscles and tissues to fullness and firmness. It is Nature's way to beauty."

"Every word of this is true," says Dr. Geo. C. Watson, eminent New York skin specialist. "Massage often 'drags' delicate muscles and tissues, makes the flesh incline to flabbiness instead of firmness, tends to cause relaxation in the connective tissue bands, and is fraught with danger—especially when long continued. Massage has its place, but its place is not in the boudoir of the woman concerned about her beauty."

The Universal Agreement

So.

The agreement is universal.

It is the muscles and tissues that underlie your skin, that are the secret of beauty. These muscles begin to lose their strength and vitality the moment blood circulation becomes weak. They shrink. The skin, naturally, loosens and wrinkles. Build up these muscles and tissues; restore their circulation; and your contour again becomes youthful, your skin smooth and colorful.

Mineralava is the handmaiden of Nature.

The Mineralava Treatment

The Mineralava treatment—Mineralava Beauty Clay, Cold Water (Nature's invigorant and life giver), and Mineralava Face Finish, aids Nature in her work by stimulating the flow of vitalizing blood to the tired, weakened tissues. Blood is Nature's way of giving life—feeding tissues, cleansing the system, coloring the cheeks, resisting the creases and wrinkles, and building full, firm, fresh skin. It is active, pulsing circulation which keeps the pores of the skin free and functioning.

Your skin is *washed* from the *outside*, but it is *cleansed* from the *inside*. It is the tiny glands beneath, stimulated with vigorous blood action, which keep your skin fresh. Blood circulation—Nature's beauty secret—is yours instantly with Mineralava.

Blood circulation—we repeat, for it is the most definitely important discovery for woman in all the years of her search for beauty—blood circulation is the immediate possession of the user of Mineralava.

The Mineralava Sensation

The sensation of a real Mineralava Treatment is unlike anything you have ever experienced. You do not wait for promises of beauty to come true. *You feel beauty coming!* Each tingling nerve tells you of quickened circulation—freshened tissues—vitalized muscles—natural color. Do not be startled or surprised at the physical sensation following an application of Mineralava. It is a *natural* result. It is entirely safe. It is proof of the efficacy of Mineralava.

One Mineralava Treatment will convince you what Nature can do for you. If you continue, twice a week, with the 18 treatments contained in one bottle, you can see a natural beauty growing, a beauty that does not fade between times, but deepens and lasts and becomes permanent possession.

The treatment is simple, convenient, harmless.

Apply the Mineralava Beauty Clay to the face, daintily, with a brush. It dries into a fragrant, moulding mask within twelve minutes. Immediately, after the mask is washed away with warm water, followed by a liberal application of cold, you feel the result of restored circulation; you see the result in a fresh natural color, which lingers for hours.

After the pores of the skin are thus perfectly cleansed, apply Mineralava Face Finish, a necessary skin food and tonic. The Face Finish is a soft, colorless, fragrant liquid with remarkable nourishing and protective qualities. It is applied without grease, muss or stickiness, and vanishes immediately. In addition to its nourishing and protective qualities, Mineralava Face Finish acts to impart that creamy whiteness to the complexion—the pride of so many beautiful women. Use it liberally. Use it frequently. Moreover, Mineralava Face Finish acts as a perfect base for powder, and should be used constantly after and between applications of Mineralava Beauty Clay. Powder applied afterward adheres lightly to the skin; remains for a long period of time; and never cakes, as is so often the case with thicker bases.

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM VICTOR VIVAUDOU

"Mineralava meets with *every* modern complexion need. I urge you to read these two pages and be convinced what Mineralava will do for you. Order a complete set from your dealer—this is my message to *Pictorial* readers—test it as I did. And remember your money is returned if not satisfied."

V. Vivaudou

President, V. Vivaudou, Inc.

World-famous makers of Mavis, Maid'Or talcum powders and perfumes

Authoritative Approbation

Testimonials to Mineralava have come unsolicited from the leading Drug and Department Stores of the entire country. The addresses of any of these in your own vicinity will be gladly sent you.

Popular With Footlight Favorites

Countless actresses of stage and screen have testified to the merits of Mineralava. Among the many interesting letters received are these from:

Miss Julia Sanderson

"I find that the Mineralava Treatment is indeed Nature's Way to Beauty. My complexion is blooming and my contour firm. Wrinkles and blemishes have been resisted to a remarkable degree, despite constant use of grease paint. I use the Beauty Clay twice a week and the delightful Face Finish all the time. Both are wonderful."

Miss Georgette Cohan

"Nothing but Mineralava insures *both* a flawless, satiny skin and an absence of wrinkles and flabbiness," says this actress now starring with her father George M. Cohan in Broadway's latest success, *Madeleine and the Movies*.

Miss Kathlene Martyn

"In the spotlight every complexion flaw and tiny line of fatigue is searched out," confesses this popular member of *Sally*. "I continually use Mineralava to insure against flaws and to refresh my skin so lines cannot appear. It is truly wonderful!"

Miss Zitelka Dolores

"I won the Follies Beauty Contests three times, and am convinced it was because I continually used Mineralava," says this popular stage beauty. "This wonderful Beauty Clay stimulates the blood—preserving the complexion and contour—without any of the dangers of unskillful massage."

Miss Irene Franklin

"The firm and youthful profile is as important on the stage as a good complexion," most truthfully states this stage headliner. "Both are secured by the continued use of Mineralava, which I find dainty and delightful for home use."

Lack of space prevents note of thousands of other endorsements.

In the Home

But Mineralava is not a stage specialty. It is in the home where it is supremely successful. Read this personal experience of a mother of four children: "My six-year old daughter has been in the hospital for two weeks. My time was divided night and day. I was worn and tired. My looking glass told the story. I remembered the Mineralava Beauty Clay advertising and bought a complete set at my drug store. After the first application my worn lines disappeared and I felt as much refreshed as if I had slept 24 hours. Now I use Mineralava Beauty Clay three times a week and the Face Finish twice a day. The results are better than your company promised."

Mineralava Guarantee

You, the readers of *Pictorial Review*, know that the publisher of today accepts advertising only from concerns in whom he has confidence for products which he believes to be reliable. The manufacturers of Mineralava guarantee that your money will be cheerfully refunded in full if results are not entirely satisfactory. Therefore you may buy and use a complete set of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish without any risk whatever because the dealer will refund your money if you are not absolutely satisfied.

A. JAMIESON KARR

* * * *

Manufacturer's Note:

It would seem that every reader of *Pictorial Review* interested in her beauty after reading and knowing the experience of Miss Julia Sanderson, Monsieur Vivaudou and Mrs. Scott as shown in above article would order a complete Mineralava set and would want to try Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish at once. Thousands of women have used Mineralava successfully and profitably during the past 23 years. Therefore, it is not a new preparation. You take no risk, whatever.

If you are one of those who are interested, order a set at once and try it as per directions—with the distinct understanding and agreement that satisfactory results will be obtained as we say, or the purchase price will be cheerfully refunded.

The coupons at the bottom are for your convenience. The coupon on the opposite page will serve as a reminder to order Mineralava from your dealer; or, if he does not have a supply at the moment, the coupon on this page, mailed to us, will bring you your set, C.O.D. through your dealer, immediately.

* * * *

We do not, under any circumstances, conduct a mail order business. We believe the readers of *Pictorial Review* prefer to buy Mineralava at home from dependable and responsible Drug and Department Stores—at their convenience.

Our best friends are the efficient and capable clerks behind the counters of reputable stores. They know and recommend Mineralava Beauty Clay and Mineralava Face Finish to their most exacting customers.

You are to be the judge. *You* must be satisfied. *You* must make the trial, and if you use Mineralava as Miss Julia Sanderson does, as shown by her letter, you will be as enthusiastic as she is. Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish *will* satisfy you, or your money will be refunded. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 10 East 38th Street, New York.

Mail This Coupon Today

SCOTT'S PREPARATIONS, INC.
10 EAST 38 STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Please deliver to me, C.O.D. through dealer, name below, a complete set of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish under your guarantee. I agree to pay the small purchase price, $3.50, with the understanding that if the results are not as stated above the dealer will refund the price.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

My Dealer's Name is: .....

Mineralava

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

Distributor

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The rug on the porch is *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug No. 381. In the 6x9 ft. size the price is only $8.10

Indoors and Out these Rugs are a Joy

"Nothing like Congoleum Rugs for summer-time. They're so easy to keep clean and nothing seems to harm them."

On the porch or indoors—*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs are surely the ideal summer floor-covering. Their cool, cheery patterns add charm to the seashore cottage, bungalow and mountain camp, and besides they are low-priced and extremely practical. They hug the floor tightly without fastening of any kind, never ruffle or turn up at edges or corners.

Water doesn't hurt them. The sun doesn't fade them. No need to roll them up when rain threatens. And they are so easy to clean—it's done in a jiffy with a damp mop.

Truly for the summer home there is no floor-covering so satisfying and economical as *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs.

Note the Very Low Prices

6 x 9	feet	$8.10	The rugs illustrated are made only in the four large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½ x 3	feet	$ .50
7½ x 9	feet	10.10		3 x 3	feet	1.00
9 x 10½	feet	14.15		3 x 4½	feet	1.50
9 x 12	feet	16.20		3 x 6	feet	2.00

Owing to freight rates, prices west of Mississippi and in Canada are higher.

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," an interesting illustrated booklet showing all the patterns, will be sent free upon request.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Chicago Boston San Francisco Dallas
Minneapolis Atlanta Kansas City Pittsburgh Montreal

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

This Gold Seal Is Your Protection Against Imitations

When you go to buy a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug, be sure you get it. Insist that the rug you buy bears a Gold Seal similar to the one shown here. Genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs and by-the-yard Floor-Covering are absolutely guaranteed by the Gold-Seal Pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

This same Gold-Seal, in a larger size, identifies the dealer who sells genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs and Floor-Coverings. Don't fail to look for it.

Above is Gold-Seal Rug No. 518—a gorgeous floral motif of red and blue.

Below is Gold-Seal Rug No. 512—an artistic red and blue Chinese design.

Above is Gold-Seal Rug No 321—a fascinating pattern of tan and red.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

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THE TEA-ROOM OF YOUR DREAMS: MAKE IT COME TRUE

First Learn the Rules from One Who Knows Them

BY MARGARET H. HAGGART

DRAWINGS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE

OH, YES! Mother has her home and a little insurance—three thousand, to be exact. She says she will never be satisfied at her age to simply live with one of her married children. So we are trying to persuade her to open a tea-room. That is such *nice* work: one meets so many people and there is said to be a load of money in it."

As an intimate friend of the family I listened while the daughter talked on of the exclusiveness of such a business, its adaptation to the needs of a woman wishing to invest a small capital, and the unlimited amount of money to be gained. How glibly one may speak of what one knows nothing!

Too many women are attracted by the daintiness and quality of the food served in a tea-house, the quiet of the room and the restful color-scheme, but fail to remember that there must be a hot kitchen behind the scenes with many tasks to do and unlimited problems. Any woman wishing to go into this business should first visit tea-rooms, cafés, restaurants, and cafeterias to study first-hand how food is handled.

The most important decision the would-be manager has to make is the amount of capital she is going to invest. It is unwise to invest all her money, as it may be several months before she can do more than break even, and money will be needed to buy supplies in quantity, which may not be turned back as money for several months.

A tea-room seating thirty may be furnished for between five and six hundred dollars. The amount of money which may be spent is limitless, but the best policy is to begin in a small way. When a small place is crowded there is a much better psychological impression of success than when a large place is only half filled. It is well, however, to have rooms which may afford additional seating capacity. The location is a suitable building, house, or rooms is most important. It ought to be easy of access (opening on the street is preferable), and it ought to be in a busy part of town, as in a shopping or theater district. The rent or lease should be low enough not to eat up all the profits or prohibit a reasonable price for food.

The Overhead Expense

THE next important consideration is overhead expense. This is Greek to most women. Here are the various sources of expense which go to make up what is known as overhead:

1. Rent or lease of place of business. 2. Lights. 3. Fuel, as wood, coal, gas. 4. Water. 5. Laundry. 6. Telephone. 7. Ice. 8. Salaries. 9. Board of help, including manager. 10. Interest on investment. 11. Depreciation on equipment. 12. Incidental and unlooked-for expense.

The manager can only estimate her overhead until the end of the first month. Any woman in business ought to be able to read gas, electric, and water meters. The companies will gladly teach her if she does not know how; then she can compute her daily or weekly expense of these items. Rent, telephone, salaries, and board may have monthly amounts, which, divided by the number of serving-days, will determine the daily expense.

If you invest six hundred dollars on equipment for such a tea-room your interest on it yearly at three per cent. is eighteen dollars, or, counting three hundred business days to the year, six cents a day. Depreciation is a big item in the overhead, as utensils will wear out and dishes will break. Twenty-five per cent. is usually allowed, making one hundred and fifty dollars per year, or fifty cents a day.

The salaries of the workers must include that of the manager, tho she had better compute hers at first at the same rate that she would get as an inexperienced worker. For a tea-room seating between thirty and forty persons, a cook, general helper, and waitress are necessary.

At first the manager may wait on the tables and hire a special waitress by the hour. In fact, nothing eats up money like the salaries of workers with nothing to do. Then, too, these workers must be fed, and their board forms a part of the overhead. It is well to have some supervision over the helpers' meals, as in many places the kind of food and the quantity are limited. Board is only estimated on raw food costs. A stated sum, as sixty-five cents for three meals, is a fair amount. In any business there are many expenses which must be listed as incidentals, as leaking faucets, mending of utensils, etc.

Like the old recipe, "First catch your hare," to be successful the tea-room must catch the patrons. As soon as the location is selected and the plans made, it is well to begin to advertise. The newspapers are often willing to give a write-up of any new business to be opened in the city, provided you give a paid advertisement. The newspaper advertising costs money and soon counts up. The manager must not wait for the newspaper to find her out, but oftentimes she must go direct to a newspaper office and make her wants known. Paid newspaper advertising must be run about the time of opening. A card attractive in design and coloring may be mailed in an envelop to prominent women of the town. If it is possible to have some one entertain at the rooms the opening day, a write-up in the society column will go far to spread the news of the tea-room. Motion-pictures are one of the best and cheapest ways of advertising. This is also true of street-car advertisements. Good food tastily and attractively served is, after all, the key-note of its publicity; a satisfied patron is the tea-room's best advertiser.

Use a Soft Color-Scheme

IN FURNISHING the tea-room Colonial yellow, French gray, and ivory-white are the most satisfactory colors for a background either in wall-paper or paint, since such neutral tints stand the test of every-day living better than a more pronounced color-scheme. Hangings and curtains may add the touch of color. The warm tone in Winter may be had by using yellow, red, or orange in pottery, flowers, lamp-shades, and a cushion or two. The coolness of the room may be emphasized in Summer by the use of green and blue.

Bare floors are preferable in a tea-room, using runners between doors. They are easier to clean and more sanitary. If the floors are not hardwood the problem of a finish comes up, but with the many valuable aids any paint-house now furnishes and the excellent linoleum coverings available it becomes only a matter for investigation. All bare floors need care, and if they are used a great deal some refinishing is often necessary in a few months.

Cluttering a room with many articles of decorative value is to be avoided. After all, it is the home atmosphere you must seek to put into the tea-room. Tables and chairs are the essential furniture. The chairs must be comfortable, having the seats of convenient height and of sufficient width. Above all, they should not tip over easily nor be too heavy to move about conveniently.

Tables for two are very popular, but tables for four are less expensive from the standpoint of original expense and the necessary table-furnishings. The larger table gives a greater seating capacity in the same floor-space.

It is best to make a floor-plan on paper and fit in tables cut from paper. These of course should be done according to scale. For a table three feet by three feet, seating four, the least floor-space which can be allowed is two feet on each side of the table. Thus a table three feet square needs a space seven feet square.

Other furniture in the dining-rooms will be coat-racks for holding wraps, serving-tables for trays and extra dishes, and a comfortable settee or chairs near the door where patrons may wait.

In selecting dishes choose tableware with a hard glaze, as the cracks in soft glazed china darken very quickly. Tableware made for hotels is preferable, and many beautiful designs in the lighter-weight ware may be purchased. The design should fit in with the general scheme of decoration, but should not be so pronounced as to detract from the service of food.

Exquisite patterns are now to be had in plated silverware and special heavy weights in flat silver are available for tea-house use. Dainty patterns detract much to the table service, but thin glasses are not durable enough for hard usage. It is best to avoid all extreme in shapes or designs in dishes, silver, and glass and to buy only the amount required for initial equipment. The kind of table-linen for the tea-room will be determined by the cost. Doilies may be substituted for table-cloths. Even dainty paper doilies and heavy crêpe-paper napkins are often used. The important point is to maintain dainty, clean tables.

The kitchen must be conveniently arranged to conserve the strength of the workers and to expedite service. A serving-pantry is desirable for the salads, sandwiches, and cold desserts may be served. Rent and available space may prohibit this convenience. If so, the kitchen must be arranged conveniently to be the workshop for the preparation of all food. Arrange one table for the preparation of hot foods near the range and sink, and have the table for cold foods as far away as possible

A dish-washing unit is very necessary. An arrangement for receiving soiled dishes near one door to the dining-room, with a place to wash and store dishes near by, is preferable. To insure against heavy loss by breakage, ample space must be provided for soiled dishes. This may be used only in emergency. Tables may have a wide shelf built over one-third of the top to increase table-space.

The range may be for either coal, gas, or electricity, according to the cost and availability. If coal is used, there ought to be some means of heating foods quickly, such as by a gas- or an oil-stove. A six-holed range and a two-burner gas- or oil-stove will give enough cooking-surface. Steam-cookers to be used on the range are desirable kitchen equipment, as they increase cooking-surface and keep foods hot during time of serving. A pressure-cooker is indispensable for hurry-up orders.

The refrigerator is as important as the range. It ought to be lined with some non-absorbent material, and have separate compartments for milk, eggs, fruit, vegetables, meats, and cooked foods. It is poor business not to buy a large refrigerator, as it enables one to buy in larger quantities as well as saves foods already cooked. Large quantities of ice are cheaper and more economical.

How to Buy Supplies

UNLESS one lives in a very remote city, equipment can be purchased through hotel-supply houses in a week. A careful study of catalogs from some hotel-furnishing house will be not only an eye-opener but a money-saver to any tea-room manager.

To buy or not to buy is a daily problem. Staples such as sugar and bread and pastry flour are best purchased in one-hundred-pound lots, as this quantity admits of storage in one-hundred-pound lard-cans. Butter and eggs may be purchased from week to week, tho eggs are much cheaper if stored in Summer for Winter use. (A cold-storage room or space may be rented in some cities.) Fresh fruits and vegetables may be purchased daily or several times a week. Meats also may be bought in the same way. This will necessitate frequent trips to market, but it serves well in enabling the manager to know the stock.

A tea-room must have a reserve supply of canned goods, not only for daily use, but to meet emergencies. For exclusive trade a very good quality is necessary, tho the grade labeled "fancy" is too expensive for all the difference between it and a regular first grade. Sometimes a second grade may be used, as peas for creamed pea soup. Canned goods differ greatly even among the so-called first grades, and experience in trying out different brands should determine the manager's basis of selection. Often the same-size can will contain a larger number of slices of pineapple or halves of peaches. After trade is well established it is advantageous to buy the No. 10 size of fruits and vegetables, but in the beginning the smaller size gives less waste.

Unless you have ample room for storage, it is better to buy in five- and ten-pound lots, since buying in quantity takes capital and involves the risk of a change in price as well as loss from improper storage.

Whether to buy wholesale or from a local grocer, who gives a discount, is another problem. The wholesale prices are usually lower, but freight and drayage must be reckoned in the original cost. Only by careful comparison of both wholesale and retail prices can the question of where to buy be settled

What Prices to Charge

SELLING the goods is the next problem. What shall be charged for a slice, a stick, or a piece of pie? To determine the selling price it is advisable to compute the cost of raw materials. Take, for example, apple pie:

1½ cupful of flour at 4½ cents a pound	$.0173
1/3 cupful of fat at 32 cents a pound	.0356
4 apples at 3 cents a pound . . .	.08
1 teaspoonful of butter at 48 cents a pound.	.005
Seasonings	.00
	$.1391

The cost of a pie, exclusive of seasonings, is about fourteen cents. The size often will permit six pieces to be cut. Computing the original cost as one-quarter of the selling price, the cut pie would bring fifty-six cents. This would make the pie sell at nine cents a cut, but the price in odd cents is not used in the tea-room, so ten cents would be the price charged.

This may or may not seem exorbitant at first thought, but there is a certain percentage of the overhead to be met, in addition to the cost of the raw materials, so in the end the pie (if none is left over) barely nets a twenty per cent. profit to the tea-room. If a certain food is high and there is need of it to introduce variety to the menu, it is sometimes good business to compute the buying price as only one-third of the selling. No greater fractional value than one-third ought to be used in setting a selling price if one is to make a fair profit.

A la carte menus are perhaps more popular than those of set meals, but they require a larger supply of food to be kept on hand. Most tea-rooms use both kinds of menus at the same time. The manager needs to keep a watchful eye on the store-room even if she is sure of her help. All goods should be checked on receipt, and any mistakes rectified by getting in touch at once with the business house.

Nearly all firms discount bills if paid within a certain time. All receipts and expenditures should be carefully set down each day in a book kept for that purpose. All bills are better paid by check, as this is a receipt in itself. The filing of all receipted bills is an important part of the business. Small sums may be paid in cash, but unless each amount is written down at once a leak in the business may result.

At the end of any day or week a detailed statement of the amount of food used, together with the average overhead expense for the same time, will give a total of expenditure. Subtracting it from the income for the same time will give the net profit. It is well to make this statement at least once a week until business is firmly established. The manager will be fortunate if at the end of the first month she doesn't have to draw on her bank-account to make up the difference between her receipts and overhead plus food costs. As patronage increases and she finds the leaks in overhead, as the too many lights left on, wasted food, and idle workers, she will soon show a good balance.

REMEMBER · YOUR VERY BEST ADVERTISEMENT IS A PLEASED PATRON

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Can lovely hair *alone* give charm?

EVERY once in a while you meet a girl who is so lovely—so charming—so different from all the others, that she is fascinating to both men and women alike.

That girl has learned the real secret of charm. She knows that no matter how beautiful the face—no matter how perfect the figure, it is the hair that holds the real secret of loveliness.

And now every woman can have beautifully arranged, soft, fluffy hair. Even though your hair is straight, dull, lifeless, or worst of all full of dandruff, there is a treatment which will make you truly lovely.

This treatment, discovered by a hairdresser, you can use in your own home.

The hairdresser's treatment

You will be surprised to see how quickly you begin to get results—how light and silky and full of life your hair becomes—how easy it will be to arrange it. Just follow these simple directions:

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo) and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for three complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, for enough Wildroot Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo) to give you three complete treatments.

Or you can get Wildroot products at any good drug and department store, hairdresser or barber with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic *and* Liquid Shampoo

Wildroot Liquid Shampoo comes in two forms. If you prefer a shampoo with a tar and crude oil base, ask for Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. Or if you prefer a cocoanut oil base, ask for Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

Wildroot Co., Inc., Dept. R6, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me travelers' size bottles of the following. I enclose 10 cents for each bottle marked; (Check the ones that you want sent you):
☐ Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo
☐ Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
☐ Wildroot Hair Tonic
Name .....
Address .....
Druggist's Name .....
Druggist's Address .....

A SPOOL-PARTY MAKES MONEY

BY ADA LORRAINE JEX

A SPOOL-PARTY is the jolliest idea for an entertainment, and it seems so appropriate as a means of raising money for the church or the sewing-circle. Surely the willing workers who have spent so many hours machine-stitching or sewing by hand deserve to have some fun with the empty spools!

Our invitations read like this:

There are parties of all kinds
To suit many different minds—
Thimble-parties—cards galore!
But if you want one really new
Come to ours at half past two!
You'll like parties—even if you
never have before!

TICKETS FIFTY CENTS

Our artistic member made posters announcing the event. At the top of each poster several painted spools appeared as funny little human figures, dancing.

When the guests arrived each one was given a string necklace with an empty spool dangling from it. The spools were plainly marked with numbers. The receiver of the necklace was told to take as partner the one who were the same numeral. After finding each other the partners were expected to report at the desk. There they were given a small basket and told to hunt spools.

After ten minutes' search in every conceivable place in the room, a whistle was blown, and two small work-bags were given to the partners who between them had found the greatest number of spools.

As the hunt had taken a considerable amount of energy, the next game on the program was a sitting-down one. The players were invited to take seats. While they were doing so, big trays of empty spools, paints, glue, pieces of cardboard, wooden meat-skewers, and thumb-tacks were brought in. The guests were then told to use their imaginations and to make anything they liked out of the objects before them.

"A bonfire," wailed one pretty girl, and everybody laughed. But at the end of twenty minutes, when the whistle again blew, many and varied were the things created. There was quite a little laughing discussion as to who should win the prize—half a dozen spools of cotton in a pretty box. Finally it was awarded to the maker of a toy wagon whose spool wheels undoubtedly bore it to victory in their evolutions.

Stringing Necklaces

THEN while the guests were still seated they were told to take off their necklaces and add to the spool ornament as many more spools as the string would contain. A funny little wooden figure with a spool of cotton attached was given to the person whose string was filled soonest.

After that a chalk-line was marked at a distance of six feet from a round cardboard hat-box which stood on the floor. The cover was left on and a hole cut in this. The person who threw the greatest number of spools in the opening won.

The next stunt was one of the liveliest, and it was played to the accompaniment of shrieks of laughter.

Tubs of water were brought in. Several dozen empty spools nodded and bobbed about like little boats on the tranquil waters. Each person was given a stick with a line and a bent pin or hook on the end of it and told to go fishing. (If a pin is used it must be bent at a particular angle, otherwise the spool is too heavy to stay on.) There were many "nibbles," but the actual landing was no easy matter. Numbers were marked on the spools in red or black paint, but altho many questions were asked regarding these, no one knew—altho some may have suspected—that these numbers represented the weight of the fish. So that when the game was up the prize was given not to the person who had caught the greatest number of fish, but to the one whose catch totaled the largest number of pounds!

Fishing was followed by a few moments' rest, during which time the baskets were collected.

Presently they were brought back, each one filled with refreshments which had been prepared in advance and carefully wrapped in oiled paper and a paper napkin, so that slipping the parcel into the basket required only a moment's time. Two or three sandwiches, a piece of cake, and a few olives and nuts proved satisfactory to everybody—especially as coffee in paper containers was served at the same time. And the best part of it was there were no dishes to be washed later. Each guest was told to take the basket home as a souvenir.

do you want to know how to BUDget your INCOME?

do you really want to save Money? (cash in bank)

U.S. Pat. Off., Reg. Serial No. 159160

Here's Your First Aid to SAVING:

This IS a PLAN not merely a book—it's an aid to Saving, a Silent Partner—it's the friend in need who has that $5 or $10 when you don't know where to turn for it.

—Your Silent PARTNER:

Where can you go to borrow five or ten dollars if you need it? To some friend, or draw ahead on your salary? Wouldn't it be fine if you had a silent partner of your own from whom you could borrow whenever you felt like it, or who was always on hand to say "Here's five dollars," when you needed it?

Well, that's exactly what this budget Plan is. It's an aid to independence for everyone; it's a friend when you need it. It's an aid to the saving of your money; it helps you have the money to buy better quality things which will wear longer and last longer and give you more service for your money.

There is nothing that takes the place of this, your silent partner, whether you be a salaried employee, a piece worker, or a housewife whose income comes from her husband, or the husband himself.

No matter where your income is from, it's a first aid to personal independence and to having something to show for your work.

The sooner you get yours—the sooner you'll enjoy its help—and HAVE something to show for your year's work.

Sold by booksellers, druggists and Dept. stores everywhere—or—if you can't get it readily from your favorite dealer—send his name and $1.00 and we'll send it postpaid.

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BUDGET YOUR CANNING

The Latest Way to Insure the Right Family Diet

BY MARIE SELLERS

WE'VE budgeted our time, our food, our household expenses, and now we are about to budget the number of jars and cans of food needed on the pantry-shelf! Whether the housewife buys her canned goods at the corner grocery or puts them up in her own home kitchen, a long look ahead at the year's menus will show her about how many cans will be needed to give the proper balance to the family meals as the months of fresh things come and go.

As up-to-date housekeepers are realizing the importance of vegetables and fruits in the diet the whole year around, they are beginning to think of canned products in terms of better health rather than just as a saving of the garden surplus at the time of greatest production. We are all familiar with the slogan of the Government canning experts, "A can of fruit, a can of vegetables for every family for every day in the year"; but how many homes can boast of a sufficient supply of canned products at the end of the Summer to enable them to conform to this health program even through the Fall and Winter months?

"Before the days of modern cold-pack' canning," writes Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, "mothers used to assemble their little home groups in the Spring, and, in spite of sundry hidings under tables on the part of reluctant Johnnies and Susies, dutifully portioned out herb tea or sulfur in molasses. Spring cleaning could never stop short of 'cleansing the blood'! And after the monotonous Winter of salt pork and fried potatoes no doubt heroic measures were necessary to make up for an ill-chosen diet. Nowadays we recognize no such seasonal need. We carry our surplus of fruits and vegetables over from Summer to Winter and profit not only in the greater daily pleasure of our tables but in clearer skins, brighter eyes, and less 'Spring fever.'"

Many women have taken pencil and paper in hand this Spring and figured out in black and white just how much canning they will need to do to guarantee a proper diet for their families through the year. Home demonstration agents and other Government extension workers are recognizing what an important part canned foods can play in the new knowledge of nutrition which is bringing such help to the housewife in feeding her family; and several States have already been working on the canning-budget idea.

Can for Correct Eating

IN NEBRASKA a budget is being developed for the families of the children in Boys' and Girls' Club Work, which calls for fifty-five pints of vegetables and forty-two pints of fruit for each person to tide over the eight non-growing months of the year. This is nearly fifty quarts per person, or two hundred and fifty quarts for a family of five.

Miss Jessie Green, a leader in home canning in Nebraska, says that their slogan is no longer just "Can to save," but "Can in order to be properly nourished."

Correct eating is preventive eating, and boys and girls who grow up in a home where the table is well balanced with delicious canned products are learning a lesson of right living and acquiring food habits which will give them better health all their lives. The mother with some simple canning equipment, a garden of crisp, fresh vegetables and fruit outside her back door, and the latest directions for home canning, in her hand, has in her possession a fortification of good health for herself and her family which neither doctor nor medicine can equal.

It is estimated that even the billion and a half commercially canned products used in this country in a year are not a sufficient supply to meet the health needs of our people. Home canning has a big place to play in the health program, and the nine hundred million containers of food put up last year in home kitchens is hardly more than half the amount the families of America should can so that every home may have its quota and a greater taste for canned products be created.

Home canning has never been made so easy as it is to-day. With all agencies pulling together to supply efficient equipment, the housewives' part is now an interesting game when the hot Summer days come. All kinds of wire racks and lifters make canning by the wash-boiler route or by the commercial hot-water outfit a simple matter, with little danger now of scalded fingers or burnt thumbs. The pressure-cooker pays its way several times over in the canning season alone, making a quick and certain job of all products that enter its lively steam-chamber, packed either in faithful tin cans or in the more artistic glass jars. The woman who is lucky enough to own a gas or electric stove, which has its oven-heat automatically regulated, has a ready-made "canner" on call at every hour of the day.

The awkward soldering-iron is no longer a bugbear of canning season. It is fast becoming ancient history, as sanitary cans and convenient automatic sealers are coming into general use. With a little hand-machine which seals these cans hermetically it is the simplest matter in the world for the housewife to handle a large number of containers very quickly. The sealer also carries an opening and reflanging attachment which makes it possible to reuse cans a second, third, and even fourth time, which was not possible with the old solder type.

The supply of glass jars of every sort and description has never been of such a high standard. The rapid development of home canning since 1910, and especially during the War, impressed upon manufacturers the need for the highest grade of container to meet the emergency. A lost jar at that time was a national calamity! Jars going out from reliable factories are all carefully inspected before shipping, and any that show the slightest defects are quickly discarded.

Better Rubber Rings

OLD-FASHIONED jar-rings, which used to turn to mush under the severe processing of cold-pack canning, are a thing of the past. In their place we have rings of real rubber measured and tested to stand up valiantly under all conditions of modern canning. In them the home canner has her front line of defense, for no matter how careful her food is prepared, the jars sterilized, and the products processed, unless the rubber ring "holds," all her trouble will have been in vain.

Stoneware jars and jugs in all styles and sizes complete the year-round canning equipment for those who like to use these durable containers. These are especially suitable for salted meats, sauerkraut, pickles, jams, preserves, and fruit butters, and in the Spring and early Summer for putting down eggs for Winter use.

And the home jelly-maker has not been forgotten. She who has struggled with the alcohol test to find out how much pectin this or that fruit-juice contains, need worry no longer for fear her jelly is not going to "jell." A prepared pectin is now available, which, added to any kind of fruit-juice, will make a jelly of which the most finicky cook may well be proud.

The recently organized Home Canners' Association of America, with its president, O. H. Benson, the "father" of one-period cold-pack canning, stands ready to help all home canners with their problems. Every one interested in the subject is eligible for membership. One of the important aims of the association is to develop a definite program for helping its members in the marketing of home-canned goods. Such a backing can be of great help to the woman who is planning to put up products for sale. Further information regarding the association can be secured from the secretary, T. J. Newbill, Lagrange, Ill.

Backed by home demonstration agents, club leaders, and various other Government workers, home canning has demonstrated during the past ten years its importance as a conservation measure. Its great possibilities for the future as a health program under the canning-budget scheme seem to be unlimited.

HEINZ Vinegars

Every drop awakens flavor

HEINZ Vinegar brings out the hidden flavors of the other foods it touches and adds a rich mellowness all its own. The blending is delicious. The aroma adds keen zest to the appetite.

Carefully selected materials prepared in the Heinz skillful way, and aging in wood for at least a year before bottling assure quality and flavor. Use it on the dining room table and in the kitchen. Four kinds:

Malt Vinegar— made from barley malt

White Vinegar— made from selected grain

Cider Vinegar— made from choice cider apples

Tarragon Vinegar

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

HEINZ Imported Olive Oil

A companion in excellence to Heinz Vinegar is Heinz Olive Oil. Under Heinz supervision this rich, full flavored oil is pressed from selected olives in Seville, Spain. In bottles or tins.

Some of the **57**

Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

ALL HEINZ GOODS SOLD IN CANADA ARE PACKED IN CANADA

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Will Your Baby

Come safely through the trying summer season?

A Famous Specialist

PHYSICIANS are well aware that the sultry months are filled with dangers for restless, crying infants. Three times more babies fall ill then than at any other season.

Three Health Rules

There would be fewer summer ills if Nature's simplest rules were followed.

Mothers should:

—feed their babies at the breast or with the purest milk;

—keep the little bodies cool—free from rashes and irritations with a beneficial baby powder—preferably Johnson's;

—powder their babies plentifully with a powder that really cools and soothes, as the safest aid in assuring health-building slumber.

With fidgety babies, the nerves become peaceful under a properly powdered skin, for they have less work to do. Discomforts fade away. And Sleep comes.

first suggested Johnson's Baby Powder over thirty years ago. It is not an experiment, but the time-tried choice of physicians and nurses.

Johnson's Baby Powder purifies, in a safe, natural way, the salty, stinging effect of perspiration and damp diapers, so that the pores are always open and healthy.

It is made in the laboratories that prepare Red Cross Absorbent Cotton and over 400 other articles for the medical profession.

The first application of Johnson's Baby Powder will mean rich blessings of cooling comfort. Smooth the beneficial powder in all the folds and creases.

Do this every day and you will be rewarded with a comfortable, sleep-loving infant.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Best for Baby — Best for You

YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE THAN A MERCHANT

He makes life safer and more comfortable. No other merchant can be so helpful. Is it asking too much always to "Try the Drug Store First?"

SENT UPON REQUEST TO YOUR ADDRESS

"The Summer Care of Babies"—a helpful booklet containing many practical suggestions for feeding, clothing, bathing, exercise and sleep. Write for it.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, New Brunswick, N. J.

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician-in-Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE FIRST SET OF TEETH

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Judging from your monthly report, which reached me this morning, I should think little Paul is doing very nicely indeed. His weight at five months, 15¾ pounds, is even a little more than double his birthweight. Most babies double their birthweight at this time. I see your questions this month relate chiefly to teething, and it is quite time to take up this important subject. I will now answer your questions according to number.

1. "What are the chief signs of teething, and when do they usually begin?"

Ans. When a baby is between four and five months of age an increased flow of saliva is often noticed. Mothers speak of this as "drooling." The gums look red and swollen, and the two lower central teeth usually are cut at any time from the fifth to the ninth month. Chewing the fingers, restlessness or fretfulness, failure to gain in weight, slight fever or indigestion are also some of the other signs of teething in many babies, but generally these do not last long. Mothers should be careful not to lay all ills at this period to "teething"; often something more serious may be happening, and because it is teething age the doctor is not called in unless the baby is seriously ill.

2. "In what order and at what age do the teeth usually come in?"

Ans. Two lower central incisors, from fifth to ninth month; four upper central incisors, from eighth to twelfth month; the two lower central incisors and first four front molars or double teeth, from twelfth to eighteenth month. The four canine, or eye- and stomach-teeth, are generally cut between the eighteenth and twenty-fourth month. Last of all come the four back double teeth, from the twenty-fourth to the thirtieth month. This makes the full first set of teeth, twenty altogether. A baby of one year will usually have six teeth; at one and a half year, twelve teeth; at two years, sixteen teeth, and at two and a half years, twenty teeth. Cutting teeth very early or very late is usually a family trait, if the child has been correctly fed and has not had any very serious illness.

3. "Should I let Paul bite on hard articles or can I do anything myself to help make teething easier for him?"

Ans. No, do not let him bite on hard objects; this only toughens the gums and makes it more difficult for teeth to come through. Give him more boiled water to drink between meals; gently rub the gums with a solution of boric acid which has been kept very cold, using a clean piece of gauze or linen on your finger for this purpose. This solution is made of one teaspoonful of boric acid to a pint of water, and should be kept bottled and tightly corked. Give nothing but castor-oil (the dose is one teaspoonful), unless your doctor prescribes otherwise. Dilute the bottle-food a little more than usual if the baby is feverish or has indigestion. Do not allow diarrhea or constipation or vomiting to run on, but call in your doctor if symptoms do not clear up in twenty-four hours after you have done as suggested above. A tepid sponge-bath with one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to a pint of water 98 degrees F. will often greatly soothe a fretful, teething baby and induce a refreshing sleep.

4. "What formula shall I use for the two bottle-meals he gets now?"

Ans. Take eight ounces of raw, certified milk, five ounces of barley-water, four teaspoonfuls of milk- or malt-sugar, and give six ounces in each one of two bottles for the first two weeks of this month, six and one-half ounces for the last two weeks if the baby digests and takes food well. Prepare the barley-water as directed last month, also mix the other ingredients in the same manner. Give one of these bottles at 12 M and the other at 10 P. M. Nurse him from the breast at 6 A. M., 9 A. M., 3 P. M., and 6 P. M. for twenty minutes as usual. I am glad he sleeps better now.

5. "Do I need to give Paul orange-juice or anything else yet? He has a slight tendency to constipation, but not very marked."

Ans. Orange-juice is not as essential for a breast-fed baby as it is for a bottle-fed child, but you may begin to give a little now, especially as the baby is slightly constipated. Select a fresh, sweet orange, squeeze out a little of the juice, and strain it through gauze. Take one teaspoonful of this juice and add it to one tablespoonful of boiled water. Give it at 8 A. M. from a bottle. If it agrees, you may gradually work up to one tablespoonful of the juice and one of the water by the time the baby is six or seven months old. Never add sugar to the juice or water.

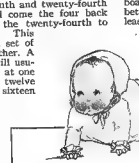
6. "Do you think it would be advisable for me to take Paul away this Summer? If so where would you go, country or seashore?"

Ans. If you can take a little cottage or bungalow and keep house, the change would no doubt be good for the baby, if you must board or live with relatives or in a hotel, better stay at home this first Summer at least. At this age the inland country or mountains would be better for the baby than right on the salt water. The dampness and sudden changes in weather, with cold fogs, etc. are not advisable for a young, teething baby.

If you stay at home take the baby out early in the morning before the pavements get heated up for the day, and again after the worst heat is over. Do not stay out after his bedtime, however, or you will upset his good training. During the noon heat keep the baby on a large bed in the coolest room, with only the thin band and diaper on him.

7. "How may I prevent or cure prickly heat this Summer?"

Ans. Sometimes babies have prickly heat because they are too warmly dressed; in other cases the hot weather alone will cause it. To prevent prickly-heat rash keep the baby in the coolest room, under shady trees, or on a shaded piazza. Use the thinnest-weight silk-and-wool band and shirt, omitting the latter on hot days. A thin dress, stockings, and diapers are all that are needed besides these, except on cool days, when a flannel skirt may be required part of the day. At night just the thin band and the cambric night-dress should be worn during real Summer weather, with diapers of course. In addition to the regular daily tub-bath and the sponge-off at bedtime, one or two extra sponge-baths may be given during the greatest heat of the day. If prickly-heat rash has actually developed, give the bicarbonate of soda baths mentioned above, and dust on a powder made of one ounce of corn-starch, one ounce of talcum, and one-quarter of an ounce of boric-acid powder, thoroughly mixed.



EVERY mother having a baby *under* six months of age is invited to join our Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. Mothers having older children up to the age of twelve may ask definite questions about their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

To receive a reply, all letters must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED"

Choose Your Clothes Wisely, Then Keep Them in Order

BY L. RAY BALDERSTON

EVERYBODY has talked of the high cost of living, and various suggestions have been offered for reducing it. One is community-living, one is labor-saving appliances, one is old clothes, and not long ago it was the wearing of overalls!

Instead of talking overalls or any other fad as a means of reducing living costs or as a control on clothing prices, why not do what we can to choose our clothes wisely, to clean and make the soiled dress over, to dye the faded frock, or to cut down the grown-up garment to a smaller size? In fact, one garment can often be used toward the trimming of the first—two-in-one fashion.

Let's begin at the making of the garment.

First—Choice of material. Is it good enough to warrant buying? That is, will it hold its color? Can it be stitched, and the stitching hold its seam? Will it pull or fray? Will it wash, or can it be cleaned? Would it dye and so have a second garment at less cost but often as pretty as the first?

Second—Choice of pattern. Does it require bias double folds, puffs, plaited frills? Does it mean bias sewed to straights? All these are within a dressmaker's art, but truly not within a laundress's art without a great time cost.

Third—Choice of trimming. Is it a plaited voile or lawn collar with a knife-plaiting on the edge? Is it a wool embroidery on cotton or linen? Is it velvet or taffeta ribbon on organdy or dimity, and all to come off for the washing and ironing? Are the buttons held by shanks glued on, and the glue dissolving, or are they set on tin-backed molds, the tin surely rusting when the garment is drying?

Fourth—Care in the making. Has the belting in the waistband been shrunk for a wash-dress? Has one-half to one inch of goods been allowed in the making for shrinkage? Has silk been stitched with silk? Has the tension of the machine been carefully tested to be sure the thread does not pucker? Have girdles been attached by snappers so that they are easily laid aside while the dress is cleaned? Have yokes or vestees or collars been put on with snappers so that with no appreciable cost they can be returned to the garment sweet and clean? Certainly the art side of the clothing problem would not be affected by these practical ideas involving little or no cost.

Style in Simple Clothes

THE making or construction of the garment is an important first problem to be solved, and it can be solved in an artistic, wearable, stylish, and still economic way.

The reconstruction of the garment seems to represent more economies than the making, especially if we let fashion have a high hand. Fortunately fashion now says simple clothes. Clothes need not be ragged, spotted, streaked from fading, or soiled. They can be old and yet new. The worn-out garment can be prevented or warded off for a long time if the owner is careful to mend it. And the prompt removal of spots and stains will lengthen the life of many an article of clothing.

Water—So often the shower catches one, or there is the chance spill. These spots are easily removed by steam. Silk or satin can be shaken in steam, which, to insure its being dry, can be forced through a folded cloth. To do this tie a cloth about the spout of the teakettle, and in the kettle have a small quantity of water boiling hard. Spots in velvet can be removed in the same way. For linens, wet the whole fabric and always press or iron with the garment entirely damp or thoroughly dry.

Grease-spots, like those from ice-cream, butter, or gravy, can be washed out of white muslin and linen with cold water and soap. To remove them without washing the following process can be used with all fabrics. Spread the spot in a folded clean cloth, and with a mixture of equal parts of chloroform and ether rub the spot lightly. The secret of good success is to have the rubbing-cloth only damp and to be sure the stain is on a clean cloth all ready to absorb each quantity of grease as it is freed by a new application of cleansing-mixture. Try to use a non-linting cloth and preferably a piece as near like the goods as possible.

Auto-grease and *machine-grease*, together with *shoe-polish*, can be removed by applying a little lard or tallow. Rub it into the fabric and have a clean cloth under as described above. This is very necessary each time, as the carbon must be taken up as fast as it is freed from the fabric.

Punch- and *fruit-stains* need only to be dissolved by cold or warm water. Remember colors are sensitive to heat, so use cold water. Should a water-stain follow, take it out as already described.

Coffee- and *tea-stains* are easily removed by hot water, provided neither had cream; if they did, treat as for grease, and the coffee- and tea-stains will come out.

Perspiration-stains are not easily removed because they so often introduce a dye trouble. The chemical effect on the dye is to loosen it and often to change color. Whenever possible it should be washed out soon, because the composition of perspiration is likely to change with age. If perspiration has really changed the color, nothing can be done except to tint or dye the garment.

Ink is easily removed by using cold water, if done at once. Remember that water will do all that sweet milk will, and will not produce a grease-stain. If the stain is allowed to dry, wash out all that is possible, then apply diluted oxalic acid or cream of tartar, and wash with clear water.

Color many times will not be affected if the worker is careful to wash with one hand and apply acid with the other. A dropper controls the acid and should always be used. Ink-eradicator of any kind will take out color as it is expected to take out ink.

Rust is most often found on cottons and linens and is not hard to remove. An acid must be used, whether it is lemon-juice, cream of tartar, or diluted oxalic or muriatic. Wet the spot, apply the chemical, and then wash with warm water. When the stain is all out (and remember it is safer to have many short applications rather than to soak in the chemical) wash with warm water and soap. Soap will destroy the effect of the acid.

Most of the spots when removed leave a clean spot—what is called a water-spot. This leads up to the point that an old garment would give greater returns to have it washed.

Wash white or colored cottons and linens in warm, soapy water. When colors are delicate or uncertain be sure to have the temperature of the water cool, the soap of good quality and in suds rather than to rub the cake directly on the fabric.

Starch should be well cooked, strained, not too thick, and when it is to be used for colors it should be almost cold. One tablespoonful of corn- or one and a half of wheat- or three of rice-starch can be used to one quart of water. Wools and silks are, like colors, very easily affected by rubbing and by strong washing-agents. It is best to have waters all of the same temperature, no matter what part of the washing process. This temperature is about 100 degrees F., or hand-testing is possible. The soap should be white and as free from any alkali as possible. A soap with much excess alkali will yellow white silks and wools and will fade colors. A soap free from alkali will have little drying or wrinkling effect on the skin of the hands. One tablespoonful of turpentine in one gallon of rinse-water often helps to whiten silk that has yellowed. It will not leave an odor.

Freshening Up Old Silk

TO REDRESS *silks*—Gum arabic may be added to the rinse-water, and as the silk is ironed it will stiffen with the heat of the iron. Use about two teaspoonfuls to a quart of warm water for a thin, soft silk. For black fabrics soap-bark is especially a good cleaner in the place of soap. Use one cupful of soap-bark to one quart of water and boil about twenty minutes. Strain and use the water in place of soap solution.

Cottons and *linens* can be hung to dry after starching, while silks and wools need special care for drying. Roll silks in single thickness between dry, clean white cloths, when almost dry they are ready for ironing. Wools should be shaped to measure, and all knitted or crocheted garments should be spread on a pad to dry.

Press wools on the wrong side to avoid any gloss from the iron. Should pressing be needed on the right side, do it over a soft cloth like cheese-cloth. Silks must be very dry when pressed or equally moist (not wet) all over, otherwise they will spot. These spots are like water-spots, and should they occur in ironing a garment it is best to wet it again and start over.

Sponging and *pressing*—Another type of reconstructing—usually thought of as renovation—is sponging and pressing. Just sponging and pressing may not mean more than removing gloss and "shine" and pressing out wrinkles. To remove "shine" that so often comes in the wear of serges, use three or four drops of ammonia in a quart of water. Sponge all over with this water, which should be dilute enough not to affect color.

This ammonia water will not keep the "shine" away indefinitely, but will help for the time being.

Any soil on collars and vests of men's clothing may be removed in two ways—soap-lather like the shaving-lather used by a man (much soap and little water) or a detergent mixture made of the following recipe:

1½ Ounce White Castile Soap
1 Ounce Denatured Alcohol
1 Ounce Ether
4 Ounces Ammonia

Cut soap fine; warm in pint of soft water until dissolved. Add three quarts of cold water, then the other ingredients, and bottle tightly. Always shake before using.

Use a soft brush like a worn nail-brush, and then with a non-linting cloth wipe thoroughly and rinse. In pressing a vest or coat or heavy-cloth clothing one should use a heavy iron and clean muslin, because it holds more moisture than cheese-cloth and so produces more steam. Be sure and iron dry. Should a little gloss persist on the heavy seams, rub on the right side with a slightly moistened cheese-cloth, and then do not press again.

Should silks and delicate fabrics need pressing, try not to press over basting-threads, as they will leave a mark.

Dyeing Is Popular Again

DYEING a faded fabric is no longer considered entirely professional work. By her new interest in home dyeing the housekeeper of to-day is beginning to complete a time cycle, for all our grandmothers and great-grandmothers dyed both old and new threads and fabrics.

Manufacturers' dyes, all ready-mixed, are good, and the housewife's part, unless she is using an all-fabric dye, is to know and specify whether it is silk or cotton to be dyed, and then when purchasing be sure to tell the kind of cloth as well as the color. Mixing two or more colors modifies the resulting color, so if one has a good idea of color combinations, wonderful results in tints and shades may be the reward.

The list that follows may help the housewife to decide when and where she may venture.

Shoe-tops, *spats*, *duvetyn vests*, and *Oriental rugs* may be cleaned with soapy lather. The rinsing is done by wiping with a damp cloth or by sponging, using several fresh waters.

Satins, *messalines*, *China silks*, *foulards*, and *taffetas* may be cleaned by lukewarm water and white soap-suds, giving special attention to spots before wetting the fabric. Rinse in water of the same temperature, press out excess water, roll in layers of cloth, and press on wrong side. Reduce the temperature for any doubtful colors.

Steamer-rugs, *blankets*, *sweaters*, *serges*, and *all wools* are easily cleaned in warm soap-suds and washed until clean. No matter how many waters are used, keep all the same temperature. Hang or lay in shape to dry, in room temperature, out of the sun.

Voiles, *dimities*, *organdies*, *muslins*, *laces*, and *nets* wash like any cotton material, not pulling those of loose fiber, not using hot water, or strong soap if of delicate color. Starch in well-cooked and strained starch, roll until half dry, and iron.

Silk stockings, *gloves*, and *underwear* should be washed in slightly warm water, and then rolled and pressed in a dry, clean cloth. This will remove any excess moisture and by hastening the drying prevent the chance bleeding of colors. Clocks of stockings and stitching on the backs of gloves may bleed, and so it is safer to isolate the color used as trimming. The stockings may be rolled in a towel and the gloves may be stuffed with crushed tissue-paper. This prevents the heavy stitching from touching the rest of the garment.

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Fans—it takes just a jiffy to slip the ingenious fan attachment on the same motor $3.00

Hamilton Beach Home Motor

Does six big jobs in the home

A polisher to brighten all silver. Sold in combination with the grinder for $1.50

Makes your Sewing Machine an Electric

Sew all your own lovely things to wear, without any weary foot-pumping. One motion of the hand places this Home Motor under the hand-wheel of your ordinary sewing machine and changes it to a speedy self-operating electric. No tools or screws or belts required. Your machine is absolutely unmarred. Then you sew as long as you like, without effort or exertion, at a cost for current of less than one cent an hour. Sews fast or slow; no broken threads. Home Motor complete with speed control pedal $18.50

A great triple-action cake mixer. Creams butter and sugar; mixes the smoothest cake dough. Also beats eggs, whips cream, makes mayonnaise, etc. $5.00

The little grinder-wheel sharpens all dull knives.

The Electric Sweeper attachment, complete with bag, beating-sweeping brush, and trigger-switch handle

This marvelous Electric Sweeper $18.50

These are truly pictures of progress. They show how American inventive genius has lightened the labor of home-keeping, and simplified the difficult job of being a housewife.

One little motor, with its attachments, does all the household duties shown. Over 800,000 are already in use, sewing, fanning, whipping cream, sharpening knives, and polishing silver. Now, we announce an additional device for use with this same motor—an amazingly efficient electric sweeper with a motor-driven brush that sweeps and beats! It is so simple that only a moment is required to attach or remove the motor; and yet it is so competent a cleaner, that in actual laboratory and home tests, it has picked up screw-drivers and objects of similar size and weight.

So you can tell how easily it gets all surface dust, threads, hairs, lint, match-sticks, and embedded grit. Just phone your dealer for a free home trial. Its work will be a revelation.

The Home Motor and attachments may be purchased at most Electrical, Hardware, Sewing machine, and Department Stores. It is sold by itself, or complete with all attachments, or with any one of them. Phone your dealer; or write for booklet 44 and his name.

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wisconsin*

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Our dealers all over the country need men, and women too, who have the knack of explaining things to others. To those who have the ability to demonstrate how the Hamilton Beach Home Motor and attachments saves time, health, and labor in the home, we can likely offer well-paying positions right in their own home town. Or in a nearby one, if preferred. Just drop us a post-card. Tell us the size of your town, and mention the name of the dealer for whom you prefer to work. We will send full particulars, without obligation. Please address the Sales Manager.

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Old methods of drying hair are crude compared with this. Warm blast dries the hair and invigorates the scalp by thorough aeration. Then cold blast closes the pores against danger of cold. Hamilton Beach Hair Dryers, in three sizes for professional and home use, absolutely guaranteed.

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A year ago the big No. 2 Hamilton Beach Drink Mixer sold for $34.50. Today, it is improved, strengthened in each particular, made nearly wear-and-tear proof, and yet sells for only $18.75. It is the largest selling mixer; you see it on every fountain. Fine for mixing malted milk and baby food at home. And it's guaranteed.

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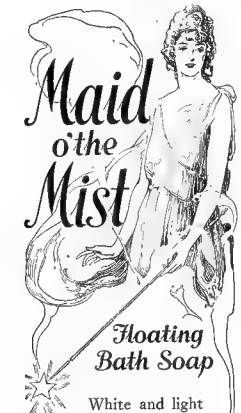

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Floating Bath Soap

White and light as the airy mists of Niagara! Maid o' the Mist Bath Soap, *the pearl-white soap that floats*, meets every requirement of a pure, mild, all-'round toilet soap. It has a sweetness, a fragrance, and a charm all its own.

Pure White Flakes

Your daintiest, sheerest garments deserve to be washed with as good a soap as Maid o' the Mist, and as pleasantly and conveniently as is possible with Maid o' the Mist Flakes.

You can easily order your supply of Maid o' the Mist Soap and Flakes through a nearby Larkin Secretary. Quality and Economy go hand in hand when you buy Larkin Products by the neighborly Larkin Plan.

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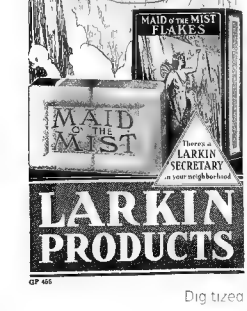

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HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

youths obviously do not possess—simply because of the delusion that to be ambitious is necessarily laudable! Too often a parent who himself has not been successfully ambitious will try, for egotistic reasons, to realize an ambition vicariously through his son. "I have failed. You must succeed."

The parent is applauded, and unquestionably there is good in the idea, nevertheless the parent may be committing a crime against the son.

I agree that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. But, tho it is a good thing to try, I do not agree that it is a good thing to try for that which you lack the machinery to attain. Failure has consequences. If nothing succeeds like success, nothing fails like failure. Failure may permanently injure the *morale* of a man. It may render even minor successes impossible in the future.

Failure should never be carelessly risked, any more than typhoid fever. Nobody is the same after it.

"Here is this fellow," you exclaim, "preaching against ambition and against trying! Surely ambition ought to be encouraged."

No, I am not preaching against ambition nor against trying! I am preaching against spurious ambition and against trying in the wrong direction. My only aim is to kill dangerous illusions. As for discouraging ambition, it can not be done. Ambition will out if there is enough of it!

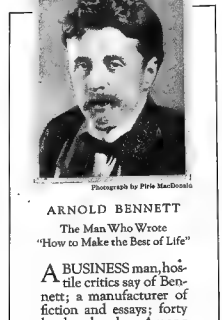
Fewer mistakes, with fewer suppressed or expressed tragedies, would occur in the choice of careers if the people chiefly concerned—the youth and his advisers or his autocrats—would begin by considering the general qualities of the youth instead of the advantages of any particular career. The great majority of youths would do equally well, or equally badly, in half a dozen different vocations, provided all these vocations fall within a certain range. If a youth shows an aptitude for retail trade (a most fascinating affair) it doesn't matter much whether he retails grocery, drapery, tobacco and cigars, cutlery, or children's toys. And if he has a childless uncle in the drapery trade, but manifests a leaning toward grocery, then he will be advised to lean at once the other way toward drapery, his temperament will not be thereby thwarted with fatal results.

IF, ON the other hand, the youth has an itch for wandering, little notion of time, a distaste for routine, a disgust for pen and ink (such deplorable persons do unfortunately exist and occasionally, of course by mere fluke, they build empires), then it is perfectly futile to say to him,

"Now, your father is branch manager of a bank; your godfather is a limpet in Whitehall; and your Aunt Lucy's cousin has considerable influence in the Tramways Department of the London County Council. See what a fine choice of careers for you! We will leave you perfectly free to pick."

You might as usefully leave him free to kill himself by drowning, hanging, ball-cartridge, or whisky. You and he must positively first discover what his qualities and what his defects are, and then afterward gaze around for the vocations in which the qualities would help toward success and the defects be relatively harmless. And you must rule out all vocations, however brilliant and promising, in which the qualities of the youth would be valueless and the defects disastrous.

There are two sorts of cases, one rare, the other frequent, in which the choice gives rise to little trouble. The first is that of the youth whose temperament is so powerfully inclined in a particular direction that he knows infallibly what he wants and takes care that everybody else shall know it too. The choice is made from the very start. Trouble of course may arrive in giving effect to it; but however grave such trouble may be the youth should count himself fortunate. He has been blessed above his fellows. His temperament simply refuses to be balked, and failure can not overtake him.



Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

ARNOLD BENNETT

The Man Who Wrote "How to Make the Best of Life"

A BUSINESS man, hostile critics say of Bennett; a manufacturer of fiction and essays; forty books already. Among these, however, are that great novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," and "Buried Alive," a masterpiece of humorous literature.

In his early days, in the Five Towns of North England; during his law practise; while editing *Woman*, and in every waking moment since, he has been a minute observer of human nature.

The second sort is that of the youth who does not much mind what he is put to, since he has no strong preferences and a temperament that is without intensity. This sort of man abounds in the land and in all lands. He does not live, but exists. He is not unhappy. He is certainly far less unhappy than the man who, possessing a marked temperament, has not been able to humor it, has made an enemy of it. But he knows nothing of the deep, natural satisfactions of the other man who is doing all the time precisely the thing that he was born to do and that he can do well. This man has the tide with him and the wind, all the forces of nature, and he alone is genuinely alive and making the best possible of life.

Strange as it may seem, the ambitious, energetic man has a rather important lesson to learn from the common person who contentedly stays in the groove to which destiny appointed him. Not one ambitious man in a hundred ever learns this lesson or even dreams in his arrogance that the fellow over whose head he is climbing has anything to teach him.

THE ambitious man seeks after one of three prizes, sometimes after two of them, sometimes after all three: power, money, knowledge. These commodities take a lot of getting. Half a life, three-quarters of a life, may be consumed in getting them. The eyes of the ambitious man are therefore fixed upon a distant goal. His gaze never leaves the goal, and the narrow, difficult path leading up to it. He becomes a man of one idea, which all his activities must subserve. Time is precious; at first he dare not waste it; then he loses the desire to waste it; finally he can not bring himself to waste it. His habits are definitely formed, and fixed habits are to wrought iron what wrought iron is to putty. They can be neither bent nor broken; they develop into the prison-cell of the man who has formed them.

He attains his ambitions; perhaps he is fifty years of age; he may be fifty-five or sixty. He is incapable immediately of believing that he has attained it; but at length he does realize the enormous fact.

"I have arrived!" he says to himself, incredulous, and he has to repeat and repeat, "I have arrived! I have arrived! I have arrived!" Then he says to himself,

"There is no longer any need for me to toil as I have toiled, nor to confine my interests as I have hitherto confined them. I will relax. I will enlarge my interests. I will let myself go. I will catch pleasure as it flies."

And, being a man of decision, he retires to bed one night with the firm resolution to start the new life the next morning. And he can't start the new life the next morning. He is just like a dog who has lost his master.

His master was the terrific inducement to work. The inducement has vanished. He thinks boldly,

"My master was a tyrant, grotesquely addicted to discipline, cruel, hard to please, with no real understanding of dogs. Good riddance to him! I am my own master now. I'll have a devil of a time."

He wags a foolish tail, trots aimlessly here and there, sees and smells nothing of exciting interest, is disillusioned, drops off to sleep in the roadway, and has a narrow escape of being killed by a motor-car. At last he thinks,

"I wish to Heaven my master hadn't lost me," and falls to envying all the other dogs who are following obediently at the heels of cruel tyrants.

The common world beholds the victim of great success and exclaims,

"This man has attained all that he wanted. He wears a grim face. Why is he not uproariously happy?"

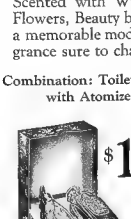
CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

The Dance of the Perfumes

THE Dancing Girls of Araby glow pink in their cheeks of desert brown. Tall, slender, swaying to the plaintive magic of the lute—they weave strange steps upon the edge of the Sahara. Dark eyes sparkle, white teeth gleam and, as they dance, perfumes are poured upon their pink-tipped fingers exotic odors from the Gardens of Nabeul, where satin breezes play up from the Gulf of Hammamet.

Borrowing afresh from the arts and gardens of the East, Vantine has created wondrous new effects in Win-Sum Flowers. Rare essences from the Land of Veiled Women—adding to your store of ways to fascinate. Scented with Win-Sum Flowers, Beauty basks in a memorable modish fragrance sure to charm.

Combination: Toilet Water with Atomizer



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HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

And well may the common world ask the question! The answer, however, is easy. The man is not happy because, having disposed of his object in life, he has no other genuine interests, and because he is the slave of his austere habits—habits not only of action but of thought. For half a century he has been living in the future; now he would live in the present and can not. For half a century he has eschewed the common world; now he would rejoin the mass of mankind, but finds that he is out of touch with it. His existence is drawing inexorably to a close. Nobody can say that he has wasted it, or that he has not had the immense satisfactions that spring from the successful exercise of unusually fine faculties.

But has he made the best of life? The proof that he has not is clear enough in the simple fact that his chief sensation is a feeling of disappointment. He has lived, intensely, yet the cry in his heart is, "I want to begin to live, and somehow I can't."

He has lived intensely, but not fully. He has spent two-thirds of his life in making himself what amounts to a monomaniac, and the impossibility of undoing that sinister work desolates and dejects him.

THERE is more in life than the successful exercise of the dominant faculties, supremely important as this is. And the ambitious man should strive, while he is yet young, to fix in his superior noddle that the dominant faculties are not everything; neither are they sufficient to themselves. The ambitious youth pegs himself down to his special work. He labors morning, afternoon, and evening. He bars out the world. He avoids women, adopting a condescending attitude toward them, as if saying

"Girls are all right in their place, but I am called to a higher fate, and have no leisure for gewgaws of any description."

He is a monk under a rule as stern as that of the Trappists. His industry is as overwhelming as the Falls of Niagara, and the shaken beholder marvels and says,

"Here is the model young man."

And the model young man fancies himself and indeed has some grounds for fancying himself. But he thinks he is doing a fine thing, an unexceptionably fine thing, and what he is doing is not unexceptionably fine. Exception can and must be taken to it.

He should consider the mediocre people, those lilies of the field. They toil little, they spin little, but they are not cut off. If they do not live for the future they at any rate live in the present, and they try their best to obtain some distraction every day. It can not be denied that they waste time and waste it deliberately. Now, to waste a certain amount of time is excellent, just as to waste a certain amount of money is excellent. The man who looks twice at every halfpenny and at every half-hour is as vast a nuisance as he who invariably follows the dictates of reason. Think of a world in which all waste was rigorously suppressed. It would be a terrible world. Yes, a moderate amount of waste—of time, money, brains—is a valuable, an indispensable factor in a soundly organized existence. Waste is generally another name for distraction, and distraction without an aim, distraction for its own sake, is essential to right living.

If a man does not acquire the habit of distraction when young, he is making trouble for his age. A schoolboy learns how to be a man, and a man should learn how to be an old man. How shall he *enjoy* unless he practises the art and craft of enjoyment? "I enjoy my work," you say. Yes, we know all about that, but the enjoyment of work is not the kind of enjoyment I mean. I mean the kind of enjoyment that unbends the mind. Many ambitious men never really unbend their minds for thirty years. Then, when they have achieved, they find that "Heaven has been pleased to give them nuts to crack after their teeth are gone." A fate that seldom happens to the ordinary man!

The ambitious man is a better; only, the ordinary man succeeds in this one particular where the other too frequently fails. He spreads pleasure pretty evenly through his whole life. He doesn't deprive himself for forty years in order to have an indigestible surfeit for ten years. And he has had the wit to discover that women, in spite of all that is said against them, are civilizing to the males and the unrivaled unbenders of the masculine mind.

There is something wrong with a scheme which renders life incomplete during the years when the capacity for savoring life is at its highest.

The overcautious will certainly exclaim here, "But this is dangerous advice you are giving!"

It is. All advice, however, is dangerous, both to the giver and to the taker. And to be alive at all is a highly dangerous experience. Those who really wish to avoid all perils should arrange to expire, and even then—! This applies to the ambitious and to the unambitious equally. I sadly admit that it is quite possible, in the strife for perfection, to check good habits too severely and so fall into the other extreme of bad habits. But in my view the risk is worth running. I am not at all sure whether the worst of all sinners is not the self-righteous, self-opinionated, self-complacent prig. If I had to choose between passing the rest of my existence alone on a desert island with this gentleman and passing the rest of my existence alone on a desert island with an incompetent and negligent broad-minded failure, I should undoubtedly vote for the latter. There is something to be said for failures—they are usually broadminded. Whereas an excessive indulgence in good habits is bound to develop priggishness.

The truth—and when I use this huge word "truth" I of course mean only one facet of the truth—the truth is that life ought to be a feat of balancing, guided by a sense of proportion. To employ a simile: The right path lies, sometimes straight, sometimes curving, along a ridge from which the ground slopes downward on either side, now gradually, now steeply. Any simpleton can see and keep the path when the slope from it is steep and terrifying; it is the gradual slope which is to be feared, even by the wariest. And the gradual slope always gets steeper as it proceeds, so that after a certain point of declension has been reached it can not be reclimbed, or it can only be reclimbed by a transcendent effort of will and energy and persistence, an effort of which the majority would be incapable.

The balancing aforementioned is accomplished by means of habits, chiefly mental habits, of which physical habits are merely the creation. Beware of absolutely fixed habits. They are nearly always the sign that the sense of proportion has gone or is going, and that one part of the mental organism is flourishing at the expense of another. Fixed habits become ruthless; in the end they will demand terrific sacrifices from their rivals in the organism. You may read in the paper such an item as the following: "Mr. Joshua Crath died yesterday at the age of eighty-eight. He was to the end a prominent member of the choir of Winchester Cathedral, and it was his boast that he had not missed a single service for sixty-nine years."

The record is appalling. Not to miss services is laudable on the part of a chorister, but not to miss a service for sixty-nine years is a crime against the humanity in oneself. It is plain that after Mr. Joshua Crath had done, say, twenty-five years without a break, his life must have been reduced to one sole object—not to miss services in Winchester Cathedral. The habit of not missing services in Winchester Cathedral must have come to occupy the throne of an autocrat in his organism. The conscience of Mr. Crath's organism was that habit, and it had no other conscience. Every social and family consideration was judged by one standard. Will attendance at the services in Winchester Cathedral be interfered with? If so, away with it!

THIS is an extreme example, but examples of the same species are to be found in all of us. When a wife says (not without wifely pride) of her husband, "John always works at so-and-so, or plays at so-and-so, at such and such a time. Nothing will induce him to miss it," then the husband should look out for himself. The chances are a thousand to one that he is off the high ridge. His sense of proportion is waning. An implacable tyrant is ascending the throne, and what ought to be a republic is being transformed into an absolute monarchy.

When a habit gets fixed, break it at any cost, and see what happens. The mere breaking is good in itself—being a proof of self-control; but the object of breaking is to find out what the habit has been doing for one, how far it has been interfering with the well-being of other faculties, and also incidentally with the well-being of other people. What has been deemed to be a good habit, a habit conducive to the fullest exploitation of the organism, may well turn out to be a bad habit, producing more harm than good. The all-round effect of habits—not the obviously beneficial only—must positively be tested, and it can only be tested by temporarily breaking the habits and examining the results of so doing.

Few, if any, habits have an exclusively beneficial influence on the organism as a whole. The affair of living to the best advantage is extremely complicated. We know little of the physical part of the organism. We know far, far less of the mental part of the organism, tho important discoveries about it have recently been made. A man at the end of his life has scarcely begun to know himself. And yet the right way of treating the organism has to be found by the young: if it is not found early, and kept, the great job is muddled past recovery. A hard task for the young, especially as Providence in its wisdom has deprived the young of the faculty of learning from the old! The young can only succeed by remembering that, in a sense much deeper than is generally realized, man is a creature of habit.

The second article of this series by Mr. Bennett, in July, will consider "Three Ways in Which to Grow Good Humor."

The greatest danger in your meals today

The body has two constant needs which must be met by our daily diet—the need to build up body tissues and help eliminate waste matter

Primitive man got the necessary food factors from his fresh meats and green leafy vegetables

A GREAT nutrition expert says we are in danger because we eat so many artificial foods—use too many of the things which are convenient under modern conditions but which have been robbed of valuable properties in manufacture. Or perhaps in preparing foods for cooking at home we remove much that is healthful. Many even of our natural foods are incomplete and do not give us the food factors we need.

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Fleischmann's Yeast has a truly remarkable effect on the whole digestive system. It contains not only vitamin but other vital food factors which help build up body tissues, protect against disease, and keep the intestines healthy and bowels regular.

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Almost everybody grows to like the distinctive flavor just as they grew to like olives or oysters. Many prefer the taste of the plain cake, nibbling it a little at a time. Others like to dissolve it in boiling water, cold water, milk, fruit-juices, coffee or cocoa. Still others like it spread on bread or crackers. It is very popular in malted milk drinks.

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MENDEL MARANTZ MOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"And what for a dance-hall right near the house?" Zelde inquired. "They wake you up at night."

"Foolish people!" said Bernard, afraid that he had muddled the whole matter again "Wait till you see it! It'll knock you dead!" And he hastily shook hands with Zelde and Sarah to congratulate them. "Well, mazel-tov!" he cried. "You should move in in a happy hour, and don't forget Oscar Gessenheim lives across the way! I'll dance yet by your wedding," he added brightly, pinching Sarah's cheek. "So, Mendel, four o'clock, Monday!"

And Bernard was escorted into the hall by two happy, boisterous women who laughed and cried and shouted blessings after him.

Mendel stood in the doorway, his hands in his pockets.

"What is a relative?" he mused. "A doctor! He charges for visits!"

UNTIL Monday, four o'clock, every moment in Mendel's home was a fretful one. The slightest sound irritated Zelde and made Sarah start. Jakie was spanked for slamming the door. Lena was locked in the bedroom for shuffling her feet. Nathan had to go without supper for squeaking the drawers. Mendel kept away.

Zelde and her daughter had seen the house! They had not dared enter. Only from the other side of the street they had looked at it. For hours without moving they had looked and wondered in silence. What a house! It was a city, a country, a world—not a house. And no bricks. Imagine! A house without bricks. All marble! White and veined and exquisite marble. With statues and figures and columns marvelously carved! And no fire-escapes! But stone stairways and ivy-covered balconies. And no windows! You hear? No windows! But glass doors with golden knobs. And no roof! But a million-colored dome that dazzled the eyes. And no water-tank! But a crystal fountain in a flower-bed! What a house! What a house!

For three nights neither mother nor daughter had closed an eye. What a world that house had unfolded before them! What magnificence, beauty, and ease!

And as she cleaned dishes in the sink, Zelde wondered, "How did I stood this life so long?" And as she dumped the garbage into the box on the fire-escape, she muttered, disgusted, "Phew! Another week of this and they find me dead!

"How can people live like this, anyway?" she argued with herself in attempt to be rational. And always that other house was before her. The silver palace with the golden dome!

"Long should live my brother Bernard," she sighed. "He knows how people got to live. What, then? Stuffed up in tenements with push-carts and ash-cans and stables!" And she looked scornfully, pityingly down upon the clothes-lines, the dingy back-yards littered with refuse, and the fences covered with lean cats.

"Blind they are! The people!" she thought gloomily. "This they call a life! Pushed together like flies in a big bagge-can!" And she thought of her new home! The silver palace with the golden dome, with a crystal fountain in a flower-bed!

"I don't eat and I don't sleep and I don't know in which world I am, waiting for the day we shall move already," she confided to her daughter Sarah. And Sarah murmured, "Me too."

IT WAS Monday. And it was four o'clock. And Sarah was sitting with her mother near the window. They were looking down upon the street, the crowded, busy street opposite the fish-market. How ugly and gaunt the houses were! How small and flat the people seemed crawling up and down the block! How noisy and wild and stuffy and dusty! How different Central Park West was!

It was five o'clock. Soon Mendel would be coming up the street in his leisurely, lazy way. Even now, bringing with him the key to a new home, a new life, he would not hurry, and he would probably stop for a glass of soda at the candy-stand and chat with the stand-keeper, saying, "What is thirst? Prohibition. It makes you drink"

It was six o'clock. The children clamored for food. They would have to wait. For years Zelde and her family had waited. Through poverty, hunger, sickness, and suffering they had waited for this day. How many times they had hovered near eviction! And now they would have their own house! How often they had fasted and gone early to bed to deaden their hunger! What was a little fasting now? It was the fasting before a feast. It was six-thirty

"Maybe so long takes the traveling," thought Zelde. "Or maybe he bargains the price, or maybe he lost the way, or—"

There was a loud, swift rapping at the door The women froze to their seats. Neither was able to answer. But the door shot open without ceremony and Bernard Shnaps burst into the room, his lips blue with anger, panting and foaming, and brandishing his cane.

"Where is he, that faker?" he shouted and fumed, stamping up and down the room. "What kind of a monkey business is it? What does he think I am—who? What for does he take me for what?" He paused to breathe, then continued refreshed, "I'm a man like this—I don't like relatives! Right away they think you're after their money! And they're right! I'll get every cent!

Zelde, pale and breathless, could hardly speak. There was but one thought in her mind, one great fear in her heart.

"Did you buy the house?" she asked faintly.

"Of course we bought the house," Bernard cried sarcastically. "Don't you see? I got it in my pocket! That's why I'm so happy!"

Zelde reached for the back of a chair to support her.

"What! You didn't buy the house?" Sarah exclaimed, dismayed.

"Of course not! With what shall I buy it? Didn't I sit and wait and wait and wait? Till I thought I'll bust! And did he come?" Zelde spoke in a dazed and groping manner.

"So what for did he leave the house? Where did Mendel go if he didn't go to you?" Bernard flung out his arms.

"Me you ask? Please don't make me laugh so much! Me she asks, where is Mendel. But wherever he is, if he thinks on account of him I'll lose commission, he don't know Bernard Shnaps. I'm a man like this—I like to work for love! But you got to pay me. My time is money. And not my money either!" He banged his cane against the floor to mark time with his words. "Long ago yet, I told you, 'Zelde, look out who you marry!' And now you see I'm right. You can't trust him even an appointment! I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he ran away altogether, with the money and everything and maybe yet with that janitor's wife yet, with that Rifke into the bargain!" Zelde became white.

"Bernard, you're crazy!" she said, alarmed. "You're crazy like a lunatic! Bite off your tongue, better!"

"You'll see!" Bernard replied. "The whole night we'll wait for him and he wouldn't come back! Never he'll come back!"

Sarah, frightened at her mother's terror, pleaded with Bernard.

"Uncle, you don't know what you're saying!"

"Then if he didn't run away," Bernard persisted, "where is he, that faker?"

"HERE he is," said Mendel quietly, tapping Bernard on the shoulder. During the whole of his abusive outburst Mendel had been standing in the shadow of the doorway, waiting patiently for him to finish. Bernard started back as if smitten. For an instant he was giddy. But the next moment he was indignant.

"Even manners he ain't got!" he sneered. "He listens behind your back!"

"Papa!" Sarah cried out.

"Pooh!" Zelde exclaimed, shocked out of her wits at the sight of Mendel. "Where did you was all this time?" she began scolding. "We thought you got killed or something. I bet you was sleeping all day in the park!"

Mendel leisurely pulled off his coat, as if nothing had happened.

"I went to buy a house," he said coolly.

"To buy a house!" Zelde echoed, startled.

"It's a lie!" shouted Bernard.

"Didn't you want me to buy it?" asked Mendel, surprised. "I can't understand you people! First you don't let me live if I don't buy a house, and now you don't let me live if I do! What is a family? Poison. However you take it, it's bad!"

"So you really bought it!" Zelde and Sarah almost screamed. In another minute they would go mad with joy.

"I don't believe it," said Bernard, warily. "I know Mendel with his bluffs!" he thought. "What did you paid for it?"

"Don't ask," Mendel sighed.

The faker, he didn't buy it! thought Bernard, but he insisted, "Still, how much?"

"Too much!"

"And what do you call 'too much'?"

"Enough"

I know he didn't buy it, thought Bernard, but with Mendel you can't be too sure. "Be a little plainer," he urged.

"Tell me exactly what's the figures?" Mendel shook his head.

"What is figures? Freckles. They don't mean anything!"

"I didn't ask you that," Bernard said, smiling feebly. "I asked you what's the price you paid?"

"What I had to. What is price? Medicine. It's hard to swallow."

Such a bluffer! I'm sure he bought

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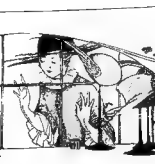

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MENDEL MARANTZ MOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

it, Bernard decided, and he tries to talk me out of it yet! Still, who knows? "From what you tell me," Bernard began with strategy, "you got a big bargain. And since you really bought the house," he added energetically, "remember I'm the agent! You're a witness!"

"I don't remember it," said Mendel curtly. "And you better forget it!"

I knew he bought the house! All the time I knew it! The blood of conviction rushed purple into Bernard's face. "What! Your own brother-in-law you want to swindle from the commission! Didn't I show you the house?"

"You did not!" said Mendel definitely.

Bernard and the women were struck speechless. Bernard's bulging eyes blazed indignantly from Zelde to Sarah and back again. The women were apparently with him. Then he began. "Liar! Murderer!" he roared, gradually increasing his wrath. "To my own face you speak like that! Faker! Swindler! In your own house you insult me!"

Mendel calmly took out a cigaret.

"You're not entitled to commission and you won't get it. So don't worry. What is worry? A gold-mine. It doesn't pay!"

He struck a match and added softly,

"The house you showed me, I didn't buy. I bought a different one."

"A different house!" shrieked Zelde, in pain. Bernard and the two women started as if hit by lightning. Then they gathered furiously about Mendel, breaking all together into a frantic chorus.

"A different house! . . . Liar! . . . What does he say? . . . Where am I? Murderer! . . . He makes you crazy! . . . Faker! . . . It's can't be! . . . A different house! . . . Swindler! . . ."

And standing silently among them, Mendel slowly lit his cigaret and shrugged his shoulders. When the attack finally sank, exhausted, into various chairs, he murmured, "What is a family? A building. It's bad if it falls on you!"

But Zelde moaned.

"A different house! A different house!" she cried like one possessed, and a note of inconsolable sadness stole through her voice. How she had longed for that other house! For the silver palace with the golden dome!

"Why didn't you buy that one?" she pleaded sorrowfully.

"It wasn't good enough!" said Mendel.

A new light gleamed in Zelde's eyes. Her drawn and wrinkled face relaxed.

"What! You bought a better one!

"Impossible," she thought. "Impossible!" She could not imagine a better one. "You're fooling," she said distrustfully. "Is this house near, like the other one, to the Gassenheims'?"

"Not far," Mendel replied. "What is distance? An overcoat. What's long for you is short for me!"

Zelde became impatient. "Tell me, is it just as nice like the other house?"

"Nicer yet!" Mendel said with enthusiasm. "What is beauty? An apple. You look at the cheeks, but I look for the heart!"

ZELDE wanted him to be more explicit. "Is it got glass doors with golden handles and marble all over?"

"I don't remember. I think it's got glass windows with golden letter-boxes. And the children play marbles all over!"

"You don't understand me!" she writhed. "Is it got a round roof with colored glass, and flowers in the garden with a fountain in the corner?"

"It's got plenty glass on the roof, and flowers in the park, with a soda-fountain on the corner!"

Zelde rose in a temper. "I'm asking you about Central Park West Side. And you're telling me about Pitt Street!"

"But I told you before yet that I didn't buy the house on Central Park West Side," said Mendel. "I bought the house on Pitt Street!"

"What are you talking about?" screamed Zelde. "What house?"

"This house," said Mendel, pointing at the table. "I bought this house! Right here! What for do I got to go to Central Park to live with the monkeys when I have such a beautiful, big house right here? You said three rooms ain't enough. Now you got sixty! I never liked to climb five floors. Now we can move to the stoop! The whole house is ours, with the yard!" he exclaimed exultantly. "What is Fifth Avenue? Fancy bricks. What is Pitt Street? Plain people. What is a house? Where your furniture is. What is a home? Where your heart is!"

Zelde wrung her hands.

"My God! My head turns like a wheel!" she groaned, almost hysterical. "What did he do? He's crazy! A whole tenement-house he bought! He wants to lock us up our whole lifetime in a prison!"

The mansion of her dreams—the silver palace with the golden dome—crashed down upon her, and she staggered into a chair, crushed beneath its ruins. And out of its shattered fragments rose a hideous, gaunt, and ghostly tenement that leered at her and made her shudder. No! Never would she consent to such a life! Rather would she beg on the streets, slave in the factory, scrub floors, than be the landlady-janitress of a dungeon-home.

"He'll become crazy before he makes me crazy!" Zelde determined. "Come, Sarah! To-night we pack. To-morrow we go! It's a new landlord in this house. We're dispossessed!" Zelde stood up with a certain grim majesty. Sarah followed her, without a word, into the bedroom.

Mendel knitted his brow, perplexed. "What is a wife?" he reflected. "The people. They're never satisfied. What is a husband? The king. He's never safe!"

Bernard, until now utterly confounded, at last gave vent to his feelings. "I'm a man like this—I don't like a lunatic! What in the devil do you need a whole tenement? Just because you ate a frankfurter when you was poor, do you got to buy a whole sausage-factory when you're rich? What good is your house if you broke up a home?" Then he added in a more rational tone, "Anyway, if you had to buy a tenement-house, why didn't you come to me?"

The Marantz household spent that night in an uproar. Zelde scolding and screaming and spanking the children. The children crying and yelling. Sarah weeping.

Mendel Marantz stood near the window, gazing fixedly into the darkness, his hands knotted behind him. He seemed like a surgeon with a cold, steel blade, and his family seemed like a patient moaning under the knife. But for a moment his features relaxed and a smile flitted over his face as he thought, "What is a plan? An operation. It's hard to go through with, but it's better in the end!"

IT WAS the week before Passover. Housewives in shawls, with leather market-bags slung over their arms, jostled each other in the narrow, crowded passages between the push-carts. The pedlers, standing behind their carts on the wheels, shouted hoarsely at the women as they crammed their bags with goods. A rich and endless variety of merchandise, from rugs and silks to matches and toothpicks, lay scattered on stands, tables, and carts or was spread over the pavement on blankets. Chinaware, bananas, silk shirts, chicken-fat, antiques, prunes, chandeliers unfolded like a vision of wealth before the housewife's hungry gaze.

And the poor woman jealously rivaled the rich one, and watched, hawk-like, out of the corner of her eye, how many more pounds of matzoth and honey and almond-nuts her millionaire neighbor bought. And, swallowing her lump of envy, she plunged passionately into the market, lavishing nickels and quarters with reckless abandon, then staggering proudly beneath her bargains, in the full view of her neighbors, she dragged herself home to her children.

Two well-dressed women stood at the edge of the market. The younger and taller of the two looked at the noisy, bustling throngs with the air of a sightseer. The older woman wore an expression of soft, almost tender feeling, and her eyes glistened through a moist film as she gazed at the life before her.

"Mama, let's go," said the younger of the two when she had seen enough.

"Wait another minute," urged her mother, loath to leave. "Maybe it'll recognize me some one! Only seven months," she sighed, "and it feels like seven years!"

"I wonder where that old tenement is!" her daughter pouted, fitting the fingers snug into her long, white kid gloves. "I almost forgot how these streets turn," she added with a pretty affectation.

"I'll never forget," the older woman murmured. "Here is Ridge and there is Rivington and over there is Delancey. We got to go down a block and across—to Pitt Street!"

And Zelde and her daughter started slowly, daintily to thread their way through the turbulent, surging mass, avoiding elbows, rubbing backs, stepping over children, and edging out of wagons. And Zelde recognized many faces, but few recognized her. "The Fifth Avenue lady!" some of her former neighbors snarled after her. "She comes to show off for us!"

Zelde and her daughter were on Pitt Street, walking up the old block, looking for the old house. For seven months they had been gone. Living with the family of Bernard Shnaps at Cedarhurst. Whiling away their time in the country, motoring, shopping, visiting, following the fashions and amusements, while they waited for Mendel to change his mind. But Mendel did not change his mind. He remained on Pitt Street.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

Your meat dollar

Out of every dollar you spend for meat, the retailer pays the packer about 81 cents, according to a recent government report.

The figures are the result of a study of retail stores made by the United States Department of Agriculture.*

It may not have occurred to you that before the packer got this 81 cents he had already paid nearly 70 cents for live stock, from which the meat is produced.

After paying out 81 cents for meat, the retailer has left 19 cents to cover his rent, wages, telephones, other service expenses, and profit.

This 19 cents is, of course, an average. Stores which do a big volume of business, and which operate on a cash and carry basis, have smaller expenses. Small neighborhood stores giving complete service, which so many people want, have a higher operating cost.

The packer's part of your dollar goes to pay for operation of packing plants, freight to market, and sales expense. It also includes his small margin of profit.

Although the live-stock raiser gets the largest part of your dollar, his expenses are by far the heaviest. It is an expensive process to raise and feed live stock, and many farmers have suffered losses during the past two years.

As a matter of fact, profits all the way through, from raising live stock to placing meat in the home, form a very small part of your meat dollar.

*NOTE: The figures in this report strike an average only. They give no indication of the prices and profits on individual cuts. Meat from different animals varies greatly in quality, and the choicer cuts of all meats bring relatively higher prices everywhere. They are, however, a small part of the total.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders

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Here – There – Everywhere

At the lawn fete, in the home with afternoon tea or formal dinner, on the greensward at the children's party—here, there and everywhere, morning, noon and night, you will meet these three dainty sugar wafers which enhance the pleasure of every food occasion.

Their delicate strips and centers of creamy goodness win hearts and palates instantly, whether served with a refreshing beverage, a welcome ice, luscious fruit, or just by themselves.

Sold in the famous N.B.C. Trade Mark package

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Write to Advertising Department, 433 West 15th Street, New York City, for booklet "Biscuit in Choice Recipes"

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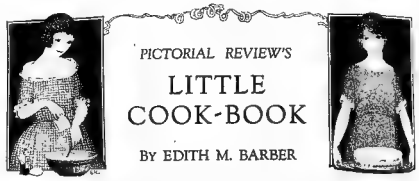
Sugar Wafers
Crisp, tender crusts enclosing vari-flavored creamy fillings.

ANOLA
Sugar Wafers
Creamy chocolate between chocolate-flavored squares.

HARLEQUIN
Sugar Wafers
Three delicious layers, each differently flavored, between fragile golden strips.



PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

THERE are a number of tricks in the pastry-cook's trade, but they are easily acquired. Follow the directions for pastry and pies on this page and you may be—if you like—a champion pie-maker with light, tender, flaky pastry, the "thirty-second-degree" test of cookery, always to your credit.

DESSERTS—PASTRY AND PIES

IF I could make good pastry I should be perfectly happy!" how often have I heard the new housekeeper remark! And as often have I heard the older sister say, "I can make anything else, but I just can't make good pastry." Once you know the trick, however, to make flaky, crisp pastry is a simple, quick process. Perhaps there are several tricks, but they are all simple and easily acquired.

Use pastry-flour if possible.

Have your shortening very cold. Any kind of fat may be used.

Cut the fat into the flour with a knife. Do not rub together with the fingers unless you have very cold hands.

Add only enough water to make the pastry stick together, as it will not be tender when extra flour must be added to make it dry enough to roll.

Chill the pastry before rolling. Pastry may be made up and kept in the ice-box ready for use.

Roll lightly on a smooth surface.

Bake pastry in a hot oven. For pastry-shells and for pies such as mince, whose filling does not require cooking, use a hot oven during the whole process. For fruit and custard pies which require a longer cooking, use a hot oven for ten minutes, then lower the temperature.

Points for Special Pies

BESIDES the big tricks there are a few pointers which apply to special pies. A little flour and granulated sugar mixed together and sprinkled on the lower crust of a fruit pie will prevent the juice from soaking the crust. Always make a slit in the upper crust of a fruit pie to prevent the juice from boiling out at the sides. Seal the two crusts of a fruit pie by brushing the lower edge with cold water and pressing the two edges together. The lower crust may be cut half an inch larger than the upper crust and may be turned over as a complete seal, or an extra rim of crust may be pressed over the two edges.

Bake a pastry-shell on the back of a pan. To prevent shrinking prick all over with a fork before placing in the oven.

To make a "velvety" meringue for the top of a pie beat the whites of the eggs until foamy, beat in powdered sugar gradually, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Brown in a hot oven.

Pastry

1½ Cupful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Fat
Cold Water

SIFT together the flour and salt. Cut in the fat with two case-knives. For a large quantity a wooden bowl and chopping-knife may be used. When fine, add at one side of the bowl one tablespoonful of cold water and stir in as much of the flour and fat as the water will take up. Continue this until you have four or five balls of dough and some dry flour left in the bowl. Press together with your fingers. If all the dry flour is not taken up add a little more water. Chill and roll.

Apple Pie

5 or 6 Apples
½ Cupful Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Flour

PARE, core, and slice the apples. Mix the sugar, salt, and cinnamon. Line a pan with pastry, sprinkle with a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a tablespoonful of sugar, and add the apples and sugar in layers. Dot with butter, cover with an upper crust, and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, then lower the temperature and bake until the apples are soft. This method of arranging the filling may be used for all fruit pies.

Lemon Meringue Pie

½ Cupful Flour
1 Cupful Sugar
1½ Cupful Boiling Water
2 Eggs
Grated Rind of 1 Lemon
1 Tablespoonful Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
4 Tablespoonfuls Powdered Sugar

MIX the flour and sugar, add the boiling water slowly, and boil five minutes, stirring constantly. Cook over boiling water ten minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat the yolks of the eggs and add to them the cooked mixture. Return to boiler and add the butter, lemon-juice, and -rind, and cook until the mixture thickens. Cool and fill the baked crust. Cover with a meringue made by beating the whites of the eggs and adding the powdered sugar. Brown in a hot oven.

PASTRY AND PIES (Continued)

Coconut Custard Pie

2 Eggs
3 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1½ Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Shredded Coconut
Nutmeg

BEAT the eggs, add the remaining ingredients in the order given. Pour into a deep-pie-pan lined with pastry. Bake until the custard is firm and the crust brown, using a hot oven for a few minutes, then lowering the temperature.

Lemon Cream Pie

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Cupful Sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
2 Eggs
1 Lemon (Grated Rind and Juice)
1 Pint Milk

CREAM the butter and sugar, add the flour and beaten yolks, the lemon-juice and -rind, then add the milk; mix well, fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Line a pan with pastry and bake like a custard pie.

Pumpkin Pie

1½ Cupful Cooked Pumpkin
¾ Cupful Brown Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful Ginger
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Eggs
2 Cupfuls Milk

THE pumpkin may be steamed or baked. Mix in the order given and bake in one crust like a custard pie. Canned pumpkin may be used.

Mock Cherry Pie

2 Cupfuls Cranberries
1 Cupful Raisins
1½ Cupful Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour

CUT the cranberries in half, mix with the raisins, sugar, and flour, and bake between crusts or bake in one crust. When the fruit is soft place a two-egg meringue on the top.

Fruit Cream Pie

BAKE the crust as for lemon pie and fill the shell with cream filling. (See "Frostings and Fillings.") Whip one cupful of cream, add one-half cupful or more of strained fruit-pulp, and pile on top of the cream filling. Fresh strawberries, raspberries, or peaches may be used, or stewed apricots or prunes may take the place of the fresh fruit.

Banana Tarts

COVER the backs of small pattie-pans with thinly rolled pastry. Prick with a fork and bake in a hot oven seven to ten minutes. Remove the pastry-shells and fill with sliced bananas. Cover with unsweetened whipped cream and serve at once.

Banbury Tarts

1½ Cupful Sugar
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
2 Eggs
2 Cupfuls Raisins
½ Cupful Candied Orange-peel

MIX the sugar and flour and add the eggs, beaten slightly. Cut the raisins and orange-peel into pieces and add to the first mixture. Roll pastry an eighth of an inch thick and cut into rounds three or four inches in diameter. Spread one-half of each round with the mixture, moisten, fold, and press the edges together. Bake about fifteen minutes in a hot oven. Sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving. Instead of the candied orange-peel the grated rind of one orange may be used.

Grandmother's "Shoofly" Pie

LINE a pie-tin with pastry rolled a little thicker than usual. Sprinkle plentifully with brown sugar, dot with butter, and bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes.

Green Tomato Mince-meat

1 Peck Green Tomatoes
2½ Pounds Brown Sugar
2 Pounds Raisins
1 Pound Beef Suet
½ Cupful Vinegar
2 Tablespoonfuls Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Cloves
2 Teaspoonfuls Nutmeg
2 Cupfuls Chopped Apples

SLICE the tomatoes or put them through a food-chopper, cover with cold water, and boil five minutes. Drain. Add the other ingredients, and simmer about forty-five minutes until most of the moisture has evaporated. Pack in hot jars and seal until ready to use.

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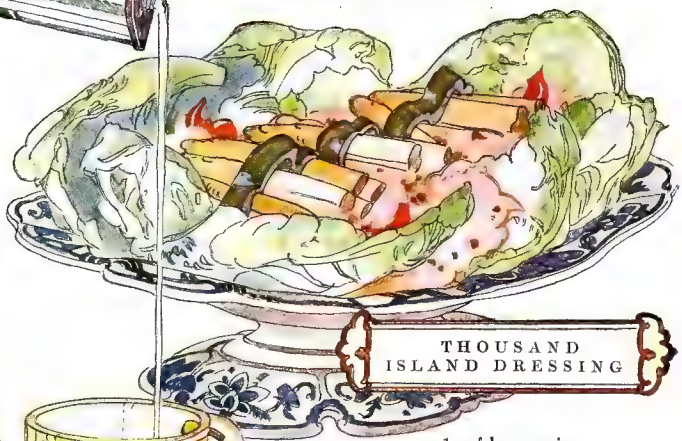
With home-made mayonnaise on hand
it is easy to make
many delicious, fancy salad dressings

One Minute Mayonnaise

1 egg
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful dry mustard
1 tablespoonful lemon juice or vinegar
1 pint Wesson Oil

Break the whole egg in a bowl. Put in a half teaspoonful each of dry mustard and of salt, with one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Beat these together a few seconds with a Dover egg beater. Then slowly pour in one pint of Wesson Oil, beating it in with the other ingredients as it is poured into the bowl.

Covered and kept in a cool place this mayonnaise will keep for a long time without separating. It is an economy to make it up in quantity. Then one is always ready to quickly prepare many delicious, fancy dressings.



THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

1 cupful mayonnaise
⅓ cupful chili sauce
⅓ cupful whipped cream
2 tablespoonfuls chopped, sour and sweet pickles, or chow chow
1 chopped pimento

Combine the ingredients in the order given and serve at once.

Delicious with
any green salad or
with eggs, salmon, chicken, ham,
tongue,
celery or asparagus

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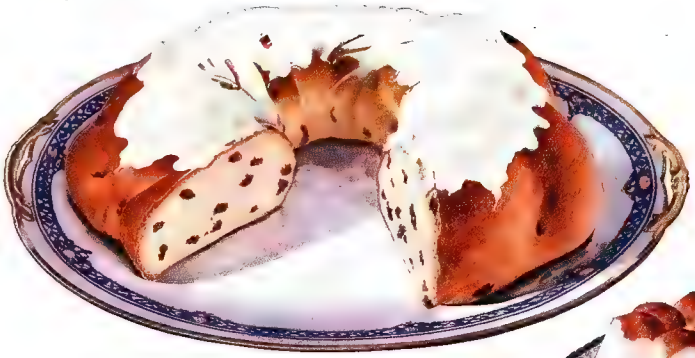
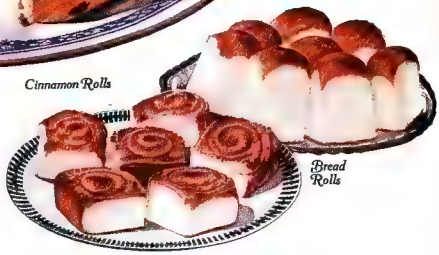


Raisin Coffee Cake



Cinnamon Rolls

Bread Rolls

Do you make only bread on bake day?

When baking do you use a little bread dough for delightful sweet breads?

Many mothers find that plenty of sweet rolls and bread reduce the craving for cake and candy. Children love every kind of sweet loaf; after you begin to have them the "sweets" problem in your home will not be nearly so perplexing.

And it is so easy to make them when you have bread dough on hand. Just add sugar, eggs and shortening, according to the recipe you like best.

Northwestern Yeast Co., 1754 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago

Raisin Coffee Cake
with bread dough

In the morning to 1 pound regular bread dough, when first made, add ½ teaspoon shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar and 1 egg. Knead 5 minutes; let rise 2½ hours; knead down and let rise about 1 hour. Roll into a sheet about 1 inch thick, sprinkle with small seedless raisins and shape into a roll. Twist the roll and form into a ring, joining the ends. Place in pan; let rise for 1½ hours. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. When done and while still warm, ice with frosting made by beating together 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon milk or water and ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract.

Parker House Rolls
with bread dough
Two and one-half dozen

Take 4 cups (2 pounds) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Roll out to ½ inch thickness. Shape with a biscuit cutter, brush each shape with melted butter, crease through the center, fold over and press edges together. Place in a buttered pan 1 inch apart and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes. Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to the regular bread dough, together with enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

Cinnamon Rolls
with bread dough
One and one-half dozen

Take 4 cups (2 pounds) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Roll out to ½ inch thickness. Sprinkle with ½ tablespoon sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Make into a long even roll and cut into 18 pieces. Set close together, with cut surface down, in a buttered pan, and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Butter tops and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to regular dough, together with ¼ cup raisins and enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

Bread Rolls
One dozen large or two dozen small

Take 4 cups (2 pounds) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Mold into a long even roll and cut into twelfths. Shape into round balls. Set close together in a buttered pan, brush with melted butter, cover and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Raisin Bread

Parker House Rolls

HANNAH L. WESSLING
Formerly Bread Expert Department of Agriculture

Ask our expert what you want to know about bread making

Miss Wessling is an authority on bread making and will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc. If you are making some delightful new bread with a delicious flavor, write to Miss Wessling and tell her about it.

An important new discovery about Yeast Foam

People also eat Yeast Foam. You need vitamines, they create vitality—help you resist disease. Thousands are benefiting from the energy-making qualities of Yeast Foam, one of the richest sources of the remarkable element in food called vitamine.

Send for instructive booklet, "Dry Yeast as an aid to Health"

Send for free booklet.

Magic Yeast—Yeast Foam—*just the same except in name.*
Package of 5 cakes—at your grocer—10c package

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Drawing by Shirley Ellis

FEED HIM WELL, OH BRIDE!

Adding Tact for Flavor, Says the Fifth in the "Eat and Be Healthy" Series

By JENOISE B. SHORT *and* HARRIET T. BARTO

JUNE—the month of brides, roses, and shiny new pots and pans! What strange concoctions will emerge from those bright utensils to tempt the palate of the "lucky man"?

A woman we know who has a great deal to do with girls says she wishes the day might come when a diploma in home economics would be demanded before the marriage license is issued. A bit radical perhaps, but we wonder whether she isn't about right. She realizes how sadly lacking many of our little brides are in the knowledge of home-making, and we in turn remember some of the meals we have eaten from charming wedding-china that have been planned and prepared with all good intention but which have been hopelessly inadequate in nourishment. One recently served to a trusting bridegroom contained five kinds of sauces: a cream vegetable soup (the basis of which is white sauce), a thickened gravy, a creamed vegetable, mayonnaise on salad, and a pudding covered with still another kind of sauce. Imagine the young husband who is a willing and unconscious victim of such poor meal-planning three times a day and seven days a week.

An eminent physician says, "Far too many girls are allowed to grow up untrained either to cook or to supervise cooking by domestic workers. The consequence is that when these girls marry they are poor home-makers. Their own digestions suffer and their husbands' digestions also. This soon or late means a state of chronic nervous irritability. It may further mean marital dissension, with resort perhaps to the divorce court. For many a nervous woman the best possible prescription would be 'Study a good cook-book.'"

But a knowledge of cooking is not enough. There must be also an understanding of nutrition to balance it in spite of the opinion of the up-to-date poet who sings of Methuselah and his diet.

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the calory count—
He ate it because it was chow
He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner he sat
Destroying a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in granular fat
Or a couple of vitamins sly
He cheerfully chewed every species of food,
Untroubled by worries or fears
Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy dessert,
And he lived over nine hundred years!

Methuselah lived to a ripe old age in the face of his evident disregard of the principles of nutrition. But some years have passed since his day and the world is changing rapidly. We know that to live even a small fraction of his time we must obey the rules of health, one of the most important of which is correct eating. Even the hotels and restaurants are considering it. Some places are giving the calory value of their different foods on the menu-cards—others are suggesting balanced meals. A large hotel in New York city has instituted a scientific diet service for its patrons where one can get special foods properly prepared. This is indeed a step forward.

Don't Drudge. Read, Clip, and File

EVERY woman wants to look well. Every man wants to be "in the pink" at any cost. The male of the species has his food prejudices well established unless you "catch him young," and they are apt to be firmly fixed even then because of doting mothers or other indulgent relatives. But tell a man that such and such a food will be good for him, will make him muscular, and then watch him eat it.

Do not try to reform his food habits too rapidly, and be sure that you have a good reason for every change you attempt to make in them. First make things taste good. Put tact into your cooking. If you honestly think you ought to serve a certain food and it is refused the first time, try it in several different ways before you give it up as hopeless.

The clever housewife is she who manages to spend the least time in the kitchen without sacrificing the health of the family in any essential. Don't drudge. Handle your business as any other director of a worthwhile project would his. It makes your work so much more vital. Read, clip, and file. In this way you can gather a vast amount of useful information.

Have you a book-shelf in your kitchen or in some equally convenient spot, Mrs. New Housekeeper? In your position as manager of a household you will very often find it useful to consult a number of authoritative books along your own line. Most of the books suggested have been reviewed on this page at some time, and are, in the main, devoted to nutrition and cooking, but we would be glad to suggest books along other lines which might well be added to such a shelf. If you are planning to buy only one cook-book you can not do better than purchase "The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book." This is a very good general book containing a splendid collection of recipes, most of which are planned for a family of six, but which can easily be cut down if desired. The directions for making are very clear.

"Lessons in Cooking Through Preparation of Meals" has been of great assistance to many young cooks as well as more experienced ones. One of the especially good features is a week's menu for each month in the year, with recipes and directions for preparing the meals, as well as other valuable material, such as suggestions on marketing, etc.

"A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband" is a new book to us. We wish that we had found it sooner, for we thoroughly enjoyed Bettina's cooking adventures during the first year of trying to please her husband. All the culinary emergencies which she has to meet, as well as many of her every-day experiences, are told in a chatty fashion, accompanied by excellent recipes, some four hundred in number. Altogether this book makes you want to "keep house" and particularly to cook and keep on cooking.

No matter what the size of your family may be, do not neglect to put "Feeding the Family," by Mary Swartz Rose, on your book-shelf. You will be glad to have a book written for Mrs. Average Housekeeper which gives in clear, concise, and interesting form the important things one needs to know in order to feed wisely and economically persons of all ages from babyhood up.

Real Helps, Every One

"FEEDING the Family"—Mary Swartz Rose. (MacMillan).
"The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book"—F. M. Farmer. (Little, Brown.)
"A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband"—Weaver & LeCron. (A. L. Burt.)
"Lessons in Cooking Through Preparation of Meals"—Robinson & Hammel. (American School of Home Economics.)
"Low Cost Cooking"—Florence Nesbitt. (American School of Home Economics.)
"Marketing and Housework Manual"—S. Agnes Donham. (Little, Brown.)
"Cooking for Two"—Janet McKenzie Hill. (Little, Brown.)

Send to the Division of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for a list of free Farmers' Bulletins. The department has published hundreds of these, and many of them are written for the home-maker. The list includes bulletins on the selection and preparation of different foods, the care of foods, feeding the family, home canning of fruits, vegetables, and meats, home laundering, the farm kitchen as a workshop, and the removal of stains from clothing and other textiles. Why not write for the following bulletins as a start?

How to Select Foods—I. "What the Body Needs." Farmers' Bulletin 808.
How to Select Foods—II. "Cereal Foods." Farmers' Bulletin 817.
How to Select Foods—III. "Foods Rich in Protein." Farmers' Bulletin 824.
"A Week's Food for an Average Family." Farmers' Bulletin 1228.
"Economical Use of Meat in the Home." Farmers' Bulletin 391.
"Preparation of Vegetables for the Table." Farmers' Bulletin 256.

THE accompanying menus are intended merely to be suggestive. You will see that no fancy or complicated dishes are mentioned, and only those which can be found in the ordinary cook-book. By way of encouragement we believe that many times menus look much better when prepared and put on the table than they do on paper; for example, the "one-dish meal," which may appear almost too simple as one plans it, but can be very satisfying when served. The simplicity of the meals suggested may possibly make them appear unduly plain to any one with the culinary ambitions of the average bride. We love her for her festiveness, but we warn her that a meal of a few courses well cooked is safer for a beginner than the elaborate meals so often attempted.

Planning and cooking ahead have been considered. For instance, enough baking-powder biscuits should be prepared on Thursday so that there will be plenty left over for Friday's shortcake. Sufficient tapioca coconut cream is made for Wednesday's dinner and also for Thursday's luncheon. The roast lamb gives meat for two dinners and a luncheon dish for a family of two, for which these menus were planned. The meat-loaf also does duty for two meals, a dinner and a luncheon.

Menus Any Woman Can Prepare

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
Sliced Oranges — Puffed Cereal
Broiled Bacon — Muffins or Toast
Coffee

DINNER
Roast Lamb with Mint Sauce (Rolled Shoulder)
Mashed Potatoes — Peas
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Custard — Drop-cookies or Plain Cake
Coffee

SUPPER
Fruit Salad
Cheese Sandwiches or Toasted Muffins (Left Over)
Iced or Hot Chocolate or Milk

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
Stewed Apricots or Rhubarb
Hot Cereal
Coffee — Toast

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Cream of Tomato Soup — Croutons
Banana and Peanut Salad
Bread and Butter
Cookies — Tea

DINNER
Broiled Beefsteak — Baked Potatoes
Scalloped Cabbage
Lettuce and Radish Salad
Fresh Fruit (Sliced) or Berries

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Sliced Bananas — Cornflakes
Shirred Eggs — Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Vegetable Salad — Bread and Butter
Plain Cakes or Cookies
Milk or Iced Coffee au Lait

DINNER
Cold Sliced Lamb (Left Over)
Baked Potatoes — String-beans
Strawberry Shortcake with Cream
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
Oranges
Hot Cereal
French Toast — Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Minced Lamb on Toast (Left Over)
Lettuce Salad or Relish
Stewed Apricots or Rhubarb (Left Over)
Wafers — Iced or Hot Tea

DINNER
Pork-chops — Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Asparagus — Apple Sauce
Tapioca Coconut Cream

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Strawberries — Cold Cereal
Puffy Omelet or Scrambled Eggs
Toast — Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Vegetable Salad
Baking-powder Biscuits
Tapioca Coconut Cream (Left Over)
Tea

DINNER
Meat-loaf with Tomato Sauce
New Potatoes
Buttered Cauliflower or Onions
Cherry Salad
(California Cherries Filled with Hazelnuts or Filberts)
Sponge-cake — Coffee

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
Prunes Stewed with Lemon
Hot Cereal — Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Consommé — Wafers
Stuffed Cottage Cheese Salad
Bread and Butter
Spanish Cream — Iced or Hot Tea

DINNER
Halibut Steak
Buttered New Potatoes
String-beans or Spinach
Lettuce and Cucumber Salad
Fruit Shortcake
(Left-over Baking-powder Biscuits)

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
Sliced Pineapple
Cold Cereal
Broiled Bacon (Small Portion)
Toast — Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Sliced Meat-loaf (Left Over)
Potato Salad
Sponge-cake — Junket
Tea

DINNER
Scalloped Eggs with Cheese
Baked Potatoes
Stuffed Green Peppers — Pickles
Fruit Gelatin — Coffee

Bread and butter or rolls are served at dinner

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How was she to know?

FINALLY he appeared one evening—the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?

* * * *

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

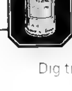
Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

Fastidious people prefer to be on the safe and polite side. They make Listerine a systematic part of their daily toilet routine—as a gargle and mouth wash.

It is so much easier to be comfortably assured your breath is sweet, fresh, and clean; to know you are not offending your friends or those about you.

Start using Listerine today. Be in doubt no longer about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE



MENDEL MARANTZ MOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Every week punctually for seven months he had sent to Bernard Shnaps full payment for his family's support and enough besides to keep it dressed on the level with its social aspirations. And each time he sent something in addition to Bernard. But he did not leave Pitt Street. It seemed that the richer he became, the longer he would live there.

It had all settled down to a cool, unimpassioned battle of endurance. Who would weaken first? Would Mendel tire of the tenements, the coffee-houses, the fish-market? Or would Zelde and her daughter weary of the frothy pleasures, the idle hours, and the fruitless chase after a society they could not attain?

At times Zelde frankly weakened. It was when she thought of Rifke, the janitor's wife! What a fool she was! Zelde told herself. Perhaps Mendel had desired just such an arrangement! His family far away in Cedarhurst, and he—with a wicked, unscrupulous woman—on Pitt Street! And Zelde—the fool—had accommodated him!

But she was resolved to bear it all for Sarah's sake. Sooner or later Mendel would have to desert the old haunts. They all did. And in that faith Zelde and her daughter had planned a final, decisive stroke. They were coming to bid Mendel good-by. After the Passover they were going to leave him for a long time—perhaps forever! They were sailing for Europe. That was their plan. And they would invite Mendel to Cedarhurst just for Passover week, to sit for the last time at the head of the table—the king of the Seder—with Zelde, his queen, by his side, and the children—the princes and princesses of his royal family—about him. And Mendel's youngest, his dearest—his little Jakie—would rise sturdily and recite in a loud, clear voice the "four questions" of the Haggadah, and his father would answer, beaming with pleasure and pride at the bright little lad. And then there would be feasting and singing and rejoicing. And would Mendel be able to leave them after that?

Sarah's voice broke with a sharp cry into her mother's reverie.

"I don't see the house! The house isn't there!"

ZELDE and Sarah clung to each other, stupefied. They had reached the end of the block and passed every house. But the old, ramshackle tenement was no longer there! Gone! Dazed and confused, Zelde and her daughter walked slowly back, Sarah on one side of the street and Zelde on the other, examining each house anxiously as they passed. But the house they were looking for was gone!

"Mother!" Sarah suddenly called out over the block. "Come here!" Zelde ran across the gutter, frightened and breathless, then she stopped as if fixed to the stone walk beneath her, rigid and numbed with amazement

Fitted compactly into the long, shabby row of faded gray and yellow tenements, between two dreary, dilapidated houses that enveloped it in their shadows, stood a five-story marble mansion. It had no stoop and no fire-escapes and no windows and no tin roof like the others. But a marble entrance-arch and stone balconies and latticed casements with gilded handles and a round, dazzling roof that glittered in the sunlight.

A silver palace with a golden dome! A strange, fairylike abode—strayed from its proper setting and lost in a street of towering caves!

Zelde and Sarah stood, unable to think or speak or understand. To them it was the vision of a queer, inexplicable day-dream. A wild, dream-like delusion. Where was the old, tumble-down tenement? What did this new, magnificent residence mean? Where were they? On Central Park West or on Pitt Street? Where was Mendel? Where was Rifke? Good Heavens! What had happened here in those short seven months?

Zelde's head was spinning. She could scarcely stand.

"What's such a high-class ladies doing on Pitt Street?" suddenly exclaimed a voice behind her.

Zelde reeled about, grasping her daughter's hand for support. "Pooh!" she cried, pale with emotion. "You frightened my life out!"

IT WAS Mendel. Standing in his shirt-sleeves in the gutter, wearing the same wrinkled trousers and broad, dusty shoes that he had worn when Zelde left him.

"What is a wife?" were his first words of greeting. "Your shadow. You can't lose it!"

"Don't be so sure," said Zelde frigidly

"What kind of a new craziness did you do here?" She could not resist her curiosity. Mendel smiled good-naturedly.

"I see you don't recognize the old house, Zelde! Come, we don't live no more on the top floor. I moved to the stoop, in Rifke's rooms! I always told you she had the best rooms!"

Zelde halted abruptly. Mendel noted the silent, burning question in her eyes.

"Rifke moved long ago—far away," he added significantly. "All the old tenants moved. But I got new ones. Look, Sarah! Tell your mother what says on it!" He pointed to a bronze shield riveted to the marble wall of the building. Sarah read aloud the quaintly embossed, burnished words upon it:

PITT STREET
STUDIO APARTMENTS
DE LUXE
Mendel Marantz, Inventor

"You see my invention!" said Mendel, pointing with a flicker of pride in his eyes to the stately structure before them. "What's an idea? A seed. What is the brain? The soil. What's an invention? The flower. Come inside, Mrs. Marantz, and take along your society daughter!"

A negro in brilliant uniform parted the doors and bowed as they passed. Zelde and Sarah looked back admiringly.

"Swell!" they both whispered.

MENDEL led them into a large, impressively furnished reception-room and bade them recline in the soft-cushioned armchairs

Zelde could restrain herself no longer.

"It's a shame how you look!" she scowled. "With a dirty shirt and torn pants! A fish-pedler goes nicer dressed. The porter by the door looks like a general and you look like the janitor!"

"Then you didn't see the janitor yet!" Mendel observed. "He's dressed like an emperor! That's the rule in this house. The tenants wear what they like and the servants wear what they don't. They get paid extra for it. Here comes fashionable people with stiff necks from high collars and broken backs from tight jackets and sprained ankles from fancy shoes, and they go around without collars altogether, in loose shirts like balloons, with pants like skirts and shoes like footballs, and sit and laugh at the help, which has to wear full dress and the latest styles! What is clothing? Handcuffs. The better they fit, the less you like it!"

"What kind of a house did you made here?" cried Zelde in alarm. "A crazy house!" And she gazed with a sudden fear about her. Mendel tried to reassure her.

"Here is an asylum—not for lunatics, but for rich children who want to take a rest once in a while from society. I don't take no tenant in this house rated less than A1 in *Dun's* and *Bradstreet's*, because I know the richer they are the more they need a flat in the Pitt Street Studio Apartments. It's such a big demand I got to charge more rent than on Park Avenue But it's worth more! The mostly demand is from millionaires who used to live on the East Side when they were poor; but later they got lost in all kinds of sections with grass and flowers and automobiles and statues, but no human beings And 'way down, under the stiff shirt with the diamond pins, they're hungry for the old times when they could wear a soft shirt with safety-pins, and sit in Pitt Street park and fall asleep reading a newspaper, instead to sit in the office and keep awake reading the ticker "

"Everything by you is upside down!" said Zelde with increasing concern for Mendel's stability. But Sarah sat transported at her father's words as a new and fascinating world unfolded before her through the old, remodeled tenement while he spoke.

"And once more the millionaires like to go in Berkowitz's coffee-house, where the owner is the waiter and the wife is the cook, and if you don't like the tea you go in the back and make it yourself. And they long for another Sabbath in the old synagog, where it's no pews, but the same hard benches for all, with the old chazan who sings from the heart because he hasn't got a voice. And they want another meal in Pheffer's delicatessen-store, where you eat on the counter and throw half to the cat; and they want to buy kvass apples at the old pickle-stand and pick herrings straight from the barrel and taste ten different kinds of cheese with the finger before they buy one. And once more they like to go in the movies for a nickel at the Golden Rule Palace, where you holler at the villain and whistle if the picture stops in the middle! What is human nature? A sweetheart. You like to see her without make-up!"

"Millionaires on Pitt Street!" Zelde finally gasped, more skeptical than ever, but also a little curious. "It never was such a thing!"

"But it's now," said Mendel, tapping his forehead. "What is brains? Halley's comet. It comes once in a century! Here in the Studio Apartments the richest got just as much freedom like the poorest. They can wear, eat, do what they like! The poor millionaires have a real vacation when they come here! It's a new life for them. Holidays and week-ends they arrive by the bushel and invite yet all their friends. Now, near Passover espe-

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A FASHION HINT FOR WOMEN

BY *Natalie Norris*

WHAT suitor or husband has not paced in despair up and down the library, choleric under the proddings of his collar, while his lady fair preened before her mirror? Even in the Elizabethan days, it is written, the knight was in his doublet and hose long before his lady appeared ready for the ball.

But procrastination is the prerogative of woman. She knows what she is about. It takes time to make an invulnerable toilette.

Yet, while there is probably no item of feminine apparel which comes in for as close scrutiny as stockings, there are still, otherwise faultlessly dressed women who give apparently little thought to the selection of their hosiery.

Women who would never think of passing a mirror without adjusting a hat, tucking a straying lock in place or administering a few deft pats with friend powder-puff, trip serenely down the street with stocking seams running woefully askew.

And what is more unsightly than a crooked seam?

Will some women never learn they can be forever rid of this dire misfortune by buying Burson Hose?

Burson stockings, as you are probably aware, are fashioned in the knitting so that they conform perfectly to the graceful contour of the leg and ankle, and they have no seams to twist and pull awry.

Years ago, before the wonderful Burson looms were invented, stocking manufacturers hit upon the idea of putting seams in stockings to make a poorly shaped article fit a little better. Even today, some ordinary seamless stockings, with just as many needles to the ankle as the leg, are made to imitate real fashioned hose by sewing a mock seam up the back. It is difficult to detect this until after the stockings are laundered, when they lose their pressed-in shape.

To avoid the risk of getting stockings which are not permanently shaped you should buy Burson, because the fashioning or shaping is plainly visible.

Burson stockings are fashioned perfectly on the loom. They have no ungainly seams to annoy the eye or torture the feet.

Once you have worn Burson I am sure you will agree with me that they are not only more stylish but that they are extremely comfortable.

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SPORTS SILKS AND HEATHERS

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Fashioned Hose

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILL.

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Duane De Helms, Lewisville, Ind., Age, 1 year, Weight, 23 pounds. Was raised on Mellin's Food after trying several other foods. The Mellin's Food sure started him off right and kept him right.
Respectfully yours,
A. W Helms

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Gentlemen:
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Mrs. A. J Sutera,
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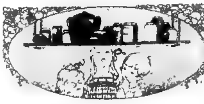

MENDEL MARANTZ MOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

cially, we're packed like salmon. All the rich women want to go shopping in the fish-market before the holidays as they used to long ago. They say it's better for the nerves than Carlsbad. And the men take a real rest. They make believe they're poor again. They don't go fishing except for noodles, and they don't go hunting except for chicken-livers. They like to be plain. After all, what is society? A turkey. It's proud till you eat it. Here they enjoy life—instead of its trimmings! What is life? A theater. It's different prices, but the same show!"

How simple and natural Mendel had made the impossible appear!

"Eh! It's a lot of foolishness!" Zelde conceded at last. But she was anxious to know, Did such a world really exist? Was Mendel's story but a ruse to lure them back to Pitt Street? Did he mean to deprive Zelde and Sarah forever of society's glorious opportunities and make of them a family of hotel-keepers, or lackeys to the slumming rich? Mendel glanced at his watch.

"We're just in time soon for supper," he remarked. "Let's go down-stairs. I got in the building a combination delicatessen-store and coffee-house. You'll take with me a bite before you go back to Cedarhurst."

Back to Cedarhurst! Zelde and Sarah woke out of their delicious illusion. Yes, they would soon be going back to Cedarhurst. And they had told Mendel nothing of their trip abroad, of Passover week, of his coming out to them! Everything had turned out so different from what they had expected. Nevertheless they were determined to carry out their plan. At supper they would begin!

The combination delicatessen-store and coffee-house in the basement of Mendel's mansion was unusually crowded. Informal groups of rather plain-looking men and women in carelessly fitting clothes were scattered about the place, smoking, laughing, chattering, and gesticulating with the exaggeration of newly acquired freedom. Some sat at tables conversing over steaming samovars; others gathered along the walls about card and chess games; still others leaned on the wurst-counters, munching tongue and Bologna sandwiches and drinking bottles of celery-tonic while in process of a lively dice contest to decide who would pay the bill. And in a corner an old cylinder phonograph with a dented horn was playing Yiddish, Russian, and Roumanian folk-songs that the listeners had known since childhood and which they themselves had sung numberless times in the early days of their struggle, while working as tailors, shoemakers, pedlers, and stand-keepers—before wealth had raised them out of that sphere.

AND with the melodies, their thoughts wafted back to their youth, their parents, the hopes and ideals with which their lives had begun, and their voices blended softly with the hoarse, cracked tune of the record; and long after the phonograph stopped they were singing, humming, dreaming the little melody that ran through their lives. Stripped of their millions, their burdens, their station, they were plain, hearty men and women of the East Side—humble, happy, and free—living in one of a long row of Pitt Street tenement-houses!

And it was here, under these circumstances and in this atmosphere, that Zelde Marantz and her daughter Sarah made their début into that elect society which never, in their most extravagant visions, had they hoped to attain. Instead of the formal, forbidding aristocracy entrenched in its unapproachable castles and fortresses on Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue, they found a multitude of simple, unassuming people heaped together on Pitt Street, glad to make their acquaintance, willing to be recognized as former neighbors in poverty, showering social invitations upon Zelde and her daughter as if all class and caste and patents of nobility had been submerged in one huge, overpowering flood of humanity. A spirit of unrestrained feeling, of mutual understanding, of inner accord that radiated through the entire mass and concentrated about the person of Mendel, the host! And his illustrious guests, out of a wholesome regard and affection they had acquired for him, rose from their tables eager and curious to meet the new hostess, Zelde, and her daughter Sarah, as they swept along in a fever of delirious delight. And here were the Glucks, with Gershon Gluck, the fur king, at the head of the table; and there was Simon Varoneck, the financier, with Aaron Ash, the millinery magnate; and there were the Rotheils, the Bladowskys, the Cahns, and the Kunzes! Mendel introduced them all, and then led his dazzled and enchanted family into the kitchen adjoining the coffee-house, to meet an odd, little, bald-headed man bending busily over a barrel of freshly pickled cucumbers.

"Do you know who is this?" cried Mendel triumphantly, slapping the little man soundly on the back. "It's Zigmund Krauss, the cloak and suit king! What used to keep the pickle-stand on Scammel Street!

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The SECRET LETTERS *of* BETTY BLAIR

Ten Intimate Letters That Were Written But Never Mailed

Betty Blair

January 10.

Dear Margaret:

I wonder what you would think if you could see this letter! For I do not know who you are or where you are. I don't know why I selected the name Margaret. I hardly know why I am writing this letter to you at all.

But tonight, as I sat by myself alone, I felt that I just couldn't stand it longer—that I simply must have some one to tell my troubles to. So I am writing this letter to you just as though you were a real person. And somehow, Margaret, I feel that whoever you are, and wherever you are, you will understand.

I know that it isn't right to be envious of any one, or anything, but sometimes when I think of the other girls, I just can't help it. I haven't been to a party or dance in weeks and it seems an age since Bob came the last time!

I shall always love him, Margaret—yes, even if he marries Peggy Andrews!

January 17.

Dear Margaret:

It's no use. I'm afraid things will never be different for me. Marion Lawrence invited me to a party at her home last night and I had been so shut-up and lonesome for days that I decided to go. Somehow, I hoped that this time at least it might be different. But the minute I got there I was sorry I had gone. For it seemed that every girl had a new dress but me.

Bob danced with me twice, but the minute the dance was over he seemed anxious to get away. And yet how happy and proud he was when he danced with Peggy! She looked so pretty in her new taffeta, too!

When I came home I sat down and cried. It isn't fair that I should be wasting the best years of my life just because I haven't pretty clothes! It isn't fair! It isn't fair!

January 24.

Dear Margaret:

Mary Davenport was married today. She wanted me to be one of her bridesmaids, but I begged off. I made all sorts of excuses—all but the real one. But I think she guessed the truth. I knew that all the other girls would have new dresses, and I knew, too, that every one would recognize my pink organdie as being last year's.

So I slipped into the gallery of the church and watched Mary go proudly up the aisle.

And oh, how I envied her! Do you think that any one will ever marry me, Margaret? Sometimes I grow afraid that I shall be the old maid sister of the family. For I am getting older every day. Oh, if only I had some pretty clothes! How different everything would be!

January 25.

Dear Margaret:

Last night, after I wrote you that letter, I lay in bed a long time—just thinking and thinking

I was as wide awake as if it had been daytime. And there kept flashing through my mind the memory of a story I had read in a magazine—the story of a girl just like myself. She couldn't afford pretty clothes, either, and she was, oh, so discouraged. And then she found a way by which she learned to make pretty dresses herself—for merely the cost of materials.

And as I lay there, an irresistible impulse seemed to be urging me to do something. It was almost as if a voice—your voice, Margaret, was saying—"Find out about it!" "Find out about it!"

So I got up then and there and wrote a letter.

I mailed it this morning. And ever since, I have felt more cheerful than in weeks. Perhaps, after all, there is a way for me to get the pretty clothes I want so much. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could, Margaret?

January 28.

Dear Margaret:

Remember that letter I mentioned a few days ago? Well, I got an answer from it today—a good, thick letter from the Membership Secretary of the Woman's Institute. Not only a friendly, cheerful letter, but a booklet describing the plan in detail.

Just think! While I have been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning to make the pretty clothes they have always wanted and at, oh, such wonderful savings!

Do you think I can learn, too, Margaret? I am sure I can. For more than 140,000 girls and women, in all circumstances, have learned to sew at home through the Woman's Institute. If they can learn, I can learn, too!

March 10.

Dear Margaret:

I wonder if it was Fate that induced me to mail that letter to the Woman's Institute? Whatever it was, I am sure that one simple little act will be the means of changing my whole life for the better.

For, Margaret, I am really learning how to sew! Although I have finished only three of the Institute's lessons I have already made the prettiest blouse for myself and one for mother. And last night I finished my first dress, a simple, one-piece dress, but I'm more proud of it than anything I ever had.

Met Bob today and he admired it very much and wanted to know where I had bought it.

Men do notice pretty things, don't they, Margaret? And, oh, yes! Bob wants me to go to a dance with him next month. I don't want to be mean, but I hope Peggy Andrews is there, too. This time it will be different.

April 24.

Dear Margaret:

It's strange what a difference a few short weeks make! Why, it seems only yesterday that I was wondering if I would ever have pretty clothes like other girls. And now they are envying me!

You should have seen how surprised they were last night at the dance. "Where in the world did you ever get that wonderful gown?" . . . I think if they asked me that question once they asked it a hundred times. And when I told them that I made it myself, they just wouldn't believe it. They would have been even more surprised if I had told them how little it cost!

"You were wonderful tonight," Bob said as we rode home together. "You seemed like an altogether different girl. Won't you tell me the secret if I come over on Sunday night?" Bob's coming over quite regularly, now, Margaret.

May 18.

Dear Margaret:

More good news! I have made $42 sewing for other people in the last month! Think of it, $42! I feel like a millionaire! And it was so easy.

You see, I had been making such rapid progress with my lessons from the Woman's Institute and making so many pretty things for myself and mother that the neighbors just couldn't get over it.

And pretty soon, Mrs. Wright came over and asked me to make a blouse and a dress for her. So I said all right, I would. Both turned out splendidly and she was so delighted with the way they fitted (she is rather stout, you know) that she recommended me to her sister-in-law.

Since then I have been busy all the time. Why, it seems as if everybody in town is looking for a good dressmaker.

Everything I make or design brings a good price and helps me to get other customers. And sewing is such fun when you really know how!

June 5.

Dear Margaret:

I didn't mention Bob in my last letter because—well, you know how quickly a girl can tell when a man has something on his mind and is waiting for just the right time to say it.

The right time came last night. Bob and I were sitting on the veranda. Suddenly he bent close to me.

"Betty," he said simply, "I love you."

That was all, Margaret, just four words, but they were the sweetest words I have ever heard.

June 15.

Dear Margaret:

This is the last letter I shall ever write you. Tonight as I took the others out and read them over, it seemed that after all you have been very real—and very near and dear to me.

But I'm going to say good-bye, Margaret, because, you see, I'm not lonesome any more, for Bob comes almost every evening. And, most important of all, I have so many dresses and other things to make for myself these coming weeks and such a wonderful reason for making them! I'm going to put this letter with the others now. They tell the story of my innermost self—and I shall keep them always.

WHAT Betty Blair has done you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt of it. More than 140,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, the success of the Institute's methods.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is convenient.

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MENDEL MARANTZ MOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

"All" he added with a sigh. "You can't get no more such a pickles! Pickling is an art! What is genius? Iron. It's got to be in the blood!"

"You said it!" Krauss assented proudly, wiping his dripping hands on the apron as he cordially nodded to Zelde and Sarah. "The best pickles on the whole East Side my wife and me used to make! From Harlem and the Bronx they came to buy sour stuff by us!"

Zelde and Sarah stood in a stupor of bewilderment. Zigmund Krauss! A name to conjure with in the selectest circles! Now preparing a barrel of choice pickles as only he knew how, to show the exclusive community of the Studio Apartments how "real sour stuff" ought to taste!

"Will it be so good like long ago?" Mendel questioned skeptically. "Or did you forgot already?"

"Such things you don't forget," said Krauss with a wise nod of the head. "Like you say, 'What is pickles? In the blood!'"

Further in the kitchen Zelde and Sarah met Mrs. Alma Rosenbald, wife of the silk monarch, bustling about the pots and kettles in a flurry of industry. As a special treat for the "community" she was preparing a sample of the famous "goulash" which had made her little kosher dinner-place on Attorney Street known throughout the East Side! Mendel had to quarrel with the cook to grant Mrs. Rosenbald the privilege to use half of the stove. "Zelde, my dear! I'm so excited!" she was saying. "But you have to excuse me, my dear. If it burns, the goulash—special to-night—I'll never get over it! Come up to my home. I got more time there! My Geraldine is just Sarah's age! Bring her along, the darling!" And the women-folk kissed good-by! Kissed! Zelde kissed with a Rosabald!

BUT Mendel had not finished. "It's a young man dying to meet you," he said slyly, chucking Sarah under the chin. "What is a young man? Prospects!" Zelde and Sarah dared not guess. They were too elated, unstrung, unbalanced with the inconceivable triumphs already achieved. And now the supreme one. A young man of the aristocracy after Sarah! And who could it be?

"The son of a banker," Mendel exclaimed. "You and your mother met him lots of times—in your dreams! His name is Oscar Gassenheim!" Sarah and her mother almost swooned.

"And now let's eat supper," Mendel advised. "You got far to travel and you'll be hungry." As they prepared for the meal, Bernard, who had come after the women-folk in his car to take them back to Cedarhurst, joined them. As he sat in their midst, gaping and glaring, Zelde and Sarah eagerly poured out to him their amazing story of the marvels and miracles that Mendel had performed with the old, tumble-down tenement of long ago. Instead of four residences in scattered parts of the globe that would have burdened Mendel with untold expense and brought him no pleasure, Zelde argued, the family of Marantz now had a sumptuous home at no cost, with a handsome profit on rentals besides, and, furthermore, enjoyed the distinction of being host to the most magnificent gathering of social peers in the metropolis! Bernard's forehead wrinkled as he scratched his ear.

"It's not a bad idea," he mumbled. "I think I'll buy right away the next house. I didn't know it's a demand for such things!"

"Don't worry your head about it," said Mendel. "I got an option on the whole block!" Bernard shook his head, frankly peeved.

"Who would think it's money in tenements? I'm in the real-estate business for thirty-four years and I never thought from such a scheme! That's what you call luck, I tell you!"

"Luck?" Sarah interposed with filial pride. "I call it brains!" But Zelde closed one eye shrewdly.

"By me it's plain laziness! You don't know Mendel! He was too lazy to move in society, so he thought out a plan it should come to him! Tell me, Mendel, 'What is laziness?'"

"An invention! It saves work!"

After supper Mendel rose abruptly.

"Now you can go back to Cedarhurst," he said. Zelde started with a little shiver. She looked from Mendel to Bernard to Sarah.

"It's maybe too late," she floundered. "Maybe—over the night—you got a bed for Sarah and me?"

"I don't think so," said Mendel curtly. Zelde's eyes lifted. Mendel's lowered. Their glances met; they looked hard at each other, then both broke into smiles.

"I got furnished flat No. 1," Mendel said softly. "I could have rent it four months ago, but I didn't. It's been waiting for you!"

"Oh! Mendel!" Zelde murmured, and she rested her head on his shoulder. Mendel smoothed her hair.

"What is a wife? Rheumatism. It leaves you—but it comes back!"

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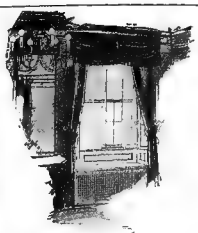

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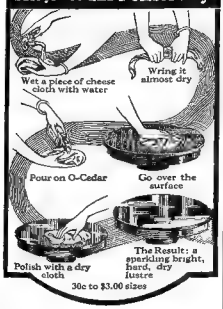

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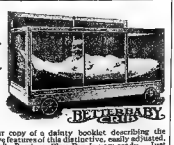

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THE DANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

stared and stared, never taking his eyes from her face for a single moment.

She was laughing all the time, and suddenly she said, "Shall I tell you something, Jeremy?"

He nodded his head.

"This is the very happiest day of my life. I'm so happy that it's all I can do not to sing."

"I'm very happy too," he said. "I didn't think I liked dances till you came, but now they're splendid."

The cruel music suddenly began, and there standing in front of them was a tall, dark man, very fine and straight. The lady rose.

"This is Jeremy," she said. "And this is Major——."

Jeremy didn't catch the name. He would wish to hate him for taking her away had he not looked so fine, just, in short, what Jeremy would like to look when he grew up.

"I tell you what," the lady said, turning round. "Jeremy, you shall take me down to supper. Yes, he shall, Michael. After all, it's their evening, not ours. Four dances from this. That's right. No. 11. Got it? Good-by."

She was gone, and Jeremy was staring round him as tho in a dream.

FOUR dances from now! What should he do meanwhile? To dance with any one else would be desecration. Suddenly Tommy Winchester appeared.

"I say," he wheezed in his funny voice like a miniature organ-blowers. "Have you been down to supper yet? I've been down four times. You should see the ices they've got."

Ices after the experience he'd been having! Nevertheless he was interested.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"Down there," said Tommy, pointing to some stairs; "it's that's the back stairs, and you can go down as often as you please and nobody sees."

At that moment there came round the corner the supercilious figure of the dean's Ernest. He was very elegant, more elegant, as Jeremy was forced to confess, than himself would ever be.

"Hullo, you fellows," said Ernest. He was twelve, and was going next year to Rugby. It was irritating the way that he was always a year ahead of Jeremy in every thing. "I call it pretty rotten," he said, smoothing his gloves. "The band's not first-class and the floor's awful."

"Well, I think it's splendid," said Jeremy.

"Oh, do you?" said Ernest scornfully. "*You* would! Ever been to a dance before?"

"Yes, lots," said Jeremy, and it is to be hoped that Heaven will forgive him that lie.

"Well, it's my belief that it's his first," said Ernest confidentially to Tommy. "What a kid like that's doing away from his nurse I can't think." Nevertheless he moved away, because Jeremy had grown remarkably thick and sturdy during the last year, and had already in Polchester a pugnacious reputation.

"I say," said Tommy, who seemed to have been long ago forced by his appearance of good-natured chubbiness into the rôle of perpetual peacemaker, "you can get to the supper down there," pointing to the stairs. "You should see the ices they've got. I've been four times."

"Have they?" said the dean's Ernest, his sallow countenance freshening. "Can you get down that way?"

"You bet!" said Tommy.

"Come on, then." They disappeared.

Jeremy was rather distressed by this encounter. Ernest had had the last word. He wished that he had been able to say, "Shucks to you!" which in addition to being the cry of the moment was applicable to almost every occasion. Never mind. The opportunity would undoubtedly return. Such an episode should not cloud his happiness.

HE SEEMED to be moving, clouded by the great white fan she had used. That hid him from the rest of the world. He did indeed dance with Helen (and would have danced with Mary could he have found her); he danced also with a little girl with spots; but in these dances he was blinded and stunned with the light from Juno's eyes. It was an utterly new experience to him; he could compare it with nothing at all save the day when Stevens, the football captain, had said he "had stood it well over his eye," and once when he had gone to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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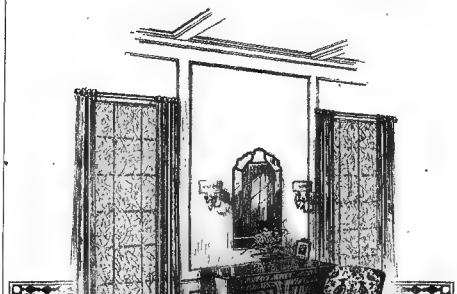

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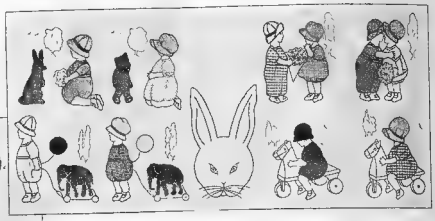
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12684, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), furnishes two of each of the designs illustrated, as well as extra patch pieces for cutting. Several of these designs are adaptable to embroidery, and may be done very quickly and simply in chain, outline, running, or cabinet stitch. The design contains eight motifs of sunbonnet children, which are cunning for small children's play frocks. One of the motifs is shown as applied to Boys' Suit 8684, 25 cents (1/3), sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years.

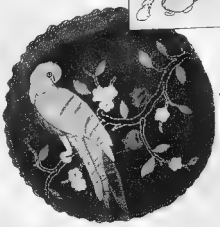
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12685, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), provides two each of the designs illustrated, and a reverse of the bear. Extra patch pieces for cutting are also given. The motifs are especially designed for appliqué on frocks and rompers for children. Colored materials such as linen, gingham, chambray, sateen, etc., make delightful appliques, put on with blanket, outline, or chain stitches. Illustrated on Boys' Suit 8062, 25 cents (1/3), sizes 2, 4, and 6 years; also on Boys' Suit 9460, 30 cents (1/6), sizes 2, 4, and 6 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12697, yellow, 15 cents (9d), supplies a design 16½ by 15½ inches for appliqué work. On the dark background of a silk pillow or a table-scarf, this is most effective with the flowers in color blanket-stitched on with silk floss either matching or black.



No. 12684—Sunbonnet Babies Hard at Play, They Trim a Pair of Rompers Smart and Gay

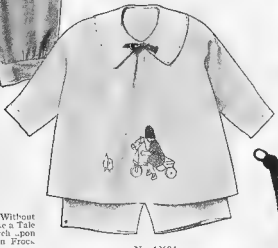
No 12685—Little Pigs and Bears that Dance Quaint Dutch Children in Tiny Smocks, Make the Wee Ones Want to Prance, Appliqued on Play-time Frocks



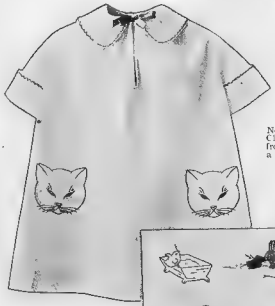
No. 12708 This Parrot Is a Modest Bird — He Wishes to Be Seen, not Heard

No 12683—Little Dancing Pigs Are Something New, Appliqued to Pockets of 8062

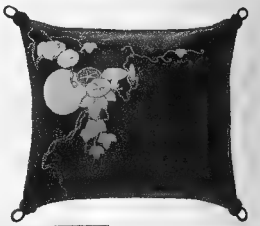
No 12685 - Teddy Bears with Eyes Aglow Are Charming on 9460



No. 12684 The Riding on His Kiddie Kar, This Little Boy Can Not Go Far He's Buttonholed and Can Not Move from Frock 8684 Above



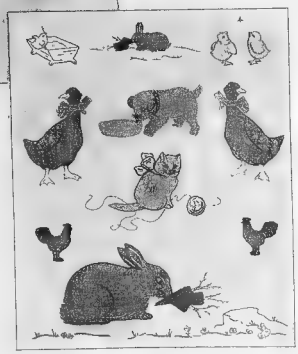
No. 12683—Pussies Without Claws to Scratch Like a Tale from Fairy Lore—Perch upon a Pocket Patch, as in Frock 9824



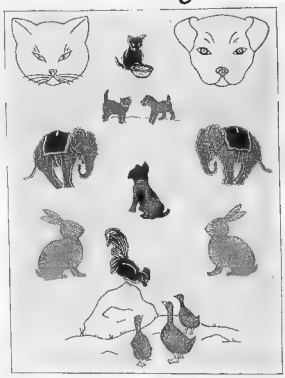
No. 12697—Morning-glories, Sewed with Art, on a Pillow case Are Smart

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12708, yellow, 20 cents (1/-), contains a design of circular outline, 18 inches in diameter, and extra patch pieces for cutting the appliqués. A striking couch pillow may be made with such a design, using black satin or sateen for the foundation, and gayly colored patches in the appropriate shades to make the parrot design.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), furnishes two each of the designs illustrated, with extra patch pieces. These cunning little motifs would make any child happy when appliqued on its simple play frocks or rompers. Blanket stitching produces the most attractive results in appliqué work, while for embroidering the motifs simple outline or chain stitches are best.



No. 12682 Animals and Birdies, Too, Decorate the Nursery New



No. 12683—Elephants and Rabbits Gay Much Improve a Frock for Play

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12683, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), provides two each of the ten designs illustrated, as well as extra patch pieces for cutting the appliqué. The child's bedroom and play-room become freshly interesting when such delightful animals are appliqued on the corners of the white curtains, or parade in gay colors across a valance, or sit demurely upon the table scarf. The little rainy-day apron, that must be put on when such activities as painting or blowing soap bubbles are afoot, is a thing of charm when its pockets are really artful pussies or wide-eyed, prick-eared puppies. One design is shown on Child's Boomer Dress 9824, 30 cents (1/6), sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. The appliqués may be in contrasting color.

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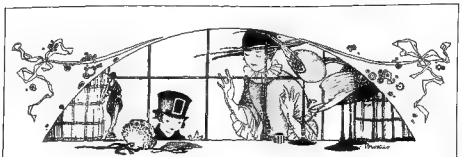

THE DANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

have a tooth out and the dentist hadn't taken it after all. And this again was different from those. It was like hot coffee and Summer lightning and chestnuts bursting as they fell from the Autumn trees; not that he made those comparisons consciously, of course.

Most of all it was like a dream, the most wonderful of all his nights.

The third dance was over. He must go and find her.

HE STEPPED along the floor, looking about him from side to side; he thought he saw her; started forward and felt some one touch him on the arm.

He turned round. Mary was at his shoulder.

"Hullo!" he said. "I'm in a hurry."

"Oh, Jeremy, do wait a moment." She looked at him piteously.

"Well, what is it?"

"Come out here for a moment. Please do."

He did not want to hurt her, but this pause was an agony to him.

"What is it?" he asked crossly, when they were in the hall outside the ballroom.

"Oh, Jeremy, it's all so horrid. Do dance with me. One little boy danced with me and then his mother tried to make him dance again and he wouldn't, and I'm sure it wasn't my fault, because I danced much better than he did. And then Herbert said he could dance and he couldn't, and we fell down and he didn't seem to mind at all, but I minded because every one laughed and I tore my dress. And there hasn't been anybody to dance with for ever so long, and Helen's been dancing all the time. Oh, Jeremy, do dance with me! I do love dancing so and you haven't danced with me all the evening."

It was true that he had not, but oh! how he wished her at the other end of England at that moment. She looked so foolish with her hair all over the place and her dress untidy, her sash pulled round the wrong way, and her stockings wrinkled.

And every moment was precious. *She* would be looking for him, wondering where he was, thinking him mean thus to break his promise when she had given him so especial a favor.

At that thought he started away.

"No, no, Mary. Later on we'll have a dance, two if you like. But not now. I can't really."

But Mary was desperate.

"Oh, Jeremy, you must! I can't sit there any more and be looked at by every one. Oh, please, Jeremy. I'll give you my mother-of-pearl box if you will."

"I don't want your old box," he said gruffly. He looked at her, looked away, looked back at her, said,

"All right, then. Come on."

HIS heart was like lead. The evening was ruined for him, and not only the evening, but perhaps his whole life. And yet what was he to do? Mary would cry if he left her. She had had a miserable evening. Something in him was parched, as it always was, by her confident belief that he, and he alone in all the world, could always put things right. It was just his cursed luck! His evening was ruined; he hoped that after this they would go home

They had, what seemed to him, the most miserable of dances, but he could see that Mary was what Uncle Samuel called "seventh-heaven." Over-tired, excited about, stamping her heels on Jeremy's toes, bumping into him, suddenly pushing back her wild hair from her flushed face, giving little snorts of pleasure, humping her shoulders, tossing her head. Round and round they went, dancing what they imagined to be a polka, Jeremy with his face grimly set, agonized disappointment in his heart.

When it was over they sat out on the stairs and Mary panted her thanks.

"That was—lovely, Jeremy—we do dance—well together—don't we? That was the nicest—I've ever had—I do hope—we'll have another."

"I expect it's awfully late," said Jeremy gloomily. "We'll be going home soon."

Soon the music began again, and at the bottom of the stairs, to Jeremy's immense relief, they met Mrs. Carstairs with the serious-faced Herbert.

"That's right, Mary, dear," Mrs. Carstairs said. "I've been looking for you. It's time we went down to supper. Herbert shall take us down. Have you had supper, Jeremy?"

He muttered some excuse and was off. With beating heart he searched the crowds. Nowhere. Nowhere. He searched the fast-emptying ballroom, then the hall, then with tears in his eyes and a choked strangling in his throat was turning back, when he caught sight of the diamond star high above the other heads and the lovely soft black hair and the jolly smile.

"Traitor!" she said. "You forgot after all."

"No, I didn't forget. It was my sister."

But there was no time for explanation.

"Did you go with some one else to supper?"

"Yes, I've had supper."

"Oh!" he half turned away. A tear was near its fall. "I suppose you couldn't——"

"Yes, I could." She twirled him round. "I can have any number of suppers. I can have supper all day and supper all night. Come along. You shall take me down in style. I put my arm through yours like that—see? No, the right. Now we lead the way. Who's coming down to supper?"

His pride and his happiness! Who shall describe them? His back was so straight as they walked down the stairs that he almost fell backward. The supper-room was a clatter of noise, but he was not so proud but that he was suddenly hungry—wildly, savagely hungry.

She piled his plate with things, watching him, laughing at him.

"Nobody's cut the cake yet," she cried. "You shall cut it, Jeremy!"

AN OLD stout servant with white hair, who had been watching her with smiling eyes, brought a huge castle with towers and battlements and flags and placed it in front of her.

She made Jeremy stand on his chair. She gave him a great knife and showed him where to cut. Every one at the other tables stopped eating and turned round to see. Then they shouted and clapped.

"One, two, three!" he cried and cut into the cake.

Then they all cheered.

"Bravo!" she said. "You did that very well. Now, Janet will cut the rest. You must have a piece and I must have a piece. Perhaps one of us will get the ring or the thimble."

And miracle of miracles, he got the ring, the silver ring! She put it on his finger herself. He flushed, his lip trembled. He felt that he wanted everything to end just then, at that moment—for nothing more ever to happen again.

When he had had three ices one after the other, she decided that supper was over. They walked out of the room as they had walked into it, in stately fashion, her arm through his.

Then at the top of the stairs there was Mrs. Carstairs.

"Come, Jeremy, dear," she said. "It's time to go home. The carriage is there."

He saw that the tall major was also there.

"Hullo, young 'un," he said. "Had a good supper?"

He nodded his head. But he had eyes only for her.

"I'm glad I got that ring," he whispered. "Because you put it on my finger. And I'll never take it off till I die."

"Not even when you wash?" she asked, laughing.

"I won't wash that finger," he said

The major put his hand on his shoulder

"Here, I've got a secret for you. Shut your eyes." Jeremy shut them. The major's hands were at his white waistcoat pocket. "Now, don't you look till you're on your way home. And I'll tell you something. You've shown excellent taste to-night. You couldn't have shown better if you were a hundred."

She bent down and kissed him.

"Good night," she said. "Will you write and tell me about the football?"

"You bet your life," he answered, staring at her.

That was the favorite oath just then at Thomas's.

She laughed again, then, bending down, whispered in his ear dramatically, "If I'm ever in trouble and need you, will you come wherever you are, whatever you're doing?"

"Yes," he said, his eyes never leaving her face.

She kissed him again.

THEY were all in the cab rolling homeward. He felt in his pocket; something there in paper. He could tell by the feel of it that it was a sovereign or a shilling. Cautiously he lifted it to the light of the lodge-gates.

It was *gold*.

He sighed with satisfaction—but the real thing was the silver ring. He sat there, making calculations.

"Mrs. Carstairs," he said suddenly, "if I have threepence a week for eight years and save it all, could I have enough to be married?"

There was no answer. She was apparently sleeping—so he added sotto voce.

"And perhaps father will give me sixpence a week after I'm fifteen."

Two New Polishes *just perfected—*

Entirely new formulas—a quicker, higher brilliance—that lasts

"We have made good polishes before, as have other manufacturers, but in these two new polishes we have introduced entirely new improvements that place them far ahead of anything of their kind."

Northam Warren
ORIGINATOR OF CUTEX

The new Liquid Polish
Uniformly smooth, dries instantly. Leaves a brilliant luster that will last a week or more.

The new Powder Polish
A dazzling jewel-like luster that resists frequent washings. Will not roughen cuticle or make nails brittle.

NOW, at last, two new nail polishes that you will hail instantly as something distinctly beyond any you have ever used. They are in the two most popular forms of the moment—Powder Polish and Liquid Polish.

The **Powder Polish** is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine—a dazzling, jewel-like luster that is more brilliant and lasts better than any you have ever had before! It resists frequent washing—in fact, soap and water only improve it. The texture of the powder itself is exceptionally smooth. And it has a "body" and firmness that prevent it from scattering wastefully.

On account of the present vogue for pink finger tips, we have given it a somewhat stronger tint than our former polishes and finally, we have added to it a delicate elusive fragrance.

In the new **Liquid Polish** we have at last one that is entirely free from the objections to former liquid polishes. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness, it dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster. It requires no buffing, and it will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. When it begins to grow dull, you do not have to use a separate preparation to remove it. You simply put on a fresh coat of the polish and wipe it off quickly before it dries. The Liquid Polish is the best possible protection to the nails. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last three times as long.

The new **Cutex Five-Minute Set** for $1.00 contains full-sized packages of these two new polishes, with a full-sized bottle of the Cuticle Remover and orange stick and package of emery boards—just what you need for the quickest, easiest manicure. Cutex sets come also at 60c, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each article separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Send 5c today for samples of these two new polishes

Mail this coupon with 5 cents today

FILL OUT THIS COUPON and mail it to us with five cents in coin or postage, and we will send you samples of both. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York. Or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 206, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Northam Warren,
Dept. 206, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name.....

Street .....

City. ..... State .....

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Decorative Household Linens One Will Take Pleasure in Making

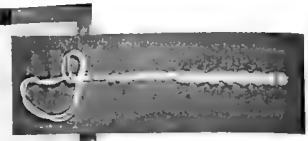
The Newest Designs for Embroidery and Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12707, blue or yellow, 35 cents (1/6), furnishes 20 rose motifs, 10 large motifs, 5¾ by 7¾ inches, and 10 small motifs, 4¼ by 6 inches. There are also 3 reverses of each and extra cutting pieces for appliqué. An enlarged detail of the rose motif is shown at the left of the illustration. For a spread of unbleached muslin, the motifs should be cut from chambray and appliquéd with 6-strand cotton with blanket-stitch. Stems and veins in outline stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12686, blue, 30 cents (1/6), contains a design for a buffet and a serving-table scarf. The design is 14¼ inches wide by 50 inches long and is arranged to fit a scarf either 36 or 45 inches long. Whether it is carried out in appliqué or embroidered in all-white cotton is simply a matter of choice. If embroidered, flat satin, outline stitch, and French knots may be used.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12695, blue, 15 cents (9d), may be worked on a 22-inch center-piece of cream-white linen with the dots embroidered in raised satin stitch. Two rows of hemstitching and a crocheted picot edge complete the cloth. Doilies 12696 are made to match.

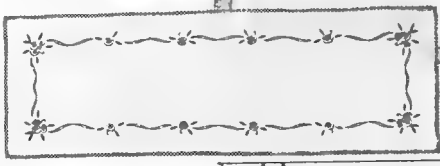
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12696, blue, 20 cents (1/–), furnishes a dozen doilies to match 12695. Six doilies measure 6 inches and the other six 11 inches square.



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12701, blue, 25 cents (1/3), measures 26¾ inches by 45 inches and is used for the center of a bedspread. When carried out in tufting on denim, union linen, unbleached muslin, or scrim with knitting cotton No. 2 or candlewicking cotton it is unusually effective. A couching needle, No. 14, or large-eyed darning needle is used. Above is given a detailed illustration for working tufting.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12702, blue, 30 cents (1/6), is used for both sides of the tufted bedspread, and the motifs measure 10 by 40 inches. The spread may be made of unbleached muslin, denim, linen, or scrim. When combined with 12701 and 12703 a complete bedspread design is formed and may be developed in any of the ways suggested.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12703, blue, 35 cents (1/6), contains the top and bottom motifs for a bedspread each measuring 15¾ by 58 inches. The latter are to be used with 12701 and 12702 described above.

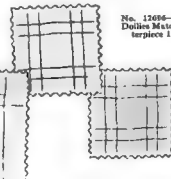


No. 12707—New Bedspread Design. To Be Worked in Appliqué

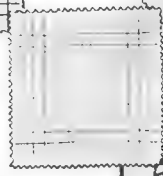
No. 12686—This Design for a Buffet Scarf Is Attractive in Either Embroidery or Appliqué

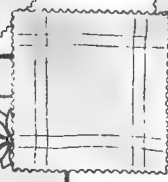
No. 12686—An Effective Scarf for a Serving-table Shows the Design to Advantage

No. 12695—With 12696—These Designs Form a Dainty Luncheon Set



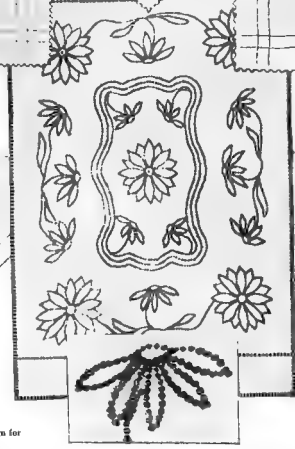
No. 12696—These Doilies Match Centerpiece 12695

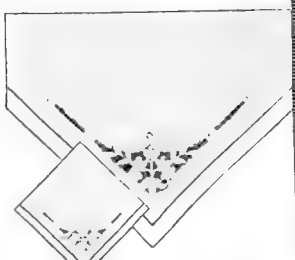




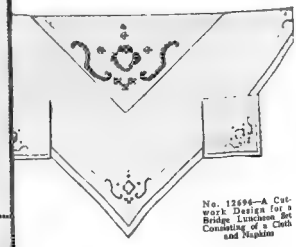
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12693, blue, 20 cents (1/–), furnishes 16 motifs, eight of which are 7¾ inches by 10¾ inches, the remainder are 3¾ by 4¾ inches. As shown in the illustration below, the design is used to enhance a tea set of fine white linen. It is carried out in cut-work and raised satin stitch. The cloth has a one-inch hemstitched border and the napkin a half-inch hem.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12694, blue, 15 cents (9d), includes 8 motifs suitable for a bridge cloth with napkins to match. Four of the motifs are 4¼ by 9¾ inches and four are 3¾ by 5¾ inches. An enlarged view of the design is illustrated developed in cut-work. The motifs include the heart, spade, club, and diamond shapes, each of which is surrounded by cut-work.





No. 12693—Suitable for Tea Cloths and Napkins Is This Design for Cut-work and Raised Satin Stitch



No. 12694—A Cut-work Design for a Bridge Luncheon Set Consisting of a Cloth and Napkins

No. 12701—Design for Center of Bedspread
No. 12702—Design for Each Side of Spread
No. 12703—Design for Top and Bottom

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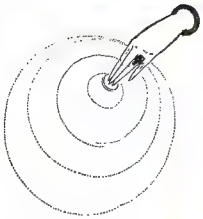

IN the course of an active day, it is so easy to lose that immaculate freshness which marks the well groomed woman.

Here is the secret of maintaining it.

After a bath, a luxurious shower of fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc, then the caressing touch of face powder with the same exquisite perfume. You will revel in a new sense of well being—confident in the charm that comes from perfect daintiness.

COLGATE

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Famous makers of lingerie fabrics and dresses make washing tests

Find this is safest way to wash fine cottons

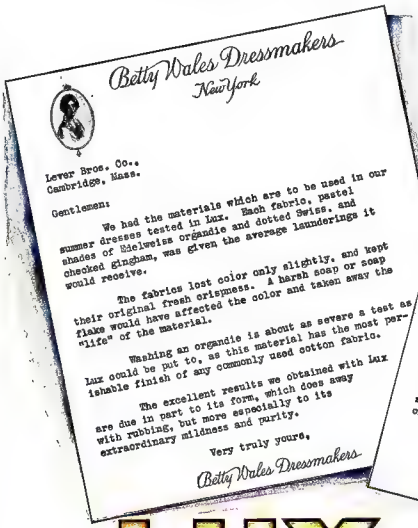
FINE cottons are as perishable as silks. One careless laundering is enough to fade the delicate colors or to ruin the fine textures that women now demand for their lingerie dresses and blouses.

The manufacturers are as much concerned as the wearers in finding an absolutely safe way to wash expensive cottons.

The makers of Anderson ginghams and Betty Wales Dresses felt it was so important to solve their laundering problems that they had thorough washing tests made.

The letters from these two companies tell many interesting things these tests showed about the safe way to wash cottons, and why, as a result, they are urging the use of Lux.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice – *it is free.* Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. C-6, Cambridge, Mass.



Betty Wales Dressmakers
New York

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had the materials which are to be used in our summer dresses tested in Lux. Each fabric, pastel shades of Edelweiss organdie and dotted Swiss, and checked gingham, was given the average launderings it would receive.

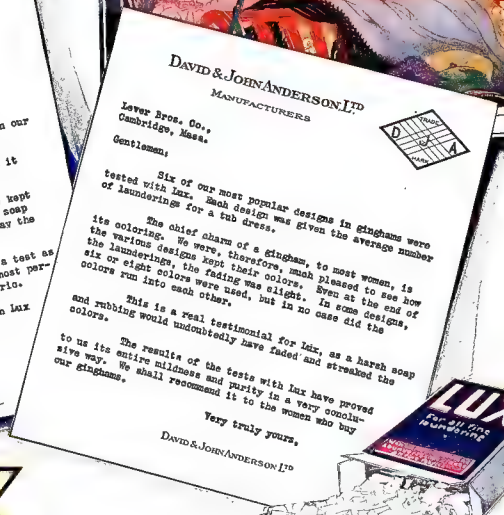
The fabrics lost color only slightly, and kept their original fresh crispness. A harsh soap or soap flake would have affected the color and taken away the "life" of the material.

Washing an organdie is about as severe a test as Lux could be put to, as this material has the most perishable finish of any commonly used cotton fabric.

The excellent results we obtained with Lux are due in part to its form, which does away with rubbing, but more especially to its extraordinary mildness and purity.

Very truly yours,

Betty Wales Dressmakers



DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON, LTD
MANUFACTURERS

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Six of our most popular designs in ginghams were tested with Lux. Each design was given the average number of launderings for a tub dress.

The chief charm of a gingham, to most women, is its coloring. We were, therefore, much pleased to see how the various designs kept their colors. Even at the end of the launderings the fading was slight. In some designs, six or eight colors were used, but in no case did the colors run into each other.

This is a real testimonial for Lux, as a harsh soap and rubbing would undoubtedly have faded and streaked the colors.

The results of the tests with Lux have proved to us its entire mildness and purity in a very convincing way. We shall recommend it to the women who buy our ginghams.

Very truly yours,

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON, LTD

LUX

How to launder fine cottons

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk Lux to a thick lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes in the hot suds. Press suds through again and again. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in the sun.

For colors, add cold water until suds and rinsing waters are almost cool. Use fresh suds for each color. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running and rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade and press with a warm, *not a hot* iron.

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The Summer Season Is Developing a Youthful Silhouette

Dress 9940

Blouse 1052
Skirt 9774
Beading 12704

Dress 1081

Dress 1073

Overblouse 1107

Blouse 1054

9940 1052 1081 1073

9774

Dress 1115

Dress 1099
Embroidery 12613

1107 1115 1099 1054

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 84

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Both the Russian and Spanish Influence Are Now in Vogue

Blouse 1058

Dress 9949
Embroidery 12445

Dress 1077

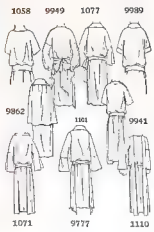
Dress 9941

Blouse 9989

Dress 1071
Embroidery 12681

Cape-dress 9862

MODELS DESCRIBED
ON PAGE 84



Blouse 1101
Skirt 9777

Dress 1110

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Paris Sponsors the Long-Waisted Effect for Smart Costumes

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The Brilliance of the Mode for Evening Knows No Limit

THE juvenile fondness for bright-colored handkerchiefs is evidently characteristic of French kiddies as well as American, for tucked in the lower left-hand corner of this page will be found two groups of the most fascinating colored "hankies" recently imported from France. In the first group all the pets dear to the heart of a child, including a bunny, a wee chick, and a cunning little terrier, are embroidered in the corners, while the group below depicts a boy and girl, joyously "tripping the light fantastic." It is possible for the needlewoman to reproduce these handkerchiefs exactly as they are shown in design 12709. Mercerized cotton and raised satin stitch are used exclusively.

Evening Blouse 9961 Skirt 9782

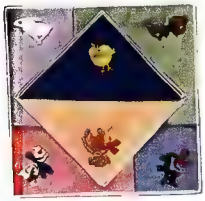
Evening Blouse 9776 Skirt 9774

Dress 9802

Blouse 1056 Skirt 9853

Dress 1079 Beading 12549

Children's Novelty Handkerchiefs

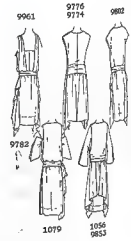


Handkerchiefs 12709

9961—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9782—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette—1 yard 6-inch spangled net for girdle—1 yard 36-inch lining. This exquisite evening gown of satin and Georgette emphasizes the fashionable low waist-line by a wide band of spangled net which forms the girdle. Fluttering side draperies and the strip of material that extends over the shoulders are of the Georgette and the rest of the dress is satin. The former are finished with picot-edging. The two-piece skirt is simply gathered all around and the panels are separate. Jet beads may be used if additional trimming is desired.

9776—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9774—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch satin—1⅜ yard 40-inch chiffon—2⅜ yards 36-inch silk allover lace. The tall, statuesque type of woman would look stunning in this straight-line gown for formal wear. The diaphanous blouse of chiffon, crushed into soft folds about the hips, is secured with a girdle formed of jet beads and ornaments. Silk lace, dyed to match the color of the gown, edged with jet beads and arranged to drop below the hem of the skirt, falls in points at the sides. The neck and armholes are also trimmed with beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



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Fashion Decides in Favor of the Picturesque Cape Costume

9889—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. **9666**—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 48-inch wool sponge—2⅜ yards 36-inch silk for jacket lining. The jacket hangs straight from the shoulders in the loose, box lines considered the last word in smartness this season. The sleeves are three-quarter length and are set-in in raglan style. The closing is single-breasted and the fronts are cut away slightly. Pockets are finished with trimming pieces of self-material. With the aid of design 12624, arrow-heads may be embroidered in silk floss in satin stitch on the collar and pockets to lend a neat, tailored touch. The skirt is a simple, two-piece model, gathered at the waist-line and has inserted pockets made with or without trimming-bands.

1114—Ladies' Cape. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. **9844**—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 54-inch homespun for dress and cape—2⅜ yards silk braid to bind collar and pockets—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for dress—3½ yards 36-inch satin for cape lining. For a practical street costume that will be at the same time good-looking and modish, one could not choose anything better than this charming three-piece model. The dress is simplicity itself, being in one-piece style and perfectly plain except for the two slashed pockets. The cape is long, full, and quite circular. It fastens with buttons and buttonholes in front and has elongated openings for the arms.

1063—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust and 16 years. No. **9605**—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 40-inch crêpe faille for dress and cape—¼ yard white satin for collar—6⅜ yards braid—3½ yards 36-inch satin for cape lining. The dress is a delightfully simple one-piece model with Russian effect side-closing which extends from the shoulder to lower edge. The neck-line is high, round, and finished with a tiny divided collar of white satin. The cape is hung from a deep shoulder yoke, is full length and falls in soft, graceful ripples at the bottom. A collar of the material crushes becomingly about the neck.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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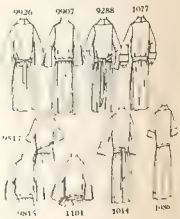
Long Lines Distinguish New Frocks and Blouses for Warm Days

9926—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch French voile—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting voile for collar—1¼ yard filet lace edging—5¾ yards ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Hemstitching or fagoting adds an attractive touch and is much used this season on some of the most exclusive models, either in matching floss or in white. At either side of the unusual girdle, rings of bakelite or composition may be placed, through which the long loops are slipped.

9907—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 18-inch allover lace for vestee—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The simplicity of this frock makes it appropriate for the use of beading. Design 12681 provides the attractive trimming which is charming developed in small cut steel or bakelite beads. These may also outline the neck and sleeves and the side panels. For the note of novelty, a girdle formed of strands of beads with large cabochons is smart and attractive.

1080—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36 inch silk poplin—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting poplin for the collar and turn-back cuffs—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. An attractive trimming note which may be used on the skirt of this frock is design 12673. This is interesting in embroidery of matching or contrasting floss, or beaded with small-cut-steel or bakelite beads. The mode in simple Summer frocks favors the one-piece style with long lines and the low waist-line. In wash materials, gingham, cotton éponge, and linen, both handkerchief and ramie are most in evidence among the smart frocks being shown. There are delightfully picturesque models in cretonnes, English prints and sateens, and printed crêpe de Chine, all very simply designed.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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Distinctive Styles Mark the Separate Blouse and Skirt

1052—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This attractive blouse follows the trend for beaded effects and achieves a most artistic result with the aid of design 12647. Small glass beads are used, in a contrasting color. The blouse features the popular boat-neck and has wide slashed sleeves. The front opens in a narrow triangle shape to show a set-in vestee. The fulness of the blouse is confined by a wide crushed girdle which falls in a soft sash end.

1061—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch checked voile—⅝ yard 36-inch plain linen for collar and cuffs. The youthful blouse of checked voile shown has its fulness gathered into a deep hip-band which buttons snugly at each side. The collar and cuffs of plain linen are laced with ribbon.

Blouse 1052
Beading 12647

Blouse 1061

Blouse 1101

Blouse 1009
Wrap-around Skirt 1060
Embroidery 12645

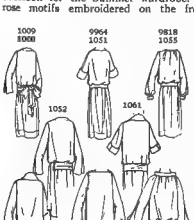
Blouse 9964
Skirt 1051

Blouse 9818
Wrap-around Skirt 1055
Beading 12601

Overblouse 1067
Initial 12031

Blouse 1089
Beading 12545

1009—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards narrow ribbon. No. 1060—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 26 requires 1½ yard 54-inch homespun. A soft, cool blouse of crêpe de Chine like this is a garment one should not overlook for the Summer wardrobe. The conventional rose motifs embroidered on the front are in design 12645 and are worked in flat satin stitch with silk floss in a contrasting color. The loose, three-quarter-length sleeves are set into armholes, and are slashed and tied with ribbon. The skirt is of homespun and is the popular one-piece, wrap-around style with fringed border. Gathers and darts take up the fulness at the top.



9964—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 36-inch silk gingham for collar and cuffs—1 yard ribbon. No. 1051—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 36-inch cotton poplin. When one engages in any active sport like tennis or golf, one will enjoy this cool blouse of crêpe de Chine with comfortable short sleeves and V neck. To add a bright note of contrast, the collar and cuffs are made of checked silk gingham. The neck is cut deep enough to permit the blouse to be slipped on over the head. To wear with it, is a neat skirt of poplin. The latter is a very good-looking two-piece model, gathered across the back and at each side at the waist-line. A slashed pocket appears at each side of the front and is bound with self-material and finished with a pearl button. A narrow belt of the poplin completes the skirt.

9818—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette. No. 1055—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tweed. The blouse is made unusually attractive by using beading design 12601 and carrying it out with steel beads. An oval shaped motif is placed at each side of the front from which double lines of beads run to the shoulders. The material chosen for the blouse is Georgette which falls in soft folds when it is gathered into the piping at the neck. The sleeves are in two sections giving the new slashed effect. The skirt of tweed has two gores, giving the appearance of the new wrap-around models. It is gathered across the back and the side-front closing is finished with a deep hem.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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The Low Waist-Line Assumes an Important Place in the Mode

1079—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch satin—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading in design 12681 forms an elaborate trimming on this charming afternoon frock. The design could be carried out in chalk, crystal, or colored glass beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Dress 1111

Dress 1082

Dress 9840

Dress 1079
Beading 12681

Dress 1116
Embroidery 12595

Dress 1074

1111 1082 9840 1079 1116 1074 9775 9842 9802 9778

Dress 9775

Dress 9842

Overblouse 1067

Dress 9802

Dress 9778

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The Fashionable Cape Covers a Multitude of Smart Frocks

9977 –Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch linen —¼ yard 40-inch organdy for vestee —⅝ yard frilling. Appliquéd motifs, in design 12671, trim the large patch pockets of this simple little linen frock. The motifs may be cut from scraps of colored linen and couched down in outline, blanket, chain, or buttonhole stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Dress 9910

Dress 9977
Appliqué 12671

Dress 1072
Embroidery 12612

Dress 1100

Jacket 9893
Skirt 9392
Embroidery 12510

Dress 1062

Cape 1063
Dress 9843

Cape 1113
Dress 9912

Blouse
1059

Blouse 1080
Jupon Skirt 9873

Blouse 1102
Skirt 1066

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Attractive Toggery for the Small Members of the Family

9328—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy—6⅛ yards frilling—1¼ yard grosgrain ribbon. This dainty little frock of dotted swiss and organdy closes at the center-back and is shirred to a square yoke front and back.

8956—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch voile for bands and sash. The dress closes on the shoulders, and the sleeves are cut in one with the front and back of dress which are gathered and joined to shaped bands. The sash slips through straps at the underarm seams.

Dress 9328

Dress 8956

Dress 9832
Appliqué 12671

Dress 9908

Bloomer Dress 1091
Appliqué 12564

Suit 8989

Dress 1083
Scallop 12567

9832—Child's Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch organdy—1⅛ yard frilling. The front and back of this cunning little frock are gathered to a bias rolling collar, and the short kimono sleeves may be finished with bias turn-back cuffs. Appliqué in design 12671 forms an effective trimming. The motif may be cut from colored organdy, linen, or chambray and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, chain, or outline stitches.

9908—Child's One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen. The only trimming on this simple little one-piece frock is the hemstitching.

1070—Girls' Smock. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linene.

8989—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch linen for blouse—1 yard 36-inch contrasting linen for trousers. The side-closing trousers of this suit button onto the blouse.

1083—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 29-inch dotted challis. The lower edge of the dress and the short sleeves are scalloped in design 12567. The scallops may be bound in organdy, voile, or linen, or if desired they could be buttonhole stitched.

1091—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch check gingham. The dress is appliquéd in design 12564 which may be cut from colored chambray or linen and couched down in outline, chain, buttonhole, or blanket stitches.

1104—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch organdy—1⅛ yard frilling. Appliqué in design 12671 forms a trimming on this blouse. The motif may be cut from contrasting organdy, linen, or chambray and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, chain, or outline stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Smock 1070

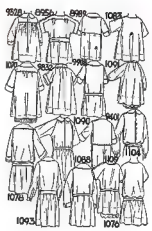
Dress 1090

Suit 9401

Blouse 1104
Appliqué 12671

Dress 1078

Dress 1093
Appliqué 12564



Coat 1088

Bloomer Dress 1109
Appliqué 12671

Dress 1076

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The Younger Generation Goes Forth Charmingly Clothed

1087—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch tricotine—1⅞ yard 36-inch figured silk for lining. Very cunning for the little kiddie is this smart looking coat of tricotine. The collar has tab extensions which may be buttoned onto the front of the coat or left free.

1085—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tweed—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining. This smart little double-breasted coat has two-piece raglan sleeves which are finished with turn-back cuffs. The fronts of the coat are rolled with the collar forming revers. To add a touch of trimming the collar and cuffs are stitched in colored rope silk.

Coat 1087

Coat 1085

Rompers 1095
Appliqué 12629

Bloomer Dress
1091

Suit 1105

Bloomer Dress
and Hat 1092
Appliqué 12630

Bloomer
Dress
1098
Appliqué
12623

1105—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch satin—1⅛ yard 36-inch washable satin for blouse—2 yards frilling. The suit consists of a blouse and step-in knee trousers that are attached to the waist which has a deep V-shaped neck.

1092—Child's Bloomer Dress and Hat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 3½ yards 29-inch dotted challis for dress, bloomers, and hat—1⅛ yard ribbon for sash—1 yard ribbon for hat—1¾ yard pointed trimming for hat. Appliqué in design 12630 adds a decorative touch to this little frock. The motifs may be cut from contrasting material and couched down in buttonhole, outline, chain, or blanket stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

1096—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires ¾ yard 40-inch organdy—1⅜ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—1⅛ yard plaiting—2 yards ribbon for sash. These cute little rompers close at the back, and the two-piece bloomers are attached to the lower edge of the waist in front, and are gathered to a straight band at the back which buttons onto the waist. The sash slips through the extension on the front of the bloomers and ties at the back. A cunning little fruit motif in design 12629 is applied to the tab extension and may be cut from scraps of chambray or linen and couched down in blanket, outline or buttonhole stitches.

1098—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dotted percale. Just the thing for the child's playtime are these little bloomer dresses which may be fashioned of gingham, chambray, or linen. A cherry motif in design 12623 gives a touch of trimming to this dress and may be cut from chambray or linen and couched down in outline or chain stitches.

1104—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 29-inch challis. The long one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

Blouse 1104

Dress 1083
Appliqué 12671

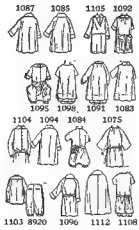
Rompers
1084

Coat 1094

Dress 1075
Embroidery 12623

Shirt 1103
Trousers 8920

Coat 1096



Cape 1112

Bloomer Dress 1108

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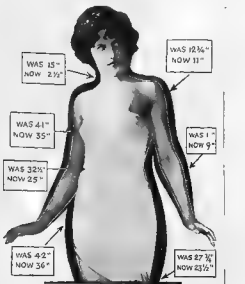

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MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 85

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Most Engaging Are the New Models for the Beach

Bathing Suit 1048 Bathing Suit 8885

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 4 requires ⅞ yard 42-inch wool poplin—⅝ yard 48-inch plaid for collar, cuffs, and pantalets—½ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. The pantalets are attached to the underwaist which closes at the back. Below the belt of the suit, the underarm seams are left open to show the pantalets. This cunning little bathing suit would also be attractive fashioned of wool Jersey using a contrasting shade of Jersey for the collar, cuffs, and pantalets. A belt of self-material or a fancy leather one may be worn.

Bathing Suit 1049

Bathing Suit 1046 Appliqué 12629

Bathing Suit 1044 Appliqué 12671

Cape 1065

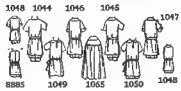
Bathing Suit 1045

Bathing Suit 1050 Appliqué 12564

Bathing Suit 1048

Bathing Suit 1047

1044—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch striped taffeta—½ yard 36-inch plain taffeta for sash and binding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Appliqué in design 12671 gives a smart touch to this attractive bathing suit of taffeta. The design may be cut from colored silks and couched down in chain, outline, or blanket stitch.



1049—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch check taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch plain taffeta—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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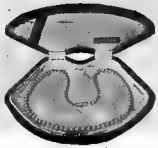

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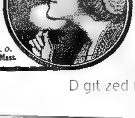

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FASHIONS

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 71

9940—Ladies' Slightly Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe—½ yard 36-inch brocade—1¾ yard ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1052—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. **9774**—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—½ yard 40-inch Georgette for neckband and sleeve facing—¼ yard 36-inch allover lace for vestee—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading, in design 12704, trims the skirt, girdle, and outlines the open front edges of the blouse. Chalk, crystal or colored glass beads may be used.

1081—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 7⅛ yards 32-inch gingham—½ yard 40-inch organdy—7¼ yards frilling—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1073—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch voile—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting voile for collar, vestee, and sleeve trimming—3¼ yards lace edging—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1107—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch satin—3⅛ yards trimming

1115—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—1 yard 40-inch organdy—2⅜ yards entre-deux—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1099—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery in design 12613 forms a deep border on the skirt. The design may be carried out in running or outline stitches with rope silk or metallic thread.

1054—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅞ yard frilling.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 72

1058—Ladies' Slip-on Long-waisted Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards frilling

9949—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2½ yards velvet ribbon—3⅜ yards satin ribbon for sash. Embroidery, in design 12445, forms an attractive trimming note on this frock of Georgette crêpe. It may be worked in rope silk. If preferred the design may be carried out in beads, using crystal, chalk, or colored glass beads.

1077—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch figured foulard for blouse—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for skirt, girdle, and sleeve trimming-bands—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9941—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting to trim—13¾ yards trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9989—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch check crêpe de Chine—1 yard 36-inch plain crêpe de Chine.

1071—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch brocade for girdle—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting satin crêpe for vestee—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The side panels are embroidered in design 12681. The design may be worked out in rope silk or metallic thread.

9862—Ladies' and Misses' Cape-dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch krêpe-knit for skirt and cape—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk crêpe for waist—10⅛ yards braid.

1101—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. **9777**—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch check voile—3 yards 40-inch plain voile—2 yards frilling.

1110—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—⅝ yard 36-inch voile for undersleeves—2 yards frilling.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 73

1007 Ladies' and Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen—3⅞ yards entre-deux. Initial in design 12254 is worked in raised satin stitch.

9976—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—¼ yard 40-inch organdy for vestee and trimming.

1073—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—½ yard 40-inch contrasting satin crêpe for collar, vestee, and trimming. Embroidery, in design 12673, forms a deep border on the skirt of this attractive frock and may be worked in running, outline, or chain stitching.

1086—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham—½ yard 36-inch linen for collar and trimming.

1061—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yard 40-inch organdy—2¼ yards frilling.

9971—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch voile.

9926—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar and front panel—11 yards braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

9965—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust, and 16 years. Length at center-back 30½ inches. No. **9844**—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅛ yards 54-inch tweed for cape and dress—⅜ yard 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1014—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 40-inch organdy—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

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9802—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe—15 yards 1-inch moiré ribbon—1 yard 6-inch metallic ribbon for girdle.

1079—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard 36-inch lining. Chalk beads carry out the border design 12549 on the skirt and bodice. The flowing sections of the sleeves are also outlined with the beads.

1056—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. **9853**—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 40-inch charmeuse—3¼ yards 36-inch allover lace—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

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9836—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch pussy willow crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

9862—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge is about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe—½ yard 36-inch faille taffeta for collar, cuffs, and belt.

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9288—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 32-inch gingham—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for collar—2⅜ yards frilling to trim the collar and the sleeves.

9815—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting for vestee—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The beading in design 12574 forms a border around the collar and down the front of the blouse and may be worked in chalk or iridescent beads.

9517—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch contrasting to trim—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

1101—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch pongee.

1014—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch tissue gingham—⅞ yard 40-inch organdy—6⅜ yards frilling to trim—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1077—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette for vestee and undersleeves—8⅜ yards ribbon.

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1101—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

1067 Ladies' and Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The initial in design 12031 is worked in contrasting color silk floss.

1089—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The front of the blouse is effectively beaded in design 12545 using iridescent or colored glass beads.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

1111—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch moroccan crêpe—$\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch lace.

1082—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—1 yard 40-inch organdy.

9840—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe —$\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch Georgette to trim.

1116—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—$\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for undersleeves and vestee. Embroidery in design 12595 is carried out in running stitches.

1074—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—$\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine to trim.

9775—Misses' Sleeveless Evening Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe satin—7 yards trimming—$\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining.

9842—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2 yards 36-inch allover lace for panels—$\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining.

1067—Ladies' and Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch roshanara crêpe—$4\frac{1}{4}$ yards entre-deux.

9802—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—$3\frac{5}{8}$ yards velvet ribbon.

9778—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch moroccan crêpe—$\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch brocade—$2\frac{5}{8}$ yards plaiting—$\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining.

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9910—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 32-inch check gingham—$\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch organdy —4 yards organdy points.

9893—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9392—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. The suit in size 16 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54-inch serge for jacket—$1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch plaid for skirt—$2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch silk for lining. The embroidery in design 12510 may be worked in flat satin stitch.

1062—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen—$\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting linen—$3\frac{3}{4}$ yards trimming.

1072—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—$2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch contrasting satin crêpe for collar, sleeve facing, vestee, and skirt—$\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12612, forms an allover effect and may be worked in outline or running stitches in silk floss.

1100—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—$\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch organdy for sash and trimming—$7\frac{3}{8}$ yards frilling—$\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar.

1063—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. No. 9843—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for cape—1 yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe—$3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for dress—$\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining.

1113—Misses' Cape. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9912—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch homespun for cape—$\frac{5}{8}$ yard 54-inch plaid—$2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine lining—$3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch satin for dress.

1059—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—$1\frac{3}{4}$ yard trimming.

1080—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The costume in size 16 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch linen for blouse—$1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1102—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 1066—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The costume in size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch pongee—$1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 32-inch check gingham.

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1090—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32-inch gingham—$\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch organdy.

9401—Boys' Suit. Designed for 3 to 8 years. Size 6 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch linen for trousers and Eton jacket—1 yard 40-inch organdy—$2\frac{1}{8}$ yards plaiting for blouse.

1078—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch gingham—$\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch voile—$\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch white voile.

1093—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 27-inch striped chambray—$\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch plain chambray. The appliqué motifs in design 12564 may be cut from colored chambray and couched down in outline stitches.

1088—Girls' Coat. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54-inch tweed—$2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1109—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen—3 yards ribbon—6 yards entre-deux. A floral motif in design 12671 may be cut from colored linen and couched down in buttonhole stitches.

1076—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 40-inch voile.

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1091—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch voile—$2\frac{3}{4}$ yards trimming.

1083—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch organdy—4 yards frilling. The motifs in design 12671 may be cut from contrasting organdy couched down in blanket stitches.

1094—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 54-inch tweed—$2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1084—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—$\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch chambray.

1075—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—$1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for sleeves—$3\frac{3}{8}$ yards frilling. Embroidery in design 12623 trims the patch pockets worked in raised satin stitches.

1103—Boys' Shirt. Designed for 11 to $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches neck. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch madras. No. 8920—Boys' Trousers. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 1 yard 54-inch cheviot.

1096—Girls' Coat. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 54-inch tweed—$2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

1112—Girls' Cape. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch tweed—3 yards 36-inch crêpe for lining.

1108—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 32-inch plaid gingham.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 82

1097—Misses' Slip. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch batiste—$2\frac{3}{8}$ yards entre-deux.

9975—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch batiste—2 yards ribbon for bows. The scallops in design 11693 may be buttonhole-stitched.

9834—Ladies' Dressing-sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch albatross—$2\frac{1}{4}$ yards ribbon. Scallop in design 11693 outlines all the edges worked in buttonhole stitch in white cotton.

1069—Misses' Smock. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch linene—$\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch cretonne.

1068—Ladies' Smock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch linene.

1064—Ladies' and Misses' Bath-robe. Designed for 36 to 44 bust and 16 years. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch corduroy.

1057—Ladies' and Misses' Negligée. Designed for 36 to 44 bust and 16 years. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch figured voile—$6\frac{1}{8}$ yards fringe.

1065—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust and 16 years. Size 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch figured silk—$\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch plain silk to trim.

8979—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch washable satin $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard lace.

9229—Ladies' Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch satin.

1106—Ladies' and Misses' Hats. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires from $\frac{5}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54-inch material depending on the style of hat—$\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining.

1117—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch material depending on the style of sleeve.

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8885—Girls' and Juniors' Suit. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 6 requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 54-inch wool Jersey for waist—$1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 54-inch contrasting wool Jersey.

1046 Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch surf satin—$\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting satin—$1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining. An appliquéd motif, in design 12629, may be cut from scraps of colored silk and couched down in blanket stitching.

1065—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust, and 16 years Size 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch figured terry cloth—$\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain terry cloth—$4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch sateen for lining.

1045—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch satin—$\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch plaid.

1050—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool Jersey—$1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining The appliquéd motifs, in design 12564, may be cut from gingham and couched down in blanket stitches.

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 32-inch gingham—$\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch white piqué.

1047—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch taffeta—$\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch dotted silk—$1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining.

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A MOTHER SPEAKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

the evenings. We were usually taken there by the maid, some one from their family escorting us home. As there were no telephones in the homes, we did not run the risk of being found out. So when this girl wanted to meet the painter, she said she was coming to our house or to the house of some other girl. Her dangerous romance spent itself in time and without bad results—but only by the grace of Providence.

The girl who was my closest friend was two years older than I. At nineteen she was engaged to a man of whom her parents approved. In spite of their approval, however, she was rarely permitted to be alone with him. She could go driving with him on Sunday if I went along. And so every Sunday in Summer, dressed in our best organdies and Leghorn hats, she and I started out with him in his phaeton. We drove to a place about two miles out of town, where, in a grove of trees, there was a felled log. Armed with a book to pass my time, I was dropped at the grove. And there on the log I sat for two and three hours at a time, all dressed up in my Sunday best, reading a book while they drove around the countryside, returning for me when it was time to go home.

We all had these romances. As we were not allowed to have our boy friends in our homes, we entertained them on the benches in our gardens or in the Summer-houses or in the greenhouses or on our back porches, taking the maids into our confidence or bribing our younger brothers to help us out.

As for smoking, we would never have thought of doing so openly. It was wicked, and therefore attractive. When we could not purloin tobacco or cigarets from our brothers or fathers, we rolled cigarets of tissue-paper and bran, or cinnamon, or sometimes of chewing-tobacco, begged from the man in the yard, and cut into small strips. Our smoking-room was the cupola on the home of the girl next door. That was when we were fourteen and sixteen. We never thought of liquor. We really did believe that "the lips that touched liquor must never touch ours," and we lived up to it. While not sophisticated we were far from innocent. I was only sixteen when I beguiled our maid into buying some startling French books which went the rounds of the whole group.

"Petting" in those days was called "spooning." We did enough of that. I was sixteen when I received my first kiss. I pretended to be horrified and berated the boy soundly, but in spite of my injured innocence I liked his kiss and hoped he would come back, but he didn't.

In my day we were very modest. At fourteen our dresses were lengthened to the tops of our shoes. At sixteen they came to our ankles. At eighteen they trailed along the ground. We danced the waltz and the polka and the schottische and the two-step and the quadrille and the lanciers. We knew nothing about men and little about life—but we had imagination, and that ran riot. And what was the result?

IN MY own case I ran away and was married when I was scarcely out of school to one of the first boys that I met after I was allowed to go to dances where boys were present. I fell in love with him because he was handsome and dressed well and danced well We were no more suited to each other than a Hottentot to a missionary. When the first flush of our honeymoon wore off there was nothing in common between us. I was studious and liked to read. He never looked at a book. I was imaginative and romantic. He was matter-of-fact. I was mentally diligent, but physically lazy. I had never been taught to cook or to keep house. I could do beautiful handwork, but of practical sewing I knew nothing. He had no money and he thought—quite rightly so—that a young wife should do the housework. If my parents had not helped us out with a maid, he would have starved to death. As it was, we grew farther and farther apart, until finally I found myself with two little girls on my hands and no one to turn to.

Out of all the girls with whom I went in my girlhood only two have made what I call really happy marriages. And they were girls whose brothers were allowed to bring their friends home. These girls went to the city to dances or to parties at the fraternity houses. They were considered quite gay. The only reason that they were not ostracized in their girlhood was because their families were established socially. But they were thoroughly disapproved of by most of the elders. When they married they did so with some regard for companionship, and now after twenty-five years of married life these two fly-away girls are the most successful wives and mothers that I know.

Now take my daughters. They have never been afraid of me. When they asked questions beyond their years, I did not tell them that they were "too young to know." Boys to them were never a species apart, forbidden, tabued. They were just natural playmates and companions. They have always been able to have their friends at the house. They have never been afraid to talk about boys before me. They have had romances ever since they were fourteen years old and they have always told me about them. When they raved on I have listened and laughed.

When they started to smoke they didn't do so behind my back. They just calmly informed me that they smoked. I did not want them to smoke because it is bad for the nerves and the lungs. I explained why I objected to it. It did not do much good, but at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that they do not deceive me.

About the matter of chaperon, it did disturb me when at seventeen or eighteen they wanted to go out alone with young men to dinner and the theater. They were amenable when I explained that it did not look well for young girls to be seen in public places at dinner and dancing alone with young men. But I did permit them to go to the theater and to luncheon with their boy friends. I did this because I knew I could trust them.

As for drinking, I know that among certain classes of too-rich young people there is much drinking. That is not the fault of the young people, but of their parents who give them the money to spend. For young people are queer. They think it is gay and up to date to do things they think are smart. They think it is gay and up to date to talk about drinking and to drink. And the only reason they think it is smart is because we older people in their environment think it is smart, too. It is the older people of to-day, and they alone, who are responsible for the drinking of their sons and daughters.

THERE *are* young people who have been well raised and whose parents do not drink who are given to liquor. These have come to it through the example of the young people of gay parents. It is only natural that young people should take their codes from their fathers and mothers. I have in mind a young girl of about twenty who drinks a great deal more than she should. Her father is very much upset about it. And yet he does not see that he alone is to blame for it. As the Eighteenth Amendment approached he had an enormous subcellar dug under his home, and it took seven truck-loads to fill it. He is seldom sober himself, and his home is a rendezvous for all of his friends whose cellars have long since been exhausted. This case is only one of a dozen with which I am familiar.

I have never had much liquor in the house because I had no one to help me raise my children, and I did not wish to make it more dangerous for them and more difficult for myself. Many of their friends have been the sons and daughters of wealthy parents, and they have seen a good deal of drinking Fortunately, while they may take something to drink once in a while, the intoxication that they have seen has filled them with a great disgust.

Now, I do not claim that my daughters are in any way superior to the majority of the girls of to-day. They are good-looking, but not superlatively so. They are intelligent, but not distinctively so. They wear their dresses shorter than I would like to have them. They make up too much sometimes. And I have had my hours of anxiety when they have stayed out too late at night. But I have never for one moment thought that they would come to harm. Because, altho their standards may be a bit unconventional, they have a very distinct and definite ethical code. And this code bids them disapprove thoroughly of the extravagances of what they term "older people."

Sometimes my girls are even very impudent, taking a lot for granted in their effort to direct their mother in the way she should go. My clothes must always be subdued. "A woman of your age" is the epithet that is eternally applied to me, and with an inflection declaring me about on a par with Methuselah.

As for dining out with a man, and motoring afterward, one would think I was embarking upon a Babylonian revel.

"You'll be talked about," they declare.

And when I insist that if young girls can go out to dinner and to dance with men I can do the same, I am told, "Oh, no, darling! It's very different. Young people are expected to be gay. Older people always consider us so. But there is nothing so disgusting as a skittish old lady. The woods are full of them now, and we really hate to think of your joining the throng."

Many girls and boys of the present disapprove of their parents, and they do not hesitate to express this disapproval. One can not blame them. A young girl I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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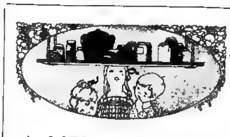

A MOTHER SPEAKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

know whose parents are far too gay gave a stinging rebuke to her father in my presence not long ago. She was impudent, I'll admit, but he had no one to blame but himself. His only topic of conversation is liquor and wild nights, and he does not curb his propensities when his children are about. And so at breakfast one morning when the daughter had been out motoring quite late he attempted to advise her. "I hope," he said, "that when you are out motoring you do not permit the boys to drink, for when boys drink they are careless, disrespectful, and often too familiar."

"That's your friends' way, I know, Daddy—but it's not mine, nor of the boys I know," she replied.

Impertinent, it is true, but far more tragic. And whose fault was it?

This protest of the young of to-day applies as well to the ethics as it does to the conduct of their forebears. I have found that our girls and boys are far ahead of us in the virtue of charity. They are not saints and they do ridicule. But they do not attack the reputations of others as the girls of my period did. When I was a girl we were absolutely intolerant of any one who overstepped our smug little code.

NOT long ago I was in a group where there were several young girls and a number of older women. The latter were tearing to pieces the reputation of another woman. The young girls present rallied to her support, agreeing with their spokesman, who said, "Can't you people talk of something else? How do you know she does any of these things?" The older women present were shocked and angry at what they termed this girl's impudence. I think it was justified.

One of my daughters lives in a suburban district where all the residents rally at the same country club. One of the boys, a rich man's son and somewhat dissolute, got himself into trouble. Immediately the doors of the older people were closed to him. Only the young people stood by him. When I asked them about it they replied, "We are not standing by him because we approve of him. But he is in trouble, and when any one is in trouble is not the time to turn that one down. He is not drinking now, and he is behaving himself. If we dropped him he would have no one to go with and he would probably go from bad to worse. When he gets out of his trouble, why, then we may drop him. But not now."

I was much older than thirty before I could have reasoned out such a situation to so just and merciful a conclusion.

Much has been said by bachelors—usually quite old ones—about the inadequacy of the young girl to-day and her unfitness for marriage. Many have declared that they will not marry because they can not find girls who will make good wives. There have been critics and reformers who declare that the young girls of to-day do not receive many offers of marriage. I beg to differ with them. From the time my daughters were sixteen they have had many opportunities to marry, and my greatest worry was that they might marry before they were old enough to realize what they were doing. They are both married now, the one twenty-two having been married nearly three years, and the one nineteen being a bride of a few weeks. Having a wider range to choose from than I had, knowing the truth about life, understanding marriage and its obligations and responsibilities, and knowing a great deal about men, they have chosen wisely.

Their husbands are fine, sturdy young men, enough older than they to have a mature outlook. I know that their lives are much better grounded than mine was in its beginning. I reiterate my daughters are no different and no better than any of the other girls of their sort, and I think they are about typical of these very abused young people.

In every age the maturer generation has deplored the forwardness of its youth.

What a poor little wallflower the mothers of yesterday would be to-day! Looking back into history, such philosophers as Confucius, Socrates, Livy, and Juvenal deplored the frivolities of the youth of their periods. In all ages it has been the same—"Young men think old men fools; old men know young men to be so."

For my part I think life without our young people would be to-day a desolation. Looking at the picture of the world as it is now, what are its colors? In the background and in the foreground we have only the clouds of war, unemployment, famine, depression, pestilence, restlessness, discontent, and revolt. The only color to which we may turn for respite is provided by our young people. The color is riotous and kaleidoscopic. But what would life be without it? Toning down it needs, but let us not eliminate it, for it is the one touch of radiance in a world gone tragically gray. God bless our young people, I say, in spite of the anxiety and the annoyance they cause us. They are our greatest gift, and I for one would not have them very much different. The flaws are not in them, but in their settings.

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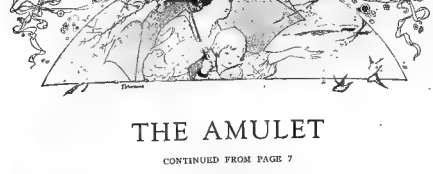

THE AMULET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Outwardly he left them alone, apparently satisfied with his pretty wife, his son, and his star of office. He killed John in '89, just before Asa was born. This way:

John Tarleton came into Sunshine one Monday morning with two live fowl which he sold for twenty-five cents apiece. On his way through the town he stopped at Bailey's for a drink. There was no one there except Bailey and an Indian, who was fast asleep, with his head on a table and his moccasined feet hooked up on the rungs of his chair.

Bailey filled a glass and said,

"How's Missus Tarleton?"

"Well," John answered.

He stood there a moment, fingering the drink as if in doubt about tasting it, and Bailey went to the back door to speak to a nigger who was sweeping out the yard. When he came in both the Indian and John Tarleton were gone, and with them, twenty dollars from the till behind the bar.

The Indian had pigeon-toed in a leisurely manner down Main Street and across the trackless plain. But John Tarleton had passed in a cloud of dust, hell-bent like one pursued, leaving his drink untasted. Ten people had seen the Indian pause to gaze within the crown of his greasy hat and to scratch the calf of his leg. Twenty people had seen John Tarleton's going that afternoon. Ed Hanscom passed at Mr. Lincoln's gate long enough to say, "Reckon I got him this time! Stole twenty dollars from Bailey. No doubt of it! I'm going out to the Cut to bring him in."

"Dead or alive, it's one to me!" Mr. Lincoln remarked. "Only get him."

"I'll get him," Ed Hanscom said. He added, with a satisfied smile, "*Dam fool!*"

It was dark when he arrived at the Cut. Have you been there? A natural fortress, if there ever was one—the shanty a sort of scury-box, at the front door. Behind it, three miles of cañon floor and a way out into the mountains, known only to the Tarletons.

As Ed Hanscom approached, the glare of the setting sun fell straight into the mouth of the Cut illuminating the shanty. John was nowhere about, but Joseph, a ragged seven-year-old, was peeling potatoes on the steps.

"Where's your father?" Hanscom demanded.

Joseph had the Tarleton distrust of strangers. He scowled and jerked his head.

"Back yonder."

Hanscom rode along the river-bottom, a trail across hard, white sand, smooth as the palm of your hand. On either side the walls rose steep and sharp, pitted here and there by the Tarleton "diggings." It was a risky thing to do. But with that star of office shining on his breast, Ed Hanscom fancied himself invisible—he moved under the protection of the law and his own egotism. He turned his head this way and that, sniffing the cool air. High above him, the rim of the Cut kindled in the red sunlight. John Tarleton saw the sheriff coming and, snatching up his rifle, ran forward to meet him. He was bearded and gaunt, with big bare feet that left zigzagging tracks on the sand as he ran.

Ed Hanscom pulled his horse sidewise to block the trail and said, "I've come to take you."

Nothing else. John made a quick move and the sheriff fired. He sat there on his horse watching the wounded man go down on his hands and knees, coughing and spitting, then fall forward and lie still. It was a neat shot clean through the heart. Darn fool! *Darn crazy idiot——!*

Hanscom turned away at last to ride back to the shanty and give his news to Anne Lincoln. His smile had about it some of the quality of her own.

He had not gone a hundred feet when he felt a sharp blow, penetrating and violent as a viper's sting, between his shoulders.

"Not dead!" he shouted, with a look over his shoulder at Tarleton. "Darn fool!"

He fell out of the saddle and died while the sun was still red on the cañon rim. Both of them died, sir. And it was the sheriff's horse that wandered back to the shanty with that piece of news for Anne.

THE following day the Indian, being a naive thief, tried to spend his twenty dollars at Bailey's and was strung high, good and plenty, for his simplicity. While this was happening, Anne Lincoln was burying John with her own hands. She was a proud, strange woman.

Seven months later little Joseph rode for the doctor, and Asa was born to Anne. The doctor said that she was indifferently glad. She lay with the baby on her arm, her head turned so that she could look out of the open door. She seemed to listen to the murmur of the water. When the doctor begged her to let him send a woman to help she said, "Joseph will wait on me."

Joseph tended her to the best of his ability. He was sturdy, but almighty small a pot of cider with a big head and eyes that were always looking off. No one had taught him to read; he was more like a hairy little animal than a child. Asa had the Tarleton good looks.

The two of them grew up in the lust, ignorant, wild, mothered by a proud woman who never smiled any more and who went in rags with tangled hair. Grew up, if you will believe me, without books; often, for weeks at a time, without speech, and with one overwhelming desire, one passion—to possess a non-existent thing. Anne fed the flame. She was wild, implacable, a whip at their heels. She suckled them both on hate and avarice. She enacted the tragedy of their father's death as you and I would play the game of "three little bears in the wood."

For years the remnant of her beauty clung about her, a very faint perfume of the old seduction. I remember seeing her when Joseph was eighteen and Asa ten—I had clambered into the Cut from above to spy on them, for they had a fabulous reputation even then. I saw Anne distinctly as the three of them knelt paying in the river—there wasn't a thread of gray in her hair, and when at last she stood up she seemed heroic and dauntless, with her feet spread and firmly planted and her arms bare to the shoulder. Joseph had a stubble beard and wore calico trousers.

WHEN Joseph was twenty he came to Sunshine to do his wooing. There must have been some sort of family tradition, or else Anne had inflamed him with recitals of her own love. She gave him the amulet, and for the first time he wore the flaming little god next to his skin.

You've got to get a new picture of this town as it was then paved sidewalks, a frame hotel, and the first sprawling buildings of the United Metal Company on the outskirts. Mr. Lincoln's house was flanked by a drug-store, and there was no more Bailey's—the swarm of miners and workmen, engineers and buyers hung around the porticoed stoop of the new Patchfield House or sat in the barber-shop. It was a man's town. The first settlers had become by right of precedence "first families," but there was no society to speak of.

Ed Hanscom's son, Frank, was our most promising young man—destined to become prosecuting attorney—sharp, ambitious, sober, a hard worker. He was a furnace without heat—he burned, but there were no flames. At twenty-five his head was thrust forward like a battering-ram. He never smiled, and he was superbly contemptuous of obstacles. It was like him, I told myself with annoyance, to fall in love with Bertha, my sister, and the prettiest girl in Sunshine.

One afternoon she came to my office opposite the Patchfield House and said to me, "I am going to marry Frank Hanscom."

She had come in from the street, but she was cool and fresh as a carnation.

She leaned on the desk and smiled down at me, "I thought you'd be glad. Frank is doing awfully well. He is going to be district attorney some day."

"I suppose he told you so?"

"Don't be mean, or jealous."

"You can't possibly love him, Bertha."

"I admire him. That's better."

"You know about his father?"

Bertha shook her head.

"He was shot in the back by one of the crazy Tarletons over at the Cut. Anne Tarleton is rearing her sons for vengeance. Some day, if you marry Hanscom, your husband will be shot—in the back."

Bertha laughed. "I'm not afraid of two ignorant ragamuffins and an old witch. Frank says that the Tarletons are a disgrace to this part of the country."

She lifted her head and looked beyond me through the partially screened window to the street, where Hanscom paced up and down waiting for my blessing. I called him in and gave it; gave my hand into his dry clasp and managed to slap him on the back.

The engagement began in the early Spring. Bertha and her young man used to whisper on the front steps, leaving me anchored by the parlor lamp, irritated by their commonplace love-making. When he had gone, promptly at ten, Bertha would come indoors.

I am telling you this because there was one night that she didn't come in at once after Hanscom had called his brisk "Good night!" from the gate.

Five minutes. No more. But I was curious enough to glance at her when she came. Her cheeks were flushed and she hesitated, one hand on the latch.

She paused by my chair, whispering,

"*Tell me about the Tarletons!*"

"Why?"

"I think I saw one of them just now. Short, with a black beard and funny eyes."

"Joseph." She laughed.

"He stopped by the gate and stared at me—like a dog asking for a bone."

"Oh, *that's* why you stayed there! Watch out. The Tarletons get their wives over a fence, in the moonlight."

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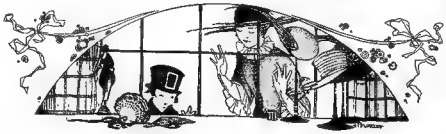

THE AMULET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

She gave me a startled glance. "He said so—just now."

"D'you mean he spoke to you?"

She nodded, and, getting up hurriedly, I went to the door. Through the screen I could see Joseph leaning on the gate, staring straight up at me. His battered hat was held between both hands and he seemed to be begging, as Bertha had said, for a bone.

While I hesitated he straightened up and moved off in the dim moonlight, drifting down the street with the curious, catlike tread of men who go barefoot.

"He likes me," Bertha said with a shiver. "Don't speak to him again. He's after you because you're engaged to Frank Hanscom."

"Oh, that!" she said.

I can't give at first hand what happened during the next month. The moon was gone; I was tired and busy; I forgot Bertha and her love-affair. Long afterward I got the details of Joseph's wooing of my sister. He came, in the manner of the Tarletons before him, ardent, persistent, persuasive, romantic—romantic, even in calico pants and a hat inherited from his grandfather! It seems that he always waited in the shadow of the house across the way until Frank Hanscom had gone, and then crossed to the glow of Bertha's white dress as a moth staggers into light. He had the face of an emaciated saint, the arms of a blacksmith, and the sensitive spirit of a child. All quiver and feeling, he was. It was as if the restlessness of that stream had got into him, tormenting him. Mixed up with it there were dark hates, fostered by Anne—impulses not his own, but bequeathed to him. He wouldn't have hurt a fly, yet he was bred to kill. Even then his fate was in his eyes. Oh, my Lord, he was ugly as sin! Bertha used to mock at him and tease him, keeping her side of the fence, laughing a cool little laugh that was enough to set a man's teeth on edge. No woman ever listened to such strange love-making.

One night he coaxed her all the way down to the gate and showed her the lump of gold. At first he was wary of letting her touch it. But her nearness overpowered him—he succumbed to the subtle fragrance of carnation and gave his treasure into the palm of her white hand.

"You can have it, if you'll marry me."

"It's ugly. It isn't worth a dollar. Besides, I'm going to marry Frank Hanscom."

Joseph snatched his treasure back, hurting her fingers. His face was twisted with passionate fear. He ran away from her through the darkness, muttering.

And when she told Frank Hanscom, as at last she did on the eve of her marriage, he urged her to get possession of the amulet if it were offered to her again.

"There may be more gold at the Cut," he said seriously. "My father believed so. They killed him, curse them!"

He apologized for swearing in her presence, but she saw that his eyes were shining with some new emotion and that his hands actually trembled. He left her earlier than usual, as if he sensed the presence of his rival in the shadows. And soon enough, he had no sooner gone than that eccentric figure materialized, beckoning to Bertha from the gate. I am telling you, she hadn't any pity. She wanted to see the pretty lump of gold again. She hadn't meant to hurt his feelings. Was there really more of it? *Lots and lots of it?* Enough to buy Paris hats and dresses and a carriage? More? Enough to pave streets, to build houses, to make queens of beautiful women? Out came his fantastic dreams. He caught her hand and put it against his lips. Bertha felt her body grow cold with fear and repugnance, but she still begged for the little god. Presently Joseph gave it to her. Then he opened the gate and followed her up the path, torn between fear and a desire he couldn't understand.

SHE ran away from him and up the steps to the porch where the light from my lamp fell aslant, showing him her smooth black hair, the whiteness of her throat, and her two hands cupping his treasure. Something in his face made her say, "I'll keep it until I marry you."

At that he went on his knees and got hold of her dress, so that she had to reach down and unclasp the clutch of his fingers.

"Until we're married—" she repeated.

"Let me go, now."

She tore herself free and ran indoors, slamming the door behind her.

"Look what I've got," she said. "Look what I've got! Oh, that silly man—"

I snatched it out of her hand and went to the door, but Joseph had gone, poor devil, believing himself betrothed.

In the morning Bertha and Hanscom were married and went away to spend their honeymoon in San Francisco, taking the Tarleton trophy with them. And I was left to deal with Joseph.

I make no excuses for Bertha. She was young. She was pitiless. She suffered as much, perhaps more, than was necessary.

"You tell Joseph," Bertha had said. "It's a good joke. I didn't *have* to say I was going to be married in the morning. Did I?"

The last I heard was her light little laugh as she drove away toward the future.

Joseph came at ten o'clock. He was wearing a new shirt and had shaved his beard. I called to him; he shied like a wood-animal, then came through the gate, clutching his hat to his breast. I told him that Bertha had married and had gone away, but I took pains to assin him that Hanscom was not responsible for the "joke." I even promised to return the amulet to him when the honeymooners got back from San Francisco.

He listened, said nothing, and when I had finished made a single, awkward gesture with both arms, as if he cursed the stars His face was twisted to one side, his eyes mad. He turned and ran, light-footed as a prairie-dog, away, into the darkness.

The rest of the story is pure narrative.

I couldn't get the lump of gold away from Bertha and her husband. I don't pretend to say that there was magic in the thing, but the truth is that Hanscom became infected with the belief that some day enough gold would be washed out of the Cut to rebuild Babylon. It was the devil to find, but it was there! His father's dream was transferred to him and, like his father, he cherished it in secret. But he was afraid of the Tarletons. He kept the amulet in a safe; I have no doubt that he often took it out to scan its brilliance and beauty, to whip his dreams into definite desires. It poisoned him, sir. He laid the plans of his life according to its false promise of easy wealth. And Bertha, her smile turning into a cool postponement of every day, seemed to wait for—for treasure. I have no other way to put it.

Strangely enough, Joseph never came to Sunshine again. Now Asa came, shy as a wild thing, furtive and ignorant. Joseph stayed in the hills with Anne.

FOURTEEN years. You must bridge it in your imagination, if you can—Sunshine no longer a single street, but a sprawling checkerboard of shanties and sheds, belching chimneys, picket enclosures, tracks. Where the stage-coach had swayed along in a funnel of dust, squawking drivers and trucks stirred up a cloud that never settled. The vision of the Forty-niner had become Twentieth-century industry. Men sunured and pitted the mountains for metals and converted them into currency. Thirty miles away the Tarletons were forgotten save by a few "old-timers" who never took the trouble to go out there. The legend didn't appeal to the soda-water school of youngsters. And when Asa rode in, as he did once or twice a year, no one noticed him except perhaps Frank Hanscom, peering out of the plate-glass windows of his office.

Once I stopped Asa and inquired for Anne. He reared in his horse and stared down at me with a startled look.

"How's your mother?" I asked him.

He scowled. "Well," he said.

"Any luck?" He didn't seem to understand. "Any gold?"

At that he fled. Fled as if I had threatened his life.

I forgot him in the turmoil of war in 1917. But Hanscom didn't. By this time he was prosecuting attorney, with a sizable record of convictions, known as a sharp-tongued, driving, fearless accuser—his eyes leveled a pointing finger at innocent and guilty alike. Men of his sort attract a following of people who are afraid of them. He seemed always to have something up his sleeve.

One day, in the middle of the draft turmoil, he came to me in great excitement.

"How about this Tarleton fellow? Won't the draft get him? The youngest one, I mean. He's twenty-six."

It seemed absurd for a Government already glutted with intelligent young men to reach into that forgotten cañon and drag out Asa Tarleton for service in an army he had never heard of, for a cause he couldn't understand. "They're half animals, those Tarletons," I said. "You'd better leave them alone."

"Oh, I won't mix up in it," Hanscom assured me. "It's time somebody turned 'em out of their hole. Darned sneaks! Asa's able-bodied, isn't he? Is there any reason why he *shouldn't* serve his country? He's making love to a girl who works at a peanut-stand near the plant. We'll catch him there. The girl's afraid of him."

"How do you know?"

Hanscom closed his eyes, a trick he had when he wanted to conceal his purposes. "I questioned her. She's a pretty, soft little thing—an Italian. Tarleton wants to take her out there——"

Suddenly remembering Bertha's part in the drama, he got up and hurried away.

Asa paid no attention to the draft notice—he probably couldn't read it, and if Anne did, she could not comprehend it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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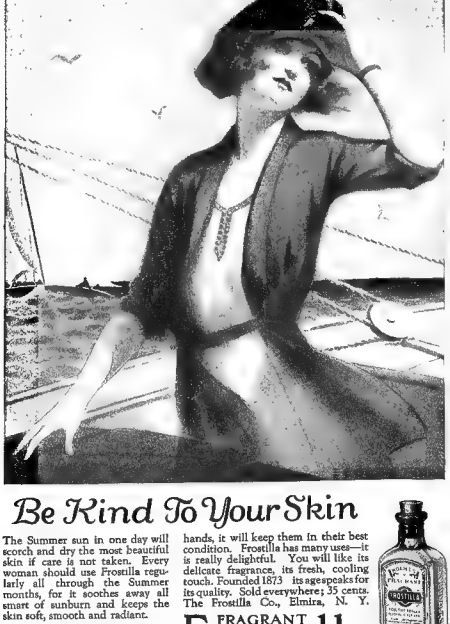

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THE AMULET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

The sheriff went out alone and saw Joseph—Asa was either in hiding or up in the mountains with pick and shovel. During the interview between the Government agent and the elder Tarleton, Anne Lincoln sat on the shanty steps, brushing her white hair out of her eyes with the back of her hand and laughing to herself.

"Don't you listen to him, Jo," she said. "It's a scheme to get our property. There isn't any war. It's a scheme. *War with Germany!* Germany's across the ocean, Jo. Don't you listen. Tell him we'll kill any one who comes here after Asa."

TWO days later the sheriff went back with a posse. They were fired on from the shanty before they entered the Cut. Asa got out through the back door while Joseph and Anne held the posse off. There was a way out of the Cut into the mountains, and then a chance to reach Mexico, if he could gain, say, half an hour. He hugged the walls, dropping now and then behind the big, flat boulders that fill the river-bottom. I wasn't there. I don't know exactly how it happened. They say that Joseph held the shanty for more than an hour. Then Anne must have persuaded him to follow Asa, for he made a break, firing as he ran, and this allowed the attackers to close in on Anne Lincoln. She was a tigress, that old woman! They say she fought until her calico dress was in ribbons. They left her to two men, while the others followed her sons along the cañon floor.

Joseph they wounded and captured at the foot of the "stairs." Asa led them into the heart of that range over there, doubling on his tracks like a puma. He had no idea what he was running away from or why. All he knew was what Anne had told him—the whole world coveted his invisible possession; war had been made; humanity was banded together against the three of them, to wrest the dream of gold out of their grasp. He fought for life.

It was perhaps the crowning irony that he was in sanctuary, on Mexican soil, when they brought him down. He stood silhouetted on the crest of a hill, judging the distance beneath him and weighing his chances if he should leap. He made a fair target in the flushed light of dawn and his dead body fell forward as a plummet drops, fifty feet, to Mexican soil!

Joseph was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment. I saw him in the dock. He was like a wild creature looking out at its captors with eyes singularly innocent and pathetic. He knew nothing. He could neither read nor write. He had never heard of Germany. To the end he insisted that he was the victim of a conspiracy. But it is not likely that any one in the court-room will forget the look with which he met Frank Hanscom's prosecution. It was like witnessing the strokes of a cowhide across a sensitive skin—brutal and physical punishment. Two men of the sheriff's posse had died in front of the Tarleton shanty. That was enough for the purposes of the law. Perhaps justly.

The Italian girl testified that Asa had made love to her; had promised her riches.

Hanscom's eyes were closed during her testimony, as if he could not bear the brilliance of the vision.

After the trial, in an effort to get control of the Tarleton claim, he went out there alone. I can do no more than outline the facts. He carried with him the original amulet and his automatic. He must have climbed up the natural "stairway" at the end of the Cut, that precarious exit to the mountains by which Asa had escaped. For when he was found two days later, he had apparently lost his footing and had fallen headlong, his body striking with terrific force time and again as he rolled down the steep slope. He lay sprawled face down on the cañon floor, and like a trail behind him, like a brilliant comet's tail, we found a myriad three-shaped lumps of solid gold—he was buried in them; his dead hands were full of them.

I do not pretend to understand. These strange nuggets legally were, of course, Anne Lincoln's. Like the amulet, they bore the marks of rude chiseling, but other than the shower of them unearthed by Hanscom's fall, no more have been found from that day to this.

ANNE LINCOLN is living in Paris. She is seventy years old and she is still beautiful, believe it or not. You can see her any day riding in the Bois in her carriage, wearing black silk and carrying a black-lace parasol. She looks out at the world with her old smile, disdainful, aloof, mysterious. It is as if the years between had been only a postponement of what she knew would be hers. Terrible woman! Magnificent woman! The shadow of the chestnut-trees ripples over her as her carriage passes swiftly with a little rattle and clink of silver harness. She seems to have forgotten—I believe she has—Asa buried in the burning sand, Joseph imprisoned, John asleep near the cold stream. She passes, in possession of her dream.

MAUDE ROYDEN COMES TO AMERICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

His new work, about to be entered upon in an old world, was going to involve heavy responsibilities. He would of course require an assistant. Before he started, the American preacher made an inquiry. "Who," he said, "was the greatest and wisest woman in England?"

Our own Jane Addams, shading her eyes with her hand, looked across the sea. "That one," she answered, "with the farthest-flung banner of all unfurled." There was indicated a figure at the head of the woman movement whose garments fluttered in the chill breeze of religious disfavor. And in her hand she bore a banner with the strange device, Feminism.

WHAT does it mean? The equality that includes all the rest. Maude Royden herself says, "The denial of woman's humanity is age-long. It is found in almost every religion and in almost every philosophy. Women want to be recognized as human beings and not as a sex or instruments to another's end instead of an end in themselves."

Well, why not? agreed the man from the West. So it was the woman with the far-flung banner whom he invited to share his London ministry. She did not understand.

He spoke again. "I mean it," he repeated. "You see," he explained, "I believe in women. My mother is one. And the longer I live, the more I am convinced that there are certain truths which women apprehend more quickly than can men, and these truths have not been sufficiently emphasized in the churches. The woman's view is what is needed for the fulness of the Christian faith."

So, like that, Maude Royden came into the Nonconformist ministry. And the oldest things in England were shaken to their foundations.

"Do you mean that you permit her to stand in your very pulpit, in your place in the pulpit?" the amazed Anglican clergy demanded of the American. Why, yes. She stood right there. Three times a month, one Sunday morning and two Sunday evenings, she delivered the regular sermon. Voices quavered on the next question. But the inquirers must know, "Does she wear a hat? St. Paul was so particular about that!"

And cathedral bells seemed to chime relief with the reassurance that could be afforded in this respect. Miss Royden had selected for her pulpit costume a black cassock with a white collar. She wears also a small close-fitting hat. She officiated at a service without it. To an anxious English inquiry she replied later, "Oh, I forgot it. I could not, you know, believe that God was watching to see whether or not I had on a hat."

There were other details of her new position to be arranged. "It seemed to me particularly fitting and beautiful," says Dr. Newton, "that a little child should be taken in the arms of a woman who administers the rite of baptism." So his colleague frequently performed the ceremony. A quite new idea in church service was the "clinic," an hour set apart two or three times a week when Miss Royden met women parishioners for advice and counsel. Then Dr. Newton offered that she preside at the communion service, and she had to hesitate. To administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper? "I can not," she said. "My church could discipline me for that."

Miss Royden has always retained her membership with the Episcopalian Church. Dr. Newton himself is a Universalist, with a Baptist origin. The City Temple, with Congregational connections, is a notably free religious organization. It afforded the ideal background from which the successful joint ministry might urge most earnestly the ties of a common Christianity to unite the followers of differing faiths in bonds that shall be stronger than the creeds that divide them.

In 1920 Dr. Newton, having accomplished the work for which he had been called to England, returned to America to

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MAUDE ROYDEN COMES TO AMERICA

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become the pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York city. And Miss Royden established her now celebrated Christian Fellowship Service, which is held in a building that was formerly a Congregational church.

She prefers to call her congregation a "fellowship." "It is clearer, I think," she says. "Churches exist for the sake of fellowship, but have so little of it that the fact is forgotten." As formerly at the City Temple, the Fellowship Service is overcrowded. For there is a dramatic appeal that has the quality of the old crusades in Maude Royden's clear call to Christianity to join in what she has termed the Great Adventure of Applied Religion.

The new preacher stands in her pulpit with a banner unfurled. She is not a theologian. She is a feminist, with a soul on fire for the righting of age-old wrongs. Her sermons, which are never written, but are noted for the beauty of their diction, are illumined with what may be said to be inspiration. Or the insight of woman. Dogmas over which church fathers have differed for two thousand years are easily disposed of. Is even a virgin birth necessary? To a woman preacher all birth is so gloriously divine. Why may it not be said of every mother that "the spirit of God overshadowed her?"

She talks about housing and wages and men and women and little children and all that most intimately concerns them. Often she preaches about love and marriage and maternity. She particularly believes in love. God is love, she says. And because He made man and woman in His image, their love also is divine.

"SEX," she particularly urges, "is the sacrament of love, the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual force so wonderful that to this power is given the bringing of other immortal souls into the world. That is what God thinks of sex. And we have made of it a horror We have made of reverence, secrecy. We have made of creation a disease, and of life we have made death."

You see, always she is remembering Poulac. There is now also the English Government Report of the Royal Commission on Venereal Disease. It was soon after she stepped into the pulpit that she applied religion to one of the oldest and ugliest wounds of the world. And "Maisons Tolérées," maintained and supervised for the British army in France, were quietly closed by the English Government after her series of sermons vividly portraying these military brothels with girls officially registered to lose their souls.

Anglo-Saxon England held its breath! Matters formerly mentionable only in whispers, a woman was publicly proclaiming. But Maude Royden speaks as one with authority from God. She is convincing her followers that through measures which make more beautiful the fundamental relations of men and women may come the kingdom of heaven on earth.

It is the young people especially who hear her gladly. Throngs of them crowd her sanctuary to listen to the new ideals. She tells them of a new world that must begin with the freedom of woman to be all that God intended her to be. The twentieth-century woman must have economic independence. There must be time for more than "bearing children and burying them." To avert "that ghastly tragedy of preventable suffering caused by the bearing of unwanted children" there must be birth-control, through continence first, but through contraceptives when necessary.

MOTHERHOOD is an absorbing creative work not easily combined with other occupations. Those citizens who engage in it are performing the highest state service. You can not indeed pay for all that motherhood means. But neither can you pay for a man to die. Yet soldiers are "endowed" by the state. Why not mothers? The old idea of marriage that made man and woman one and that one the husband, is now as impossible as the feudal system. Through the higher values to-day set on sexual relationships we are on the threshold of a nobler conception of marriage based on knowledge and sincerity.

Like this, Maude Royden is become the high priestess of a new way of life. She offers a religion that shall be for the healing of the nations and the sickness of a divided and corrupt civilization. Who can tell what it may mean for the race that a woman has arrived in the last profession of all? At least one Anglican clergyman has been heard to remark that he's "jolly glad of it." How Dr. Newton estimates the ministry of his colleague he has told in his "Some Living Masters of the Pulpit."

But I think the high moment in the new woman preacher's career must have been that Sunday when she glanced down on her congregation and discovered that the Bishop of London had come to hear her preach.

"It gave me a thrill to realize that I was pronouncing the benediction over you," she told him afterward.

"It was the best benediction I have had since my mother died," he replied quietly. And he was looking into the eyes of a woman with a wide-flung banner unfurled.

Feminists are saying that in Oliver Cromwell's church Maude Royden lighted a small fire in England that, please God, shall never be put out. Eventually a woman at Westminster.

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9229	.30	9910	.35	1060	.30	1091	.30	11699	.20
9288	.35	9912	.35	1061	.35	1092	.30	12031	.35
9328	.25	9926	.35	1062	.35	1093	.35	12254	.30
9392	.35	9940	.35	1063	.35	1094	.30	12445	.20
9401	.30	9941	.35	1064	.35	1095	.30	12510	.20
9517	.35	9949	.35	1065	.35	1096	.30	12545	.25
9605	.35	9961	.35	1066	.30	1097	.30	12549	.25
9666	.30	9964	.30	1067	.30	1098	.30	12564	.30
9774	.35	9965	.35	1068	.35	1099	.35	12587	.20
9775	.35	9971	.35	1069	.35	1100	.35	12574	.75
9776	.35	9975	.30	1070	.35	1101	.35	12595	.75
9777	.35	9976	.35	1071	.35	1102	.35	12601	.30
9778	.35	9977	.35	1072	.35	1103	.30	12612	.75
9782	.35	9995	.35	1073	.35	1104	.30	12613	.75
9802	.35	1009	.35	1074	.35	1105	.30	12623	.25
9815	.35	1014	.35	1075	.30	1106	.30	12624	.25
9818	.30	1044	.35	1076	.35	1107	.35	12629	.30
9832	.30	1045	.35	1077	.35	1108	.30	12630	.30
9834	.30	1046	.35	1078	.35	1109	.30	12645	.40
9836	.35	1047	.35	1079	.35	1110	.35	12647	.75
9840	.35	1048	.35	1080	.30	1111	.35	12648	.75
9842	.35	1049	.35	1081	.35	1112	.30	12671	.30
9845	.35	1050	.35	1082	.35	1113	.35	12673	.35
9844	.35	1051	.30	1083	.30	1114	.35	12681	.25
9853	.35	1052	.35	1084	.30	1115	.35	12704	.35
9862	.35	1054	.35	1085	.30	1116	.35	12709	.15

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

in her room; and the next morning, when the housemaid came in with her breakfast-tray, she felt the factitious energy that comes from having decided, however half-heartedly, on a definite course.

She had said to herself, "If there's no letter from Nick this time next week I'll write to Streff—" and the week had passed, and there was no letter.

It was now three weeks since he had left her, and she had had no word but his note from Genoa. She had concluded that, foreseeing the probability of her leaving Venice, he would write to her in care of their Paris bank. But tho she had immediately notified the bank of her change of address no communication from Nick had reached her; and she smiled with a touch of bitterness at the difficulty he was doubtless finding in the composition of the promised letter. Her own scrap-basket, for the first days, had been heaped with the fragments of the letters she had begun, and she told herself that, since they both found it so hard to write, it was probably because they had nothing left to say to each other.

Meanwhile the days at Mrs. Melrose's drifted by as they had been wont to drift when, under the roofs of the rich, Susy Branch had marked time between one episode and the next of her precarious existence. Her experience of such sojourns was varied enough to make her acutely conscious of their effect on her temporary hosts; and in the present case she knew that Violet was hardly aware of her presence. But if no more than tolerated, she was at least not felt to be an inconvenience; when your hostess forgot about you it proved that you were not in her way.

Violet, as usual, was perpetually on the wing, for her profound indolence expressed itself in a disordered activity. Nat Fulmer had returned to Paris; but Susy guessed that his benefactress was still constantly in his company, and that when Mrs. Melrose was whirled away in her noiseless motor it was generally toward the scene of some new encounter between Fulmer and the arts. On these occasions she sometimes offered to carry Susy to Paris, and they devoted several long and hectic mornings to the dressmakers, where Susy felt herself gradually succumbing to the familiar spell of heaped-up finery. It seemed impossible, as furs and laces and brocades were tossed aside, brought back, and at last carelessly selected from, that anything but the whim of the moment need count in deciding whether one should take all or none, or that any woman could be worth looking at who did not possess the means to make her choice regardless of cost.

ONCE alone, and in the street again, the evil fumes would evaporate, and daylight reenter Susy's soul; yet she felt that the old poison was slowly insinuating itself into her system. To dispel it she decided one day to look up Grace Fulmer. She was curious to know how the happy-go-lucky companion of Fulmer's evil days was bearing the weight of his prosperity; and she vaguely felt that it would be refreshing to see some one who had never been afraid of poverty.

The airless *pension* sitting-room, where she waited while a reluctant maid servant screamed about the house for Mrs. Fulmer, did not have the hoped-for effect. It was one thing for Grace to put up with such quarters when she shared them with Fulmer; but to live there while he basked in the lingering radiance of Versailles, or rolled from *château* to picture-gallery in Mrs. Melrose's motor, showed a courage that Susy felt unable to emulate.

"My dear! I knew you'd look me up," Grace's joyous voice rang down the stairway; and in another moment she was clasping Susy to her tumbled person.

"Nat couldn't remember if he'd given you our address, tho he promised me he would, the last time he was here." She held Susy at arms' length, beaming upon her with blinking, short-sighted eyes; the same old disheveled Grace, so careless of her neglected beauty and her squandered youth, so amused and absent-minded and improvident, that the boisterous air of the New Hampshire bungalow seemed to enter with her into the little, air-tight *salon*

While she poured out the tale of Nat's sudden celebrity, and its unexpected consequences, Susy marveled and dreamed. Was the secret of his triumph perhaps due to those long, hard, unrewarded years, the stedfast scorn of popularity, the indifference to every kind of material ease in which his wife had so gaily abetted him? Had it been bought at the cost of her own freshness and her own talent, of the children's "advantages," of everything except the closeness of the tie between husband and wife? Well—it was worth the price, no doubt; but what if, now that honors and prosperity had come, the tie were snapped, and Grace were left alone among the ruins?

There was nothing in her tone or words to suggest such a possibility. Susy noticed that her heterogeneous raiment was costlier in quality and more professional in cut than the primitive garments which had draped her growing bulk at the bungalow; it was clear that she was trying to dress up to Nat's new situation. But, above all, she was rejoicing in it, filling her hungry lungs with the strong air of his success. It had evidently not occurred to her as yet that those who consent to share the bread of adversity may want the whole cake of prosperity for themselves.

"My dear, it's too wonderful! He's told me to take as many concert and opera tickets as I like; he lets me take all the children with me. The big concerts don't begin till later; but of course the opera is always going. And there are little things—there's music in Paris at all seasons. And later it's just possible we may get to Munich for a week—oh, Susy!" Her hands clasped, her eyes brimming, she drank the new wine of life almost sacramentally.

"Do you remember, Susy, when you and Nick came to stay at the bungalow? Nat said you'd be horrified by our primitiveness—but I knew better! And I was right, wasn't I? Seeing us so happy made you and Nick decide to follow our example, didn't it?" She glowed with the remembrance. "And now, what are your plans? Is Nick's book nearly done? I suppose you'll have to live very economically till he finds a publisher. And the baby, darling—when is that to be? If you're coming back home I could let you have a lot of the children's little old things."

"You're always so dear, Grace. But we haven't any special plans as yet—not even for a baby. And I wish you'd tell me all of yours instead."

Mrs. Fulmer asked nothing better. Susy perceived that, so far, the greater part of her European experience had consisted in talking about what it was to be. "Well, you see, Nat is so taken up all day with sightseeing and galleries and meeting important people that he hasn't had time to go about with us; and as so few theaters are open, and there's so little music, I've taken the opportunity to catch up with my mending. Junie helps me with it now—she's our eldest, you remember? She's grown into a big girl since you saw her. And later perhaps we're to travel. And the most wonderful thing of all—next to Nat's recognition, I mean—is not having to contrive and skimp, and give up something every single minute. Just think—Nat has even made special arrangements here in the *pension*, so that the children all have second helpings to everything. And when I go up to bed I can think of my music, instead of lying awake calculating, and wondering how I can make things come out at the end of the month. Oh, Susy, that's simply *heaven!*"

Susy's heart contracted. She had come to her friend to be taught again the lesson of indifference to material things, and instead she was hearing from Grace Fulmer's lips the long-repressed avowal of their tyranny. After all, that battle with poverty on the New Hampshire hillside had not been the easy, smiling business that Grace and Nat had made it appear. And yet—and yet——

Susy stood up abruptly and straightened the expensive hat which hung irresponsibly over Grace's left ear.

"What's wrong with it? Junie helped me choose it, and she generally knows," Mrs. Fulmer wailed with helpless hands.

"It's the way you wear it, dearest—and the bow is rather top-heavy. Let me have it a minute, please." Susy lifted the hat from her friend's head and began to manipulate its trimming. "This is the way Maria Guy or Suzanne would do it. And now go on about Nat."

SHE listened musingly while Grace poured forth the tale of her husband's triumph, of the notices in the papers, the demand for his work, the fine ladies' battles over their priority in discovering him, and the orders that had resulted from their rivalry.

"Of course they're simply furious with each other—Mrs. Melrose and Mrs. Gillow especially—because each one pretends to have been the first to notice his 'Spring Snow-storm,' and in reality it wasn't either of them, but only poor Bill Haslett, an art critic we've known for years, who chanced on the picture, and rushed off to tell a dealer who was looking for a new painter to push." Grace suddenly raised her soft, myopic eyes to Susy's face. "But, do you know, the funny thing is that I believe Nat is beginning to forget this, and to believe that it *was* Mrs. Melrose who stopped short in front of his picture on the opening day, and screamed out, 'This is genius!' It seems funny he should care so much, when I've always known he had genius—and *he* has known it too. But they're all so kind to him, and Mrs. Melrose especially. And I suppose it makes a thing sound new to hear it said in a new voice."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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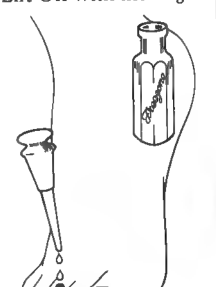

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

Susy looked at her meditatively. "And how should you feel if Nat liked too much to hear Mrs. Melrose say it? Too much, I mean, to care any longer what you felt or thought?"

Her friend's worn face flushed quickly, and then paled Susy almost repented the question. But Mrs. Fulmer met it with a tranquil dignity. "You haven't been married long enough, dear, to understand — how people like Nat and me feel about such things—or how trifling they seem, in the balance—the balance of one's memories."

Susy stood up again, and flung her arms about her friend. "Oh, Grace," she laughed, with wet eyes, "how can you be as wise as that and yet not have sense enough to buy a decent hat?" She gave Mrs. Fulmer a quick embrace and hurried away. She had learned her lesson, after all; but it was not the one she had come to seek.

THE week she had allowed herself had passed, and still there was no word from Nick. She allowed herself yet another day, and that too went by without a letter. She then decided on a step from which her pride had hitherto recoiled she would call at the bank, and ask for Nick's address. She called, embarrassed and hesitating, and was told, after inquiries in the post-office department, that Mr. Nicholas Lansing had given no address since that of the Palazzo Vanderlyn, three months previously. She went back to Versailles that afternoon with the definite intention of writing to Strefford unless the next morning's post brought a letter.

The next morning brought nothing from Nick, but a scribbled message from Mrs. Melrose: would Susy, as soon as possible, come into her room for a word? Susy jumped up, hurried through her bath, and knocked at her hostess's door. In the immense low bed that faced the rich umbrage of the park Mrs. Melrose lay smoking cigarets and glancing over her letters. She looked up with her vague smile, and said dreamily, "Susy, darling, have you any particular plans—for the next few months, I mean?"

Susy colored; she knew the intonation of old, and fancied she understood what it implied.

"Plans, dearest? Any number— I'm tearing myself away the day after to-morrow—to the Gillows' moor, very probably," she hastened to announce.

Instead of the relief she had expected to read on Mrs. Melrose's dramatic countenance she discovered there the blankest disappointment.

"Oh, really? That's too bad. Is it absolutely settled——?"

"As far as I'm concerned," said Susy crisply.

The other sighed. "I'm too sorry. You see, dear, I'd meant to ask you just to stay on here quietly and look after the Fulmer children. Fulmer and I are going to Italy next week—I want to be with him when he makes his studies, receives his first impressions; such a marvelous experience to be with him when he and Italy meet!" She broke off, lost in prospective ecstasy. "And, you see, as Grace Fulmer insists on coming with us——"

"Ah, I see."

"Well, there are the children—such a problem," sighed the benefactress. "If you *were* at a loose end, you know, dear, while Nick's away with his friends, I could really make it worth your while——"

"So awfully good of you, Violet; only I'm not, as it happens."

Oh, the relief of being able to say that, gaily, firmly, and even truthfully! Take charge of the Fulmer children, indeed! Susy remembered how Nick and she had fled from them that Autumn afternoon in New Hampshire. The offer gave her a salutary glimpse of the way in which, as the years passed, and she lost her freshness and novelty, she would more and more be used as a convenience, a stop-gap, writer of notes, runner of errands, nursery governess, or companion. She called to mind several elderly women of her acquaintance, pensioners of her own group, who still wore its livery, struck its attitudes, and chattered its jargon, but had long since been ruthlessly relegated to these slave-ant offices. Never in the world would she join their numbers.

Mrs. Melrose's face fell, and she looked at Susy with the plaintive bewilderment of the wielder of millions to whom everything that can not be bought is imperceptible.

"But I can't see why you can't change your plans," she murmured with a soft persistency.

"Ah, well, you know—" Susy paused on a slow inward smile—"they're not mine only, as it happens."

Mrs. Melrose's brow clouded. The unforeseen complication of Mrs. Fulmer's presence on the journey had evidently tried her nerves, and this new obstacle to her arrangements shook her faith in the divine order of things.

"Your plans are not yours only? But surely you won't let Ursula Gillow dictate to you— There's my jade pendant; the one you said you liked the other day— The Fulmers won't go with me, you understand, unless they're satisfied about the children; the whole plan will fall through. Susy, darling, you were always too unselfish; I hate to see you sacrificed to Ursula."

Susy's smile lingered. Time was when she might have been glad to add the jade pendant to the collection already enriched by Ellie Vanderlyn's sapphires; more recently she would have resented the offer as an insult to her newly found principles. But already the mere fact that she might henceforth, if she chose, be utterly out of reach of such bribes enabled her to look down on them with tolerance. Oh, the blessed moral freedom that wealth conferred! She recalled Mrs. Fulmer's uncontrollable cry, "The most wonderful thing of all is not having to contrive and skimp, and give up something every single minute!" Yes, it was only on such terms that one could call one's soul one's own. The sense of it gave Susy the grace to answer amicably, "If I could possibly help you out, Violet, I shouldn't want a present to persuade me. And, as you say, there's no reason why I should sacrifice myself to Ursula—or to anybody else. Only, as it happens—" she paused and took the plunge—"I'm going to England because I've promised to see a friend."

That night she wrote to Strefford.

STRETCHED out under an awning on the deck of the *Ibis*, Nick Lansing looked up for a moment at the vanishing cliffs of Malta, and then plunged again into his book.

He had had nearly three weeks of drug-taking on the *Ibis*. The drugs he had absorbed were of two kinds: visions of fleeing landscapes, looming up from the blue sea to vanish into it again, and visions of study absorbed from the volumes piled up day and night at his elbow. For the first time in months he was in reach of a real library, just the kind of scholarly yet miscellaneous library that his restless and impatient spirit craved. He was aware that the books he read, like the fugitive scenes on which he gazed, were merely a form of anesthetic; he swallowed them with the careless greed of the sufferer who seeks only to still pain and deaden memory. But they were beginning to produce in him a moral languor that was not disagreeable, that, indeed, compared with the fierce pain of the first days, was almost pleasurable. It was exactly the kind of drug that he needed.

There is probably no point on which the average man has more definite views than on the uselessness of writing a letter that is hard to write. In the line he had sent to Susy from Genoa, Nick had told her that she would hear from him again in a few days; but when the few days had passed, and he began to consider setting himself to the task, he found fifty reasons for postponing it.

Had there been any practical questions to write about it would have been different; he could not have borne for twenty-four hours the idea that she was in uncertainty as to money. But that had all been settled long ago. From the first she had had the administering of their modest fortune. On their marriage, Nick's own meager income, paid in, none too regularly, by the agent who had managed for years the dwindling family properties, had been transferred to her; it was the only wedding-present he could make. And the wedding-checks had of course all been deposited in her name. There were therefore no "business" reasons for communicating with her; and when it came to reasons of another order, the mere thought of them benumbed him.

For the first few days he reproached himself for his inertia; then he began to seek reasons for justifying it. After all, for both their sakes, a waiting policy might be the wisest he could pursue. He had left Susy because he could not tolerate the conditions on which he had discovered their life together to be based; and he had told her so. What more was there to say?

Nothing was changed in their respective situations; if they came together, it could be only to resume the same life, and that, as the days went by, seemed to him more and more impossible. He had not yet reached the point of facing a definite separation; but whenever his thoughts traveled back over their past life he recoiled from any attempt to return to it. As long as this state of mind continued there seemed nothing to add to the letter he had already written, except indeed the statement that he was cruising with the Hickses. And he saw no pressing reason for communicating that.

To the Hickses he had given no hint of his situation. When Coral Hicks, a fortnight earlier, had picked him up in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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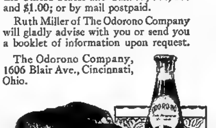

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THE UNDER-ARM TOILETTE

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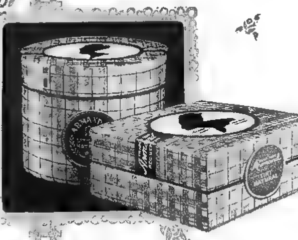

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

broiling streets of Genoa, and carried him off to the *Ibis*, he had thought only of a cool dinner and perhaps a moonlight sail. Then, in reply to their friendly urging, he had confessed that he had not been well—had indeed gone off hurriedly for a few days' change of air—and that left him without defense against the immediate proposal that he should take his change of air on the *Ibis*. They were just off to Corsica and Sardinia, and from there to Sicily; he could rejoin the railway at Naples, and be back at Venice in ten days.

Ten days of respite—the temptation was irresistible. And he really liked the kind, uncomplicated Hickses. A wholesome honesty and simplicity breathed through all their opulence, as if the rich trappings of their present life still exhaled the fragrance of their native prairies. The mere fact of being with such people was like a purifying bath. When the yacht touched at Naples he agreed—since they were so awfully kind—to go on to Sicily. And when the chief steward, going ashore at Naples for the last time before they got up steam, said, "Any letters for the post, sir?" he answered, as he had answered at each previous halt, "No, thank you; none."

Now they were heading for Rhodes and Crete—Crete, where he had never been, where he had so often longed to go. In spite of the lateness of the season the weather was still miraculously fine; the short waves danced ahead under a sky without a cloud, and the strong bows of the *Ibis* hardly swayed as she flew forward over the flying crests.

Only his hosts and their daughter were on the yacht—of course with Eldorada Tooker and Mr. Beck in attendance. An eminent archeologist, who was to have joined them at Naples, had telegraphed an excuse at the last moment; and Nick noticed that, while Mrs. Hicks was perpetually apologizing for the great man's absence, Coral merely smiled and said nothing.

As a matter of fact, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks were never as pleasant as when one had them to oneself. In company Mr. Hicks ran the risk of appearing overhospitable, and Mrs. Hicks confused dates and names in the desire to embrace all culture in her conversation But alone with Nick, their old traveling companion, they shone out in their native simplicity, and Mr. Hicks talked soundly of investments, and Mrs. Hicks recalled her early married days in Apex City, when, on being brought home to her new house on Æschylus Avenue, her first thought had been, "How on earth shall I get all those windows washed?"

THE loss of Mr. Buttles had been as serious to them as Nick had supposed; Mr. Beck could never hope to replace him. Apart from his mysterious gift of languages, and his almost superhuman faculty for knowing how to address letters to eminent people, and in what terms to conclude them, he had a smattering of archeology and general culture on which Mrs. Hicks had learned to depend—her own memory being, alas, so inadequate to the range of her interests.

Her daughter might perhaps have helped her; but it was not Miss Hicks's way to mother her parents. She was exceedingly kind to them, but left them, as it were, to bring themselves up as best they could, while she pursued her own course of self-development. A somber zeal for knowledge filled the mind of this strange girl; she appeared interested only in fresh opportunities of adding to her store of facts. They were illuminated by little imagination and less poetry; but, carefully cataloged and neatly sorted in her large, cool brain, they were always as accessible as the volumes in an up-to-date public library.

To Nick there was something reposeful in this lucid intellectual curiosity. He wanted above all things to get away from sentiment, from seduction, from the moods and impulses and flashing contradictions that were Susy. Susy was not a great reader; her store of facts was small, and she had grown up among people who dreaded ideas as much as if they had been a contagious disease. But, in the early days especially, when he had put a book in her hand, or had read a poem to her, her swift intelligence had shed a sudden new light on the subject, and in an instant she had penetrated to its depths, and extracted from them whatever belonged to her. What a pity that this exquisite insight, this instinctive discrimination, should for the most part have been spent upon reading the thoughts of vulgar people, and extracting a profit from them—should have been wasted on all the hideous intricacies of "managing"!

And visible beauty—how she cared for that too! He had not guessed it, or rather he had not been sure of it, till the day when, on their way through Paris, he had taken her to the Louvre, and they had stood before the little Crucifixion of Mantegna. He had not been looking at the picture, or watching to see what impression

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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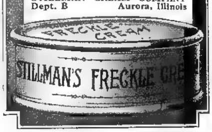

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

it produced on Susy. His own momentary mood was for Titian Correggio, and the bold pagan joys of the Antiope; and suddenly he had missed her from his side, and when he came to where she stood, forgetting him, forgetting everything, he saw the glare of that tragic sky in her face, her trembling lip, the tears on her lashes. That was Susy.

Closing his book, he stole a glance at Coral Hicks's profile, thrown back against the cushions of the deck-chair at his side. There was something harsh and bracing in her blunt, primitive build, in the projection of the black eyebrows that nearly met over her thick, straight nose, and the faint, barely visible black down on her upper lip. Some miracle of will-power, combined with all the artifices that wealth can buy, had turned the fat, sallow girl he remembered into this commanding young woman, almost handsome—at times indisputably handsome—in her big, authoritative way. Watching the arrogant lines of her profile against the blue sea, he remembered, with a thrill that was sweet to his vanity, how twice—under the dome of the Scalzi and in the streets of Genoa—he had seen those same lines soften at his approach, turn womanly, pleading, and almost humble. That was Coral.

Suddenly she said, without turning toward him, "You've had no letters since you've been on board."

He looked at her, surprized. "No—thank the Lord!" he laughed.

"And you haven't written one either," she continued, in her hard, statistical tone.

"No," he again agreed, with the same laugh.

"That means that you really *are* free—"

"Free?"

He saw the cheek nearest him redden. "Really off on a holiday, I mean; not tied down."

After a pause he rejoined, "No, I'm not particularly tied down."

"And your book?"

"Oh, my book—" He stopped and considered. He had thrust the "Pageant of Alexander" into his hand-bag on the night of his flight from Venice; but since then he had never looked at it. Too many memories and illusions were pressed between its pages; and he knew just at what page he had felt Ellie Vanderlyn bending over him from behind, caught a whiff of her scent, and heard her breathless, "I *had* to thank you!"

"My book's hung up," he said impatiently, annoyed with Miss Hicks's lack of tact. *There* was a girl who never put out feelers.

"Yes, I thought it was," she went on quietly, and he gave her a startled glance. What the devil else did she think, he wondered? He had never supposed her capable of getting far enough out of her own thick carapace of self-sufficiency to penetrate into any one else's feelings.

"The truth is," he continued, embarrassed, "I suppose I dug away at it rather too continuously; that's probably why I felt the need of a change. You see, I'm a beginner."

SHE still continued her relentless questioning. "But later—you'll go on with it, of course?"

"Oh, I don't know." He paused, glanced down the long, glittering deck, and out across the glittering water. "I've been dreaming dreams, you see. I rather think I shall have to drop the book altogether, and try to look out for a job that will pay. To indulge in my kind of literature one must first have an assured income."

He was instantly annoyed with himself for having spoken. Hitherto, in his relations with the Hickses, he had carefully avoided the least allusion that might make him feel the heavy hand of their beneficence. But the idle, procrastinating weeks had weakened him and he had yielded to the need of putting into words his vague intentions. To do so would perhaps make them more definite.

To his relief Miss Hicks made no immediate reply; and when she spoke, it was in a softer voice, and with an unwonted hesitation. "It seems a shame that, with gifts like yours, you shouldn't find some kind of employment that would leave you leisure enough to do your real work."

He shrugged ironically. "Yes—there are a goodish number of us hunting for that particular kind of employment."

Her tone became more businesslike. "I know it's hard to find—almost impossible. But would you take it, I wonder, if it were offered to you——?"

She turned her head slightly, and their eyes met. For an instant blank terror loomed upon him; but before he had time to face it she continued, in the same untroubled voice, "Mr. Buttles's place, I mean. My parents must absolutely have some one they can count on. You know what an easy place it is. I think you would find the salary satisfactory."

Nick drew a deep breath of relief. For a moment her eyes had looked as they had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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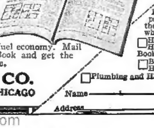

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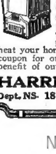

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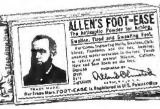

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

in the Scalzi—and he liked the girl too much not to shrink from reawakening that look. But Mr. Buttles's place; why not?

"Poor Buttles!" he murmured, to gain time.

"Oh," she said, "you won't find the same reasons as he did for throwing up the job. He was the martyr of his artistic convictions."

He glanced at her sideways, wondering. After all, she did not know of his meeting with Mr. Buttles in Genoa, nor of the latter's confidences; perhaps she did not even know of Mr. Buttles's hopeless passion. At any rate, her face remained calm.

"Why not consider it—at least just for a few months? Till after our expedition to Mesopotamia?" she pressed on, a little breathlessly.

"You're awfully kind; but I don't know——"

She stood up with one of her abrupt movements. "You needn't, all at once. Take time—think it over. Father wanted me to ask you," she appended.

He felt the inadequacy of his response. "It tempts me awfully, of course. But I must wait, at any rate—wait for letters. The fact is, I shall have to wire from Rhodes to have them sent. I had chucked everything, even letters, for a few weeks."

"Ah, you *are* tired," she murmured, giving him a last downward glance as she turned away.

FROM Rhodes Nick Lansing telegraphed to his Paris bank to send his letters to Candia; but when the *Ibis* reached Candia, and the mail was brought on board, the thick envelop handed to him contained no letter from Susy.

Why should it, since he had not yet written to her?

He had not written, no; but in sending his address to the bank he knew he had given her the opportunity of reaching him if she wished to. And she had made no sign.

Late that afternoon, when they returned to the yacht from their first expedition, a packet of newspapers lay on the deck-house table. Nick picked up one of the London journals, and his eye ran absently down the list of social events.

He read, "Among the visitors expected next week at Ruan Castle (let for the season to Mr. Frederick J. Gillow of New York) are Prince Altineri of Rome, the Earl of Altringham, and Mrs. Nicholas Lansing, who arrived in London last week from Paris."

Nick threw down the paper. It was just a month since he had left the Palazzo Vanderlyn and flung himself into the night express for Milan. A whole month—and Susy had not written. Only a month—and Susy and Strefford were already together.

SUSY had decided to wait for Strefford in London.

The new Lord Altringham was with his family in the north, and tho she found a telegram on arriving, saying that he would join her early in the following week, she had still an interval of several days to fill.

London was a desert; the rain fell without ceasing; and alone in the shabby family hotel which, even out of season, was the best she could afford, she sat at last face to face with herself.

From the moment when Violet Melrose had failed to carry out her plan for the Fulmer children her interest in Susy had visibly waned. Often before, in the old days, Susy Branch had felt the same abrupt change of temperature in the manner of the hostess of the moment; and often—how often!—she had yielded, and performed the required service, rather than risk the consequences of estrangement. To that, at least, thank Heaven, she need never stoop again.

But as she hurriedly packed her trunks at Versailles, scraped together an adequate tip for Mrs. Match, and bade good-by to Violet (grown suddenly fond and demonstrative as she saw her visitor safely headed for the station)—as Susy went through the old familiar mummery of the enforced leave-taking, there rose in her so deep a disgust for the life of makeshifts and accommodations that if Nick had reappeared at that moment, and held out his arms to her, she was not sure she would have had the courage to return to them.

In her London solitude the thirst for independence grew fiercer. Independence with ease, of course. Oh, her hateful, useless love of beauty—the curse it had always been to her, the blessing it might have been, if she had been able to gratify it and to express it! And instead, it only gave her a morbid loathing of that hideous hotel bedroom drowned in yellow rain-light, of the smell of soot and cabbage through the window, the blistered wall-paper, the dusty wax bouquets under glass globes, and the electric lighting so contrived that as you turned on the feeble globe hanging from the ceiling the feebler one by the bed went out! What a sham world she and Nick had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

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lived in during their few months together! What right had either of them to those exquisite settings of the life of leisure; the long white house hidden in camellias and cypresses above the lake, or the great rooms on the Giudecca with the shimmer of the canal always playing over their frescoed ceilings? Yet she had come to imagine that these places really belonged to them, that they would always go on living, fondly and irreproachably, in the frame of other people's wealth. That, again, was the curse of her love of beauty, the way she always took to it as if it belonged to her!

Well, the awakening was bound to come, and it was perhaps better that it should have come so soon. At any rate, there was no use in letting her thoughts wander back to that shattered fool's paradise of theirs. Only, as she sat there, and counted the days till Strefford arrived, what else in the world was there to think of?

The future?

Oh, she knew her future by heart already! She had not spent her life among the rich and fashionable without having by heart every detail of the trappings of a rich and fashionable marriage. She had calculated long ago just how many dinner-dresses, how many tea-gowns, and how much lacy *lingerie* would go to make up the outfit of the future Countess of Altringham. She even knew to which dressmaker she would go for her chinchilla cloak—for she meant to have one, and down to her feet, softer and more voluminous and more extravagantly sumptuous than Violet's or Ursula's—not to speak of silver foxes and sables—nor yet of the Altringham jewels.

She knew all this by heart; had always known it. It all belonged to the make-up of the life elegance; there was nothing new about it. What had been new to her was

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William P. Ahnelt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the PICTORIAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Name of—

Publisher—THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 200–226 W. 39th Street, New York City.

Editor—ARTHUR T. VANCE, 200–226 W. 39th Street, New York City.

Managing Editor—NONE.

Business Manager—WILLIAM P. AHNELT, Deal, N. J.

2. That the owners are: THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, a corporation, 200–226 W. 39th Street, New York City.

W. P. AHNELT, Deal, N. J.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. P. AHNELT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1922.

[Seal] A. G. ACKERT,
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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

just that short interval with Nick—a life unreal indeed in its setting, but so real in its essentials; the one reality she had ever known. As she looked back on it, she saw how much it had given her besides the golden flush of her happiness, the sudden flowering of sensuous joy in heart and body. Yes—there had been the flowering too, in pain like birth-pangs, of something graver, stronger, fuller of future power, something she had hardly heeded in her first light rapture, but that always came back and possessed her stilled soul when the rapture sank; the deep, disquieting sense of something that Nick and love had taught her, but that reached out beyond love and beyond Nick.

Oh, the swish-swish of the rain on the dirty panes, the smell of cabbage and soot that came in under the door when the window was shut! This nauseating foretaste of the luncheon she must presently go down to was more than she could bear. It brought with it a vision of the dank coffee-room below, the sooty Smyrna rug, the rain on the skylight, and the listless waitresses handing about food that tasted as if it had been rained on too. There was really no reason why she should let such material miseries add to her depression.

SHE sprang up, put on her hat and jacket, and, calling for a taxi, drove to the London branch of the Nouveau Luxe hotel. It was just one o'clock, and she was sure to pick up a luncheon, for tho London was empty that great establishment was not. It never was. Along those sultry velvet-carpeted halls, in that great flowered and scented dining-room, there was always a come and go of rich, aimless people, the busy people who, having nothing to do, perpetually pursue that inexorable task from one end of the earth to the other.

Oh, the monotony of those faces—the faces one always knew, whether one knew the people they belonged to or not! A fresh disgust seized her at the sight; she turned and fled. But on the threshold a still more familiar figure met her; that of a lady, in exaggerated pearls and sables, descending from an exaggerated motor like the motors in magazine advertisements, the huge arks in which jeweled beauties and slender youths pause to gaze at snow-peaks from an Alpine summit.

It was Ursula Gillow—dear old Ursula, on her way to Scotland. She and Susy fell upon each other's necks; and since Ursula, detained till the morrow by a dressmaker's delay, was also out of a job and killing time, they were soon smiling at each other across a luncheon-table, while prompt servants handed the exquisite preliminaries of a luncheon that the head waiter had authoritatively asked Mrs. Gillow to "leave to him, as usual."

Ursula was in a good humor. It did not often happen; but when it did her benevolence knew no bounds.

Like Mrs. Melrose, like all her tribe in fact, she was too much absorbed in her own affairs to give more than a passing thought to any one else's. She was delighted at the meeting with Susy, as her wandering kind always were when they ran across fellow wanderers, unless the meeting interfered with choicer pleasures. Not to be alone was the urgent thing; and Ursula, who had been two days alone in London, immediately exacted from her friend a promise that they should spend the rest of the day together. But, once the bargain was struck, her mind turned again to her own affairs, and she poured out her confidences to Susy over the succession of delicate dishes that manifested the head waiter's understanding of the case.

Ursula's confidences were always the same, tho they were usually about a different person. She demolished and rebuilt her sentimental life with the same frequency and impetuosity as that with which she changed her dressmakers, did over her drawing-rooms, ordered new motors, altered the mounting of her jewels, and perpetually renewed the setting of her life. Susy knew the tale in advance; but to listen to it over perfect coffee, one of Ursula's amber-scented cigarets at her lips, was pleasanter than consuming cold mutton and a boiled potato alone in a moldy coffee-room. The contrast was so soothing that she began to take a languid interest in Ursula's narrative.

After luncheon they got into the motor together and began a systematic round of the West End shops: furriers, jewelers, and dealers in old furniture. Nothing could be more unlike Violet Melrose's long, hesitating sessions before the things she thought she wanted till the moment when she decided to buy them. Ursula pounced on silver foxes and old lacquer as promptly and decisively as on the temporary objects of her surplus sentimentality; she knew at once what she wanted, and valued it more after it was hers.

"And now—I wonder if you couldn't help me choose a grand piano?" she suggested, as the last antiquarian bowed them out.

"A piano?"

"Yes, for Ruan. I'm sending one there for Grace Fulmer. She's coming to stay. I want people to hear her. I want her to get engagements in London. My dear, she's a genius."

"A genius—Grace?" Susy gasped. "I thought it was Nat——"

"Nat—Nat Fulmer?" Ursula laughed derisively. "Ah, of course—you've been staying with that silly Violet. She's off her head about Nat—it's really pitiful. Of course he has talent; *I* saw that long before Violet had ever heard of him. Why, on the opening day of the exhibition I stopped short before his 'Spring Snow-storm' (which nobody else had noticed till that moment), and said at once to the Prince, who was with me, 'The man has *talent*.' But genius—why, it's Grace Fulmer who has genius! Have you never heard her play the violin? Poor Violet, as usual, is off on the wrong tack. I've given Fulmer my garden-house to do—no doubt Violet told you—because I wanted to help him. But Grace is *my* discovery, and I'm determined to make her known, and to have every one understand that she is the genius of the two. I've told her she simply must come to Ruan, and bring the best accompanist she can find. You know the Prince is dreadfully bored by sport, tho of course he goes out with the guns. And if one didn't have a little art in the evening— Oh, Susy, don't you know how to choose a piano? I thought you were so fond of music!"

"I am fond of it, but without knowing anything about it—in the way we're all of us fond of the worth-while things in our stupid set," she added to herself—since it was obviously useless to impart such reflections to Ursula.

"But are you sure Grace is coming?" she questioned aloud.

"Quite sure. Why shouldn't she? I wired to her yesterday. I'm giving her a thousand dollars, and all her expenses."

IT WAS not till they were having tea in a Piccadilly tea-room that Mrs. Gillow began to manifest some interest in her companion's plans. The thought of losing Susy became suddenly intolerable to her; the Prince, who hated London out of season, was already at Ruan, and she could not face the evening and the whole of the next day by herself.

"But what are you doing here, darling? I don't remember if I've asked you," she said, resting her firm elbows on the tea-table while she took a light from Susy's cigaret.

Susy hesitated. She had foreseen that the time must soon come when she should have to give some account of herself; and why should she not begin by telling Ursula? But telling her what?

HER silence appeared to strike Mrs. Gillow as a reproach, and she continued with compunction, "And Nick? Nick's with you? How is he? I thought you and he were still in Venice with Ellie Vanderlyn."

"We were, for a few weeks. It was delightful. But now we're both on our own again—for a while."

Mrs. Gillow scrutinized her more searchingly. "Oh, you're alone, then; quite alone?"

"Yes; Nick's cruising with some friends in the Mediterranean."

Ursula's shallow gaze deepened singularly. "But, Susy, darling, then if you're alone—and out of a job, just for the moment?"

Susy smiled. "Well, I don't know."

"Oh, but if you *are*, darling, and you would come to Ruan! I know Fred asked you—didn't he? And he told me you'd both refused. But I suppose that was because Nick had other plans. And we couldn't have had him *now*, because there's no room for another gun; but since he's not here, and you're free, why, you know, dearest, don't you, how we'd love to have you? Fred would be too glad—too outrageously glad—but you don't much mind Fred's love-making, do you? And you'd be such a help to me—if *that's* any argument! With that big house full of men, and people flocking over every night to dine, and Fred caring only for sport, and the Prince simply loathing it and ridiculing it, and not a minute to myself to try to keep him in a good humor— Oh, Susy, darling, don't say no, but let me telephone at once for a place in the train to-morrow night. Now promise!"

Susy leaned back, letting the ash lengthen on her cigaret. How familiar, how hatefully familiar, was that old appeal! Ursula felt the pressing need of some one to flirt with Fred for a few weeks—and here was the very person she needed. Susy shivered at the thought. She had never really meant to go to Ruan. She had simply used the moor as a pretext when Violet had gently put her out-of-doors. Rather than do what Ursula asked she would borrow a few hundred pounds of Strefford, as he had suggested, and then look about for some temporary occupation until——

Until she became Lady Altringham? Well, perhaps. At any rate she was not going back to slave for Ursula.

She shook her head with a faint smile. "I'm so sorry, Ursula; of course I want awfully to oblige you——"

Mrs Gillow's gaze grew reproachful. "I should have supposed you would," she murmured. Susy, meeting her eyes, looked into them down a long vista of favors bestowed, and perceived that Ursula was not the woman to forget on which side the obligation lay between them.

Susy hesitated; she remembered the weeks of ecstasy she had owed to the Gillows' wedding-check, and it hurt her to appear ungrateful.

"If I could, Ursula—but really—I'm not free at the moment." She paused, and then took an abrupt decision. "The fact is, I'm waiting here to see Strefford."

"Strefford? Lord Altringham?" Ursula stared. "Ah, yes—I remember. You and he used to be great friends." Her attention deepened. But if Susy were waiting to see Lord Altringham—one of the richest men in England? Suddenly Ursula opened her gold-meshed bag and snatched a miniature diary from it.

"But wait a moment—yes, it *is* next week! I knew it was next week he's coming to Ruan! But, you darling, that makes everything all right. You'll send him a wire at once, and come with me to-morrow, and meet him there instead of in this nasty, sloppy desert— Oh, Susy, if you knew how hard life is for me in Scotland, between the Prince and Fred, you couldn't possibly say no."

Susy still hesitated; but, after all, if Strefford were really bound for Ruan, why not see him there, agreeably and at leisure, instead of spending a dreary day with him in roaming the wet London streets, or screaming at him through the rattle of a restaurant orchestra? She knew he would not be likely to postpone his visit to Ruan in order to linger in London with her; it had never been his way, and was less than ever likely to be, now that he could do so thoroughly and so completely as he pleased.

For the first time she fully understood how different his destiny had become Now, of course, all his days and hours were mapped out in advance: invitations assailed him, opportunities pressed on him; he had only to choose— And the women! She had never before thought of the women. All the girls in England would be wanting to marry him, not to mention her own enterprising compatriots. And then there were the married women, who were even more to be feared. Streff might, for the time, escape marriage; tho she could guess the power of persuasion, family pressure, all the converging traditional influences he had so often ridiculed, yet, as she knew, had never completely thrown off. Yes, those quiet, invisible women at Altringham—his uncle's widow, his mother, the spinster sisters—it was not impossible that, with tact and patience—and the stupidest women could be tactful and patient on such occasions—they might eventually persuade him that it was his duty; they might put just the right young loveliness in his way.

BUT meanwhile, now, at once, there were the married women. Ah, *they* wouldn't wait; they were doubtless laying their traps already! Susy shivered at the thought. She knew too much about the way the trick was done; had followed, too often, the sinuosities of such approaches. Not that they were very sinuous nowadays—more often there was just a swoop and a pounce when the time came—but she knew all the arts and the wiles that led up to it. She knew them, oh, how she knew them—but with Streff, thank Heaven, she had never been called upon to exercise them! His love was there for the asking; would she not be a fool to refuse it?

Perhaps; tho on that point her mind still wavered. But at any rate she saw that, decidedly, it would be better to yield to Ursula's pressure; better to meet him at Ruan, in a congenial setting, where she would have time to get her bearings, observe what dangers threatened him, and make up her mind whether, after all, it was to be her mission to save him from the other women.

"Well, if you like, then, Ursula——"

"Oh, you angel, you! I'm so glad! We'll go to the nearest post-office, and send off the wire ourselves."

As they got into the motor Mrs. Gillow seized Susy's arm with a pleading pressure. "And you will let Fred make love to you a little, won't you, dear?"

The third instalment of "Glimpses of the Moon" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published June 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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